The Saturday Evening
POST
August 15, 1959 · 15¢

AUG 12 '59

An Exclusive Gallup Poll
Prepared for the POST:

THE SECRETS OF LONG LIFE

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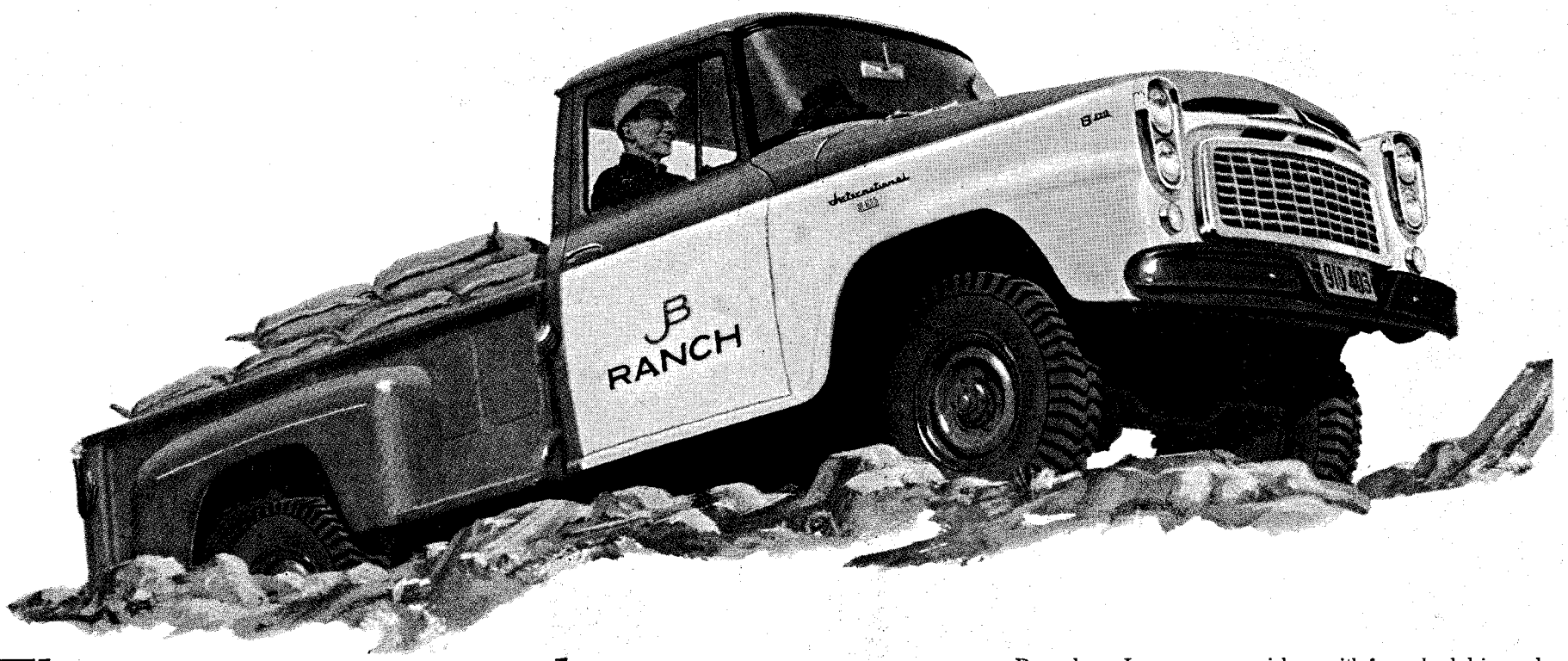
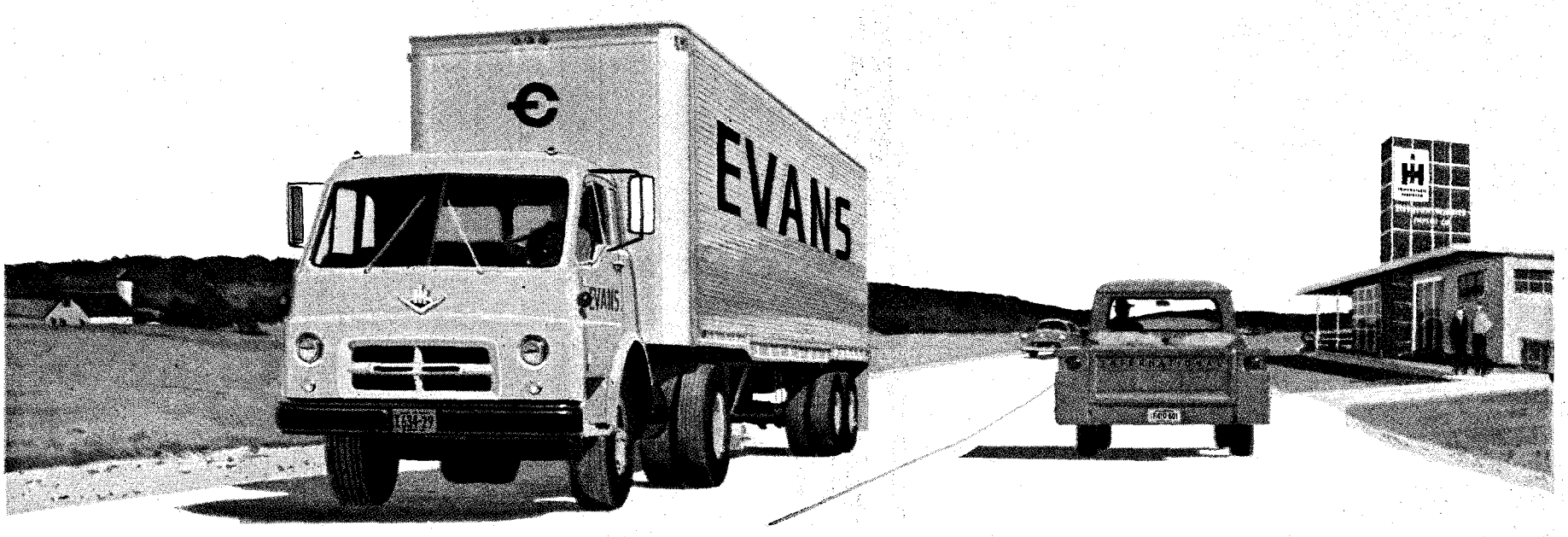


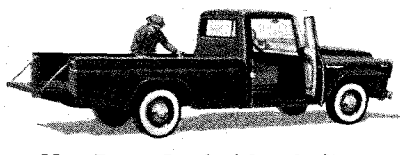
They can go *anywhere,*

Rugged new INTERNATIONAL pickups with four-wheel-drive make their way through rough country with larger loads than ever. More room for people, too. Powerful 6-cylinder or V-8 engines.



get service *everywhere!*

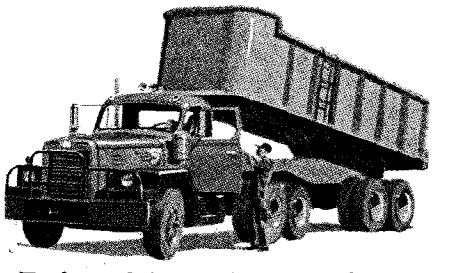
Heavy-duty INTERNATIONAL V-8's haul top payloads at higher average road speeds. Counterbalanced tilt cabs offer maximum service accessibility. Four- and six-wheel models with engines from 401 to 549 cu. in.



New Bonus-Load pickup bodies are over 6 ft. *wide*, extend flush with cab. Choice of 7- or 8½-ft. body lengths.

Most practical "wagon" made, the Travelall® has elbow room for eight adults to ride in comfort and in style!

Lightweight Metro-Lite® models take more payload, need less maintenance. Smart walk-in, walk-through design.



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The convenience of these service locations, the experience and knowledge of the men who staff them, are sound reasons to buy INTERNATIONAL Trucks. Your dealer can give you many more.

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WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE LINE

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"See, it's *Thermopane* ...you'd never have to fuss with storm windows!"

MARKED FOR YOUR ASSURANCE!

This alert lady has noticed the name . . . *Thermopane* . . . lightly inscribed in the corner of the windows of the model home they're inspecting. It's a familiar trade-mark of a company she knows and trusts.

She knows, too, that when a house has *Thermopane* insulating glass in *all* of the windows, it will be warmer in winter . . . cooler in summer . . . more comfortable all year 'round.

Thermopane reduces drafts near windows, saves fuel. *Thermopane* muffles outside noise. Without *Thermopane*, windows are big "holes" in the wall insulation.

When *you* go house hunting, look for the name *Thermopane* in the corner of insulated windows. It's your protection against *imitations*, and one of the sure signs of a quality house built for your comfort and for economy.

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Thermopane INSULATING GLASS

LIBBEY•OWENS•FORD

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LOOK FOR THIS NAME

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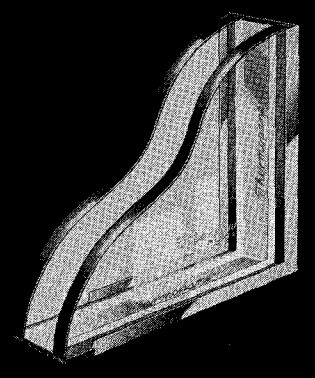
All *Thermopane* units with the Bondermetic Seal® made after August 3, 1959 have this trade-mark delicately inscribed right on the glass. Heretofore, this trade-mark has appeared only on the metal seal between the panes. Don't settle for inferior imitations. *Thermopane* is made in the United States by Libbey-Owens-Ford *only*.



Thermopane consists of an insulating blanket of dry, clean air sealed between two panes of glass.

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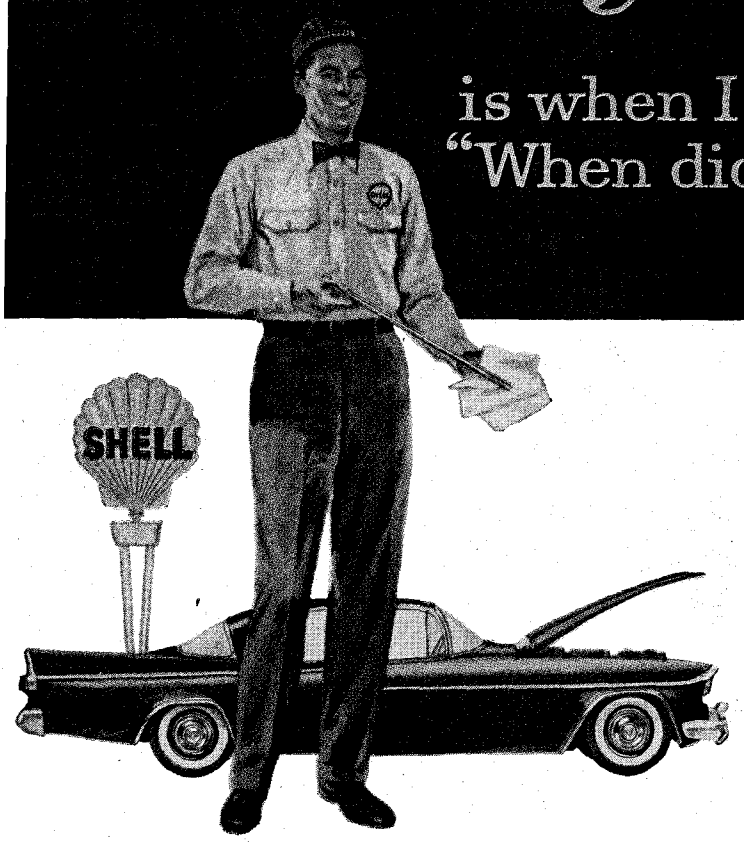
The most important 30 seconds in the life of your car

is when I check the oil level and ask :
"When did you last change your oil ?"



1 out of 2 cars are now using oil that is "worn out"

Samples of motor oil were taken from over 15,000 cars in a nationwide survey. Analysis of these samples showed that 54% were contaminated—in effect, worn out and unfit for use. *Your* oil may be worn out—that's why it's important for your Shell Dealer to make this check.

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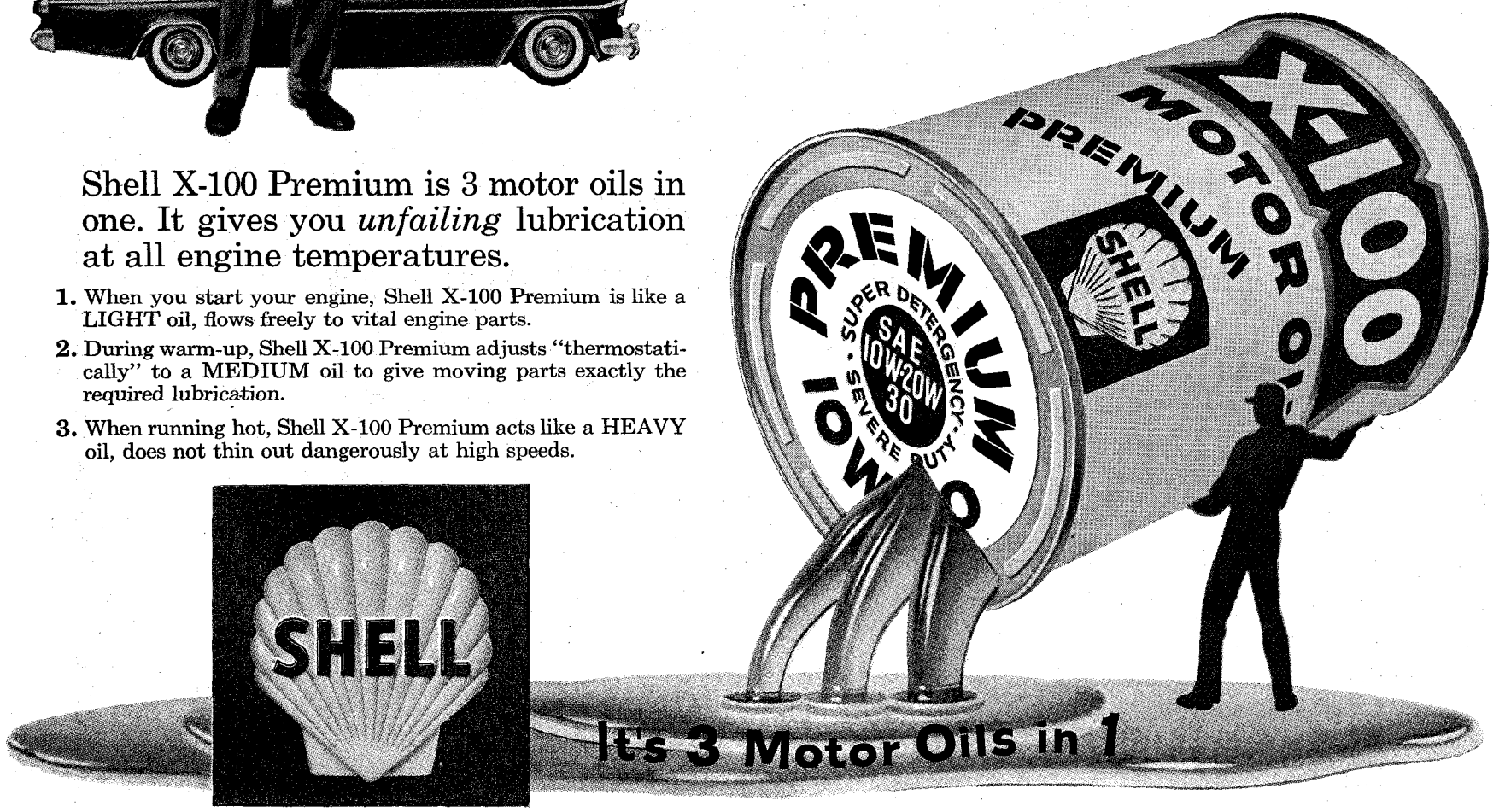

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IN THIS ISSUE

August 15, 1959 *Vol. 232, No. 7*

4 Short Stories

Playboy's Choice . . . . . *Frederick Borg* 20
Men Should Be Married . . . . . *William Heuman* 24
Neighbors . . . . . *Edward S. Fox* 31
The Fugitive Grandmothers . . . . . *Lenora Mattingly Weber* 34

7 Articles

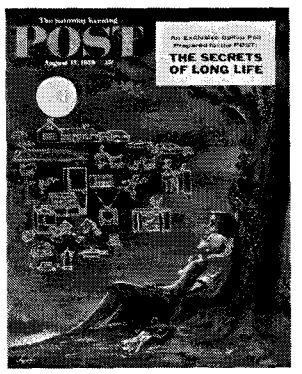
The Secrets of Long Life (First of three articles) . . . . . *Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill* 17
His Business Is Ruins . . . . . *John Wesley Noble* 22
Trainer of Winners . . . . . *Jimmy Breslin* 25
How I Stumbled Into the Movies . . . *Robert Evans, as told to Bill Breisky* 26
The Face of America: Ladies With Longbows . . . *Photographs by Ivan Dmitri* 28
Clams Can Be Wonderful . . . . . *Samuel T. Williamson* 30
Adventures of the Mind, 33: World in Revolution . . . *Robert Strausz-Hupé* 32

2 Serials

Set Up for Murder (Conclusion) . . . . . *Richard Stern* 36
Mark of Treachery (Sixth of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 41

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 38
Verse . . . 43, 57, 78, 83, 91
Hazel 96
Keeping Posted 98



THE COVER

They're in love, they're going to be married, and tonight, as you can tell by that remarkable constellation, they are ecstatically moon-dreaming. Artist Alajálov, soaring skyward with the lovers, at first started to paint among the star spaces some filmy, ethereal castles in Spain; but then, thinking how practical and knowledgeable today's young people are about outer space, he came down to earth with their dream. A bit cynical? No, because it takes as much moon magic to create a two-car domicile as it does to whip up an air castle. In essence, what the young romantics want is happiness; and since they have each other, their dream will come true. And to whatever extent they amass worldly goods, they'll share their happiness with the manufacturers and distributors of same.

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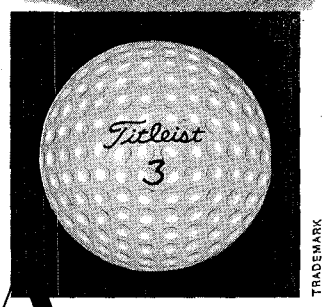

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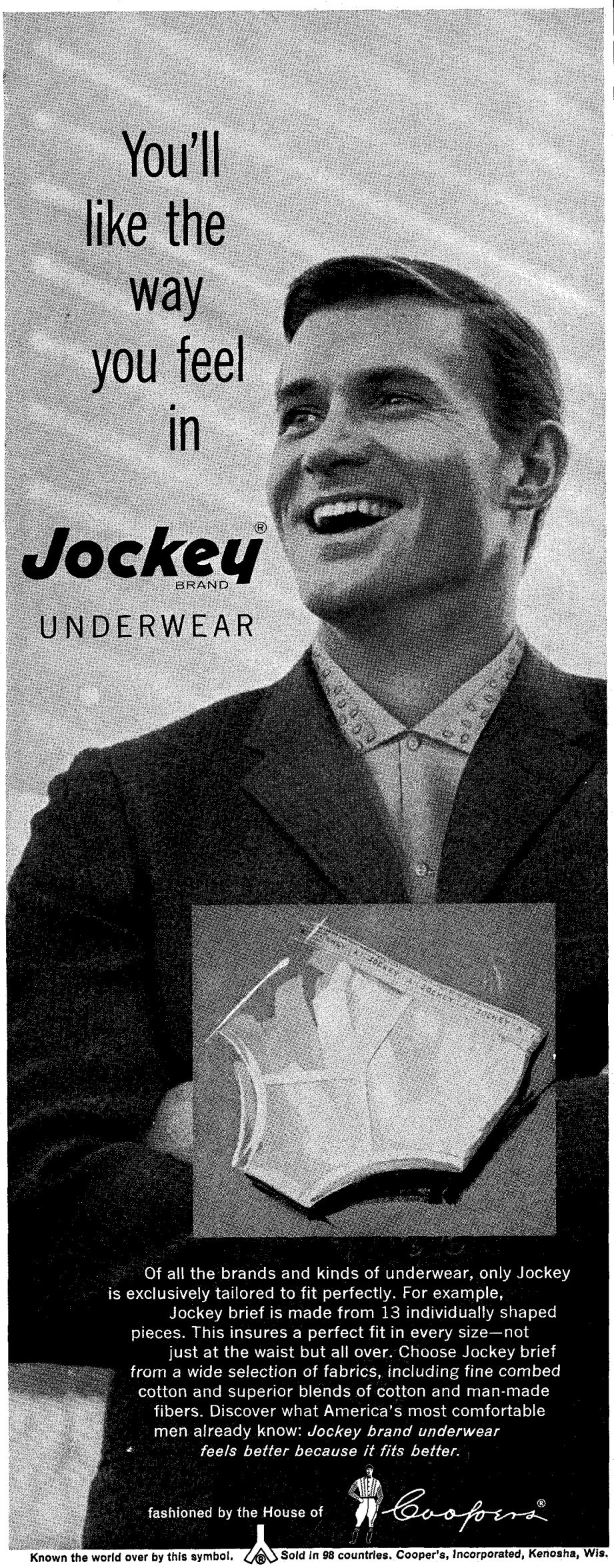
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Letters

Unflattering to Susan?

Dear Sirs:

The unflattering portrayal of Susan Hayward in the article by Dean Jennings [HOLLYWOOD'S LATE-BLOOMING REDHEAD, July 11] hardly seems worthy of publications of your stature. It certainly does not represent the person whom the people of our community know as Mrs. Eaton Chalkley.

The Mrs. Chalkley with whom we are acquainted and pleased to call our friend . . . is the type person who remembers her sick neighbors with flowers, food or other messages of cheer. She is one of the most gracious persons it has ever been our pleasure to know.

At this time Mrs. Chalkley is devoting much time to making personal appearances in order to boost the current building-fund drive of Tanner Memorial Hospital in Carrollton. . . .

Believe me, the article does not portray the real Susan Hayward.

J. W. WARREN, *Administrator*
Tanner Memorial Hospital
Carrollton, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Tsk, tsk, to Dean Jennings for marring an otherwise delightful portrait of Susan Hayward with a misstroke that would make even a high-school reporter blush. Any theater man would have been happy to have told Mr. Jennings that it would have been well nigh impossible for that *Post* cover of October 7, 1939, striking as it was, to bring Miss Hayward "out of Brooklyn and . . . to Hollywood."

Why? Because *Beau Geste*, in which she appeared to such lovely advantage, was released to the public [earlier] that year. So, unless those scenes in the burning Sahara were filmed on location near Ebbets Field, it would seem that my favorite actress had already spent several months toiling under the Hollywood sun by the time her cover appeared.

ALFRED SRERE
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Her first picture, *Girls on Probation*, was released in 1938. At the time of her '39 *SEP* cover, she was on her second movie contract.

KIRK HARRISON
Hollywood, Calif.

● *That cover didn't send Susan to Hollywood—but another* Post *photograph (below, from our Oct. 30, 1937, issue) did. Dean Jennings was led astray by a confused version of the episode in a studio press release—and, so help us, we didn't notice the error ourselves.* —ED.

Susan's Post *debut, 1937.*

Dear Sirs:

Dean Jennings is in error when he writes that "Walter Wanger . . . directed her (Miss Hayward) in *Smash-up*." The director of this excellent film was my fellow guild member, Stuart Heisler.

JASON LINDSEY
Hollywood, Calif.

● *Wanger produced* Smash-up; *Heisler directed it.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your story . . . mentions Miss Hayward's "acute myopia" and the aid she received with a magnifying glass.

As a refractionist, I cannot believe a reading glass would be of much value to a near-sighted person. . . . If Miss Hayward is truly myopic she has, in a sense, a built-in magnifier by bringing a target very close to her eyes . . . .

Story was very good. My wife and I think Miss Hayward a very terrific actress.

H. H. MCLEAN, O.D.
Bloomington, Ill.

Why? Why? Why?

Dear Sirs:

You seem to publish an unusual number of letters pointing out your own errors. Is this

(a) Only my imagination?
(b) Because your contributors are unusually careless?
(c) Because your readers are unusually critical and well-informed?
(d) Because you believe it is good publicity?
(e) Due to the fact that you publish these letters while other magazines don't?

JOHN J. GRAHAM
Burnie, Tasmania

● *The correct answer: (c).* —ED.

Civil-Defense "Disgrace"

Dear Sirs:

You rendered a distinct public service in publishing Sen. Stephen M. Young's article CIVIL DEFENSE: A NATIONAL DISGRACE [as told to Ben Pearse, July 11]. During the four years [I] spent as volunteer Civil Defense director of a target city . . . it was apparent that the curse upon our home-preparedness program was a lack of leadership rather than public lethargy. . . .

The Civil Defense program was arbitrarily de-emphasized when the megaton bomb came into being, and it became apparent that the only practical approach was a $15,000,000,000 shelter program. The Armed Services' chiefs and many captive congressmen wielded the ax because the Army, Navy and Air Force just would not countenance a fourth party at their periodic "grab fests."

WILLIAM C. STURGEON
Mobile, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Although I am one of the many who have been tarred by the careless brush of Senator Young, I find that I have been given fresh hope by his attack. It is so much better to be attacked than ignored. . . .

I, and many others officially connected with Civil Defense, believe with Senator Young that the evacuation concept is outmoded and dangerous, if not suicidal. . . . The policy statement adopted almost a year ago by the United States Civil Defense Council studiously avoided

(Continued on Page 6)

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Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz !

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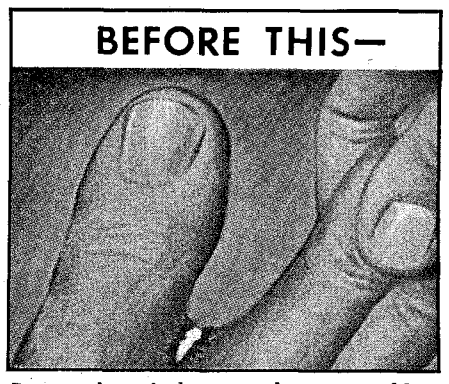
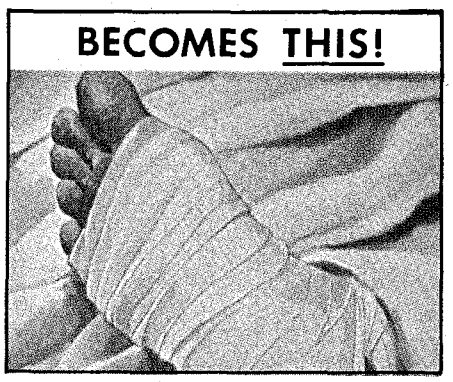
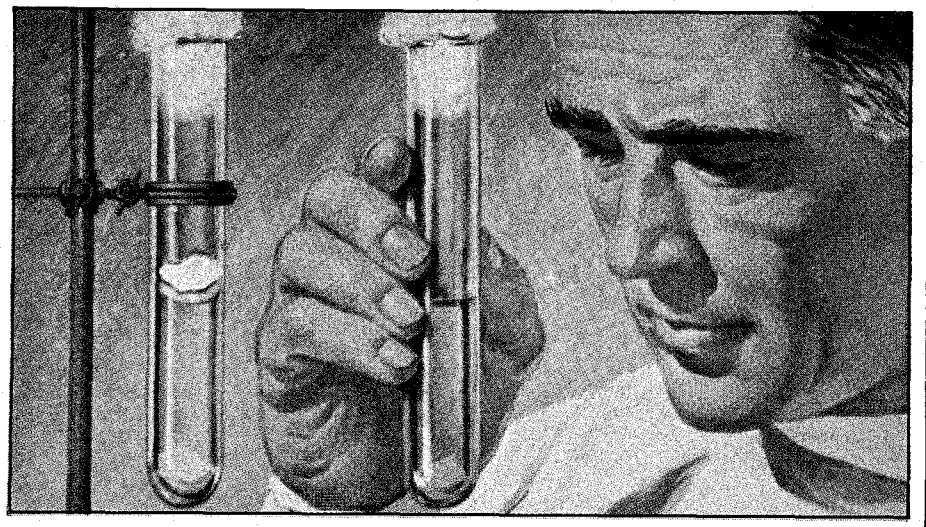
Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*



Raw, red cracks between the toes, maddening itch or peeling are the first signs you've got Athlete's Foot



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm, above, see your physician or podiatrist



Live Athlete's Foot fungi grow in the mold you see in the test tube, left. These fungi can lie dormant for months on the skin—flare up when it becomes moist and warm

Athlete's Foot fungi killed fast! When Absorbine Jr. was added to identical fungi, it killed *all* the Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes! (See tube on the right.)

Absorbine Jr. KILLS 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Famous laboratory grows millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes, and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.

That tingling sensation tells you that Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches. Because it is a liquid, Absorbine Jr. gets into tiny cracks better than powder or salve.

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New applicator ends risk of spreading Athlete's Foot

Now—treat Athlete's Foot without touching it! Simply turn Absorbine Jr. bottle upside down, dab infected area with sponge tip. Applicator does the rest—no drip . . . no mess . . . no need to touch infected area with your hands

Absorbine Jr.

America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

all mention of evacuation. In effect, then, Senator Young was beating a dead (or dying) horse. . . .

I hope that some day soon, before it is too late, I will see Senator Young's name as sponsor of a congressional bill to develop the shelter program he has recommended.

GEORGE W. BARTELS, *Director*
Office of Civil Defense
New Rochelle, N.Y.

● *Senator Young recently introduced a Senate resolution calling for the establishment of a Select Committee to study our Civil Defense program and report the results of its investigation in 1960.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

If the cost of shelters could be deducted on the income tax, and the equipment and supplies paid for on the installment plan, we would have complete facilities before you could even get an appropriation through Congress.

MRS. ERNEST C. HATCH
Hotchkiss, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

John Q. Public is not going to get out and buy or dig a shelter for his family unless he knows that his President, his congressman and all the other wise and well-informed people in Washington are sufficiently worried to provide shelters for their own families.

Similarly, state and local governments are not going to take steps to build and stock deep shelters for congested urban and commercial centers unless the Federal Government takes the initiative and builds adequate shelters for the hundreds of thousands of workers in Washington, D.C.

C. F. RUNYAN
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The shelter program assumes there would be only one attack, after which at least some survivors would be able to recover. Why should an enemy, intent on destroying us, limit his attacks to one? Why not two—or ten—spread over weeks or months?

Again, shelter programs make no provision for heating and, as a rule, for air filtration. . . .

Fire storms . . . in Hamburg, let alone Hiroshimo, exhausted the oxygen in and beneath whole cities. H-bombs—even distant misses—would set vaster fire storms, roasting or smothering all those in private or public urban shelters.

Finally . . . human subsistence for years after any all-out H-bombing would probably grow more, not less, difficult and might well become impossible. For people depend upon a chain of life which would be broken at many points by fallout accumulated in living plants and other organisms.

PHILIP WYLIE
Rushford, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Senator Young points to Montgomery County, Maryland, as one jurisdiction that has taken advantage of its inherent volunteer talent to reach sound Civil Defense planning conclusions. Naturally I applaud this selection, but I must disclaim any credit that may have accidentally fallen my way.

First, I am not a volunteer like the others he mentioned, but salaried, and second, Dr. [Ellis A.] Johnson's committee did its fine work entirely without any assistance from me.

I'm sure too that you'll be glad to hear that Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey is *not* retired, but still going strong as Director of Selective Service.

REAR ADM. G. ROY HARTWIG, USN (RET.)
Deputy Director of Civil Defense
Rockville, Md.

● *General Hershey was retired on Dec. 31, 1946—and recalled to active duty the following day. He's still Director of Selective Service.* —ED.

Wrapped in Thought

Dear Sirs:

I would like to point out the "boo boo" you made on page 44 of the July 11 issue [Part I, MARK OF TREACHERY, by Clarence Budington Kelland]: "He walked

alone back to his hotel, undressed and showered and went down to dinner."

I hope he was still alone.

MRS. MARTHA PRICHARD
Everton, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Kelland undoubtedly meant our hero was wrapped in thought. Anyway, we're glad he undressed before he took his shower.

MARY B. DOMINSKI
Hamburg, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am growing somewhat bored with all these showers our fictional characters are taking. Could not the authors switch to tooth brushing, toenail cutting, leg shaving or some other intimate rite of the toilet—just for variety?

CEREDA WISE
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The following appears [in Part I]: "It's possible Tom Skeen is the nigger in the woodpile."

I have been a reader of *The Post* for more years than I like to recall and this is the first time in my memory that I have seen such an unfortunate expression. This is the obvious kind of stereotype that should be eradicated from all kinds of communications.

DOUGLAS HALL
N.A.A.C.P.
Minneapolis, Minn.

● *Agreed. It's a worn-out expression, anyway.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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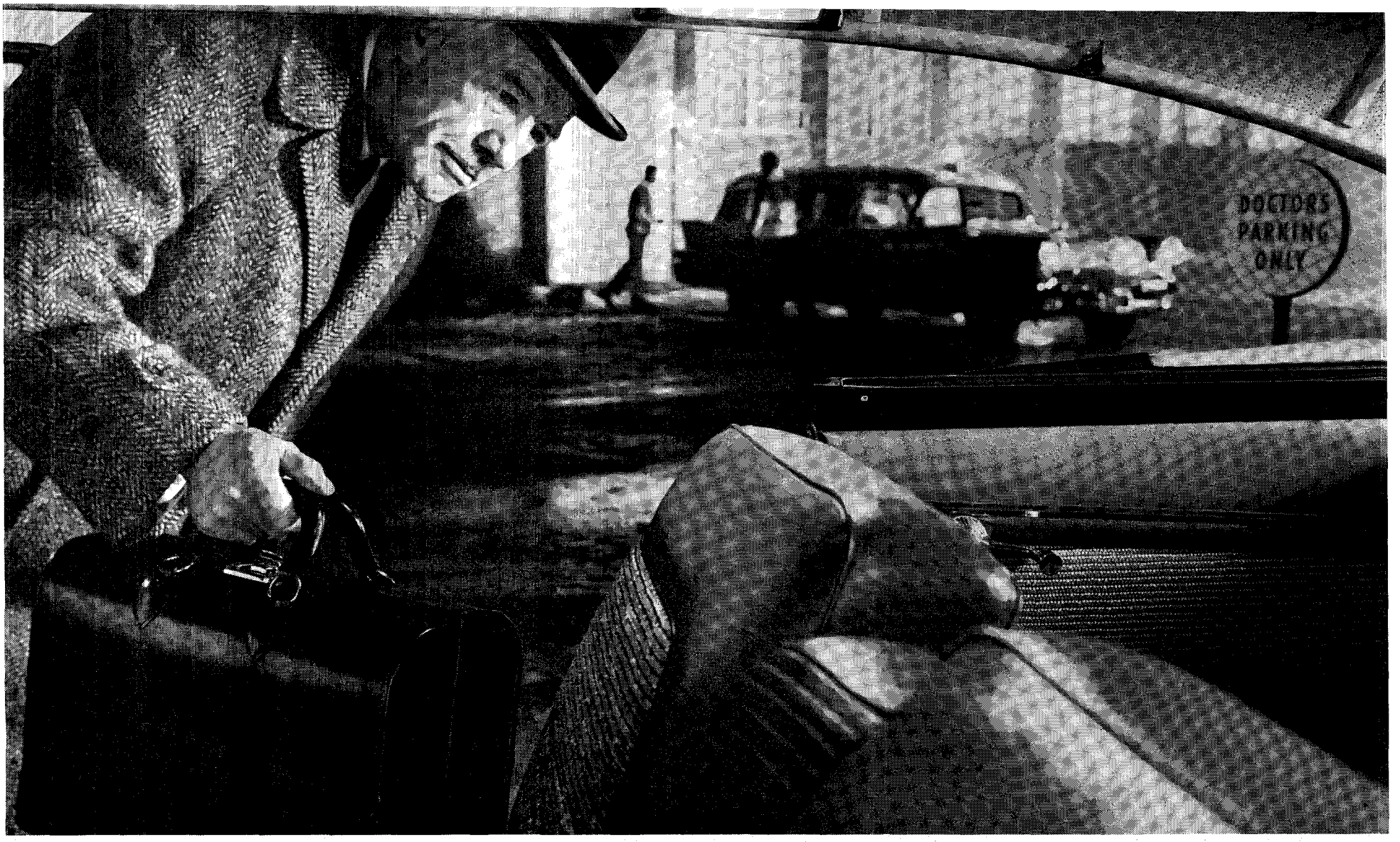
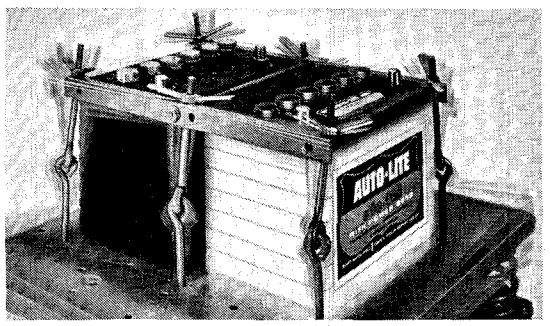


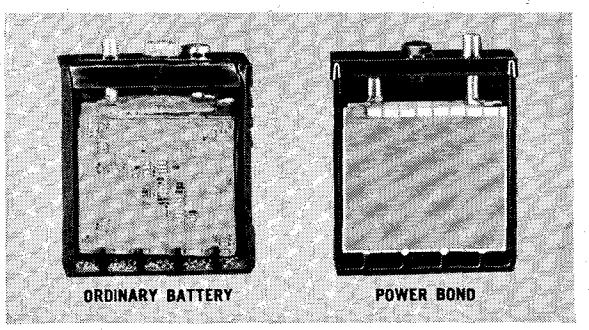
Now! For the man who can't afford battery failure!

Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond is the battery for the man who *must* be there, who can't afford to trifle with time, who just can't afford battery failure. Power Bond, an exclusive Auto-Lite development, eliminates plate-destroying vibration, a major cause of battery failure.

Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use because it has the sta-ful extra liquid reserve above the plates. Power Bond is so good that it is registered in your name at the factory. It is the leader of a top-quality, top-value family of Auto-Lite Batteries made for both the new 12- and the older 6-volt automotive electrical systems.



HERE'S THE TOUGHEST TEST ever made on batteries! Both Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond and batteries of ordinary construction were clamped to this vibrating machine and tested for power loss at specific time intervals. See the amazing results . . .



Ordinary battery plates (left) have lost vital power-producing materials and failed after only 55 hours of vibration testing. But the amazing Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond (right) shows no damage at all after 1000 hours in the same test. Plates are still intact and delivering full starting power!

AUTO-LITE® sta-ful® with POWER BOND®

DRY CHARGED . . . FRESH WHEN YOU BUY! FOR MOST 12-VOLT SYSTEMS

AUTO-LITE *manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.*

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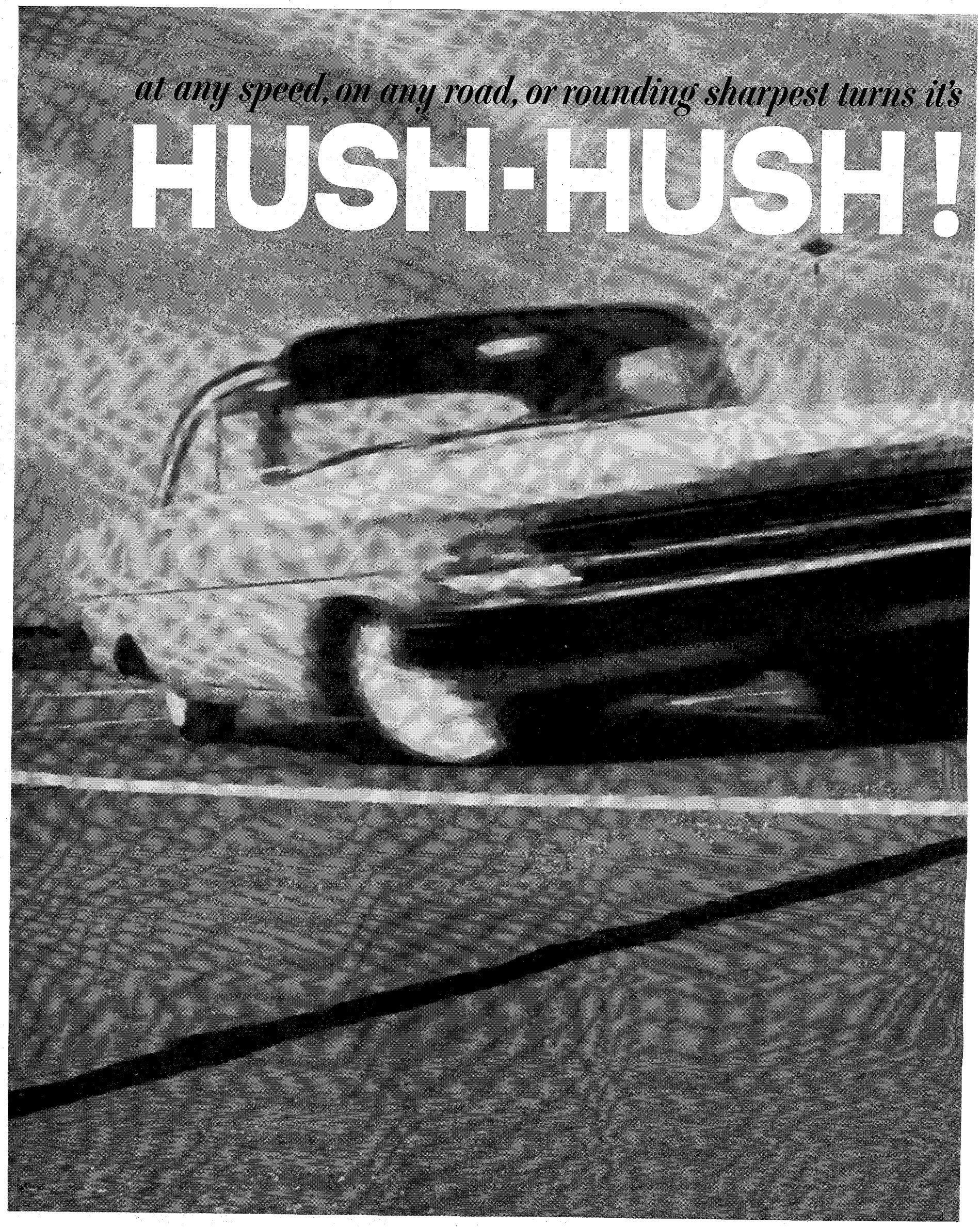

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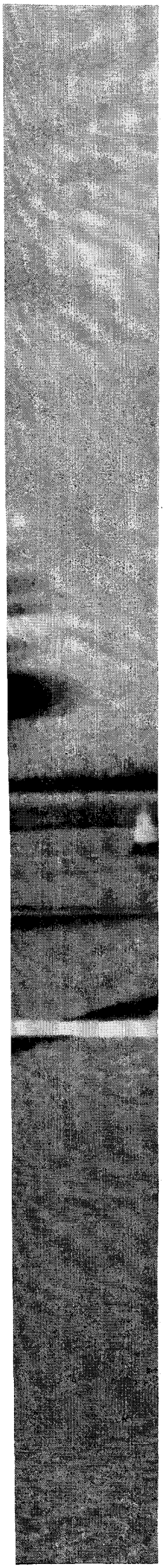
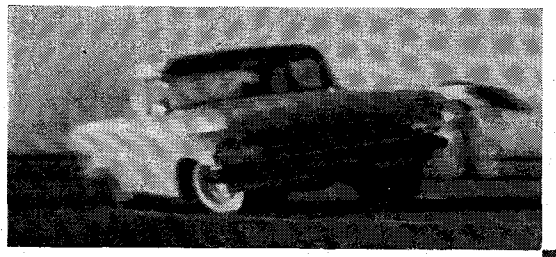


FIRST FROM FIRESTONE

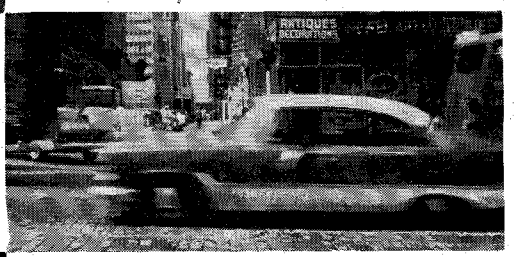
and only from Firestone...

FIRESTONE RUBBER-X-99

A blazing new, history-making triumph in tread rubber for high-speed tires that:



- *Virtually eliminates tire-squeal and tire-whine*



- *Cushions you in hammock-like ease in city traffic, on teeming turnpikes and on country roads*

- *Gives you 5,000 extra miles for every 30,000 miles you drive*

Shhh—hear anything? No? No wonder! • For here are Firestone's new Premium Quality tires, compounded of revolutionary new Firestone Rubber-X-99—tires already exhaustively tested over the quietest five *million* miles ever driven, under any and all motoring conditions, to prove beyond any doubt: (1) their ear-soothing, 50% or more, reduction in customary tire squeal, whine and hum; (2) relaxing new motoring ease—jolt-free, bump-enveloping, silken smooth all the way; (3) an extraordinary mileage dividend—five thousand additional miles for every 30,000 miles you drive. • A product of the most intensive research, Firestone Rubber-X-99 is made of a painstakingly developed new polymer and the most advanced compounding techniques ever pioneered by a rubber company. Result—by far the quietest, smoothest-riding, longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires! • Be among the first to enjoy new noise*less* driving, the "cushiest" motoring ever —and the plus mileage bonus that's all yours with Firestone Rubber-X-99 and Firestone Premium Quality tires. See them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store—on sale right now!

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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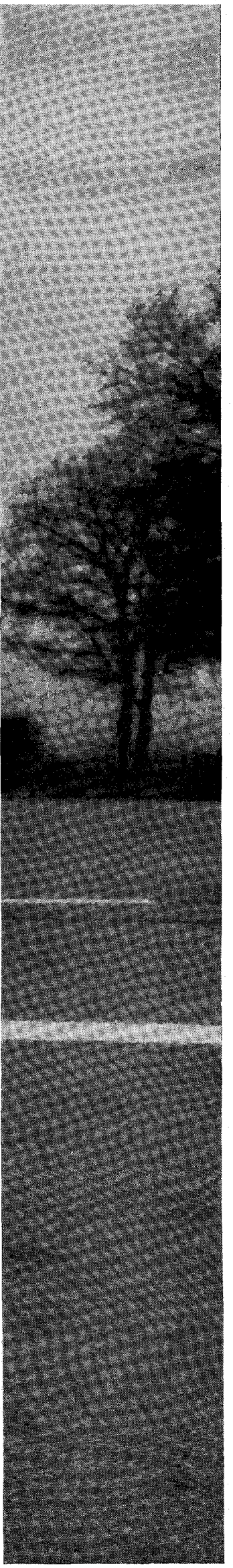

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Editorials

On Whose Side Is Harry Bridges?

Some people are still capable of being shocked by Harry Bridges, leader of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which the CIO expelled nine years ago as Communist-controlled. They regard each of his acts as if it were something separate and solitary.

Take, for example, Bridges' recent threat to boycott and tie up all West Coast and Hawaiian shipping bound for Japan unless Japan improves conditions for its workers. The threat was made at a Pacific conference of dockworkers in Tokyo. The delegates for the most part represented Communist-controlled longshoremen's unions from various countries. Bridges' threat, if carried out, could tie up not only commercial cargoes but also vital military supplies for American troops in Japan.

Is this threat against our national safety shocking? Not to those who recall an earlier threat by Bridges, in a television interview in the United States. He then announced that if Chiang Kai-shek were to send troops from Formosa to Red China, he, Bridges, would urge his union to go on strike in order to prevent United States arms and troops from reaching Formosa.

Bridges and the other delegates to the Tokyo conference also demanded that the Japanese Government abolish all United States military bases in Japan. In addition, the conference denounced working conditions for longshoremen in Japan, Okinawa, Thailand and South Vietnam. One need not be an international expert to note that the countries thus singled out by Bridges for castigation are controlled by anti-Communist governments.

According to Robert Trumbull, *The New York Times* correspondent in Tokyo, "Neutralization of Japan is now the primary goal of the international Communist movement in Asia. . . . This important development . . . may have escaped general notice in the United States. . . .

"'In the last twelve months Japan has become the No. 1 target in Asia for both Moscow and Peiping,' a professional observer of Communist tactics in the Far East remarked today.

"The authority . . . outlined . . . a 'crescendo of pressure' by both the Soviet Union and Communist China to split Japan from her security alliance with the United States and isolate this strategic island country from its western allies . . . 'If Japan can be neutralized, the task of taking the rest of Asia will be much easier.'"

Let us now look back from Japan to Washington, where Bridges testified under subpoena before the House Un-American Activities Committee, shortly before going to Tokyo. He took the Fifth Amendment when asked whether he had ever been a member of the Communist Party under the name Harry Dorgan.

Moreover, he declared that American denials that United States fliers had dropped deadly germs on Chinese peasants during the Korean War were "less than convincing."

The *New York Herald Tribune* responded to this with an editorial, DANGEROUS MAN IN POWER, which began, "It doesn't surprise us that Harry Bridges took the Fifth Amendment when asked whether he and his associates are or ever were Communists." The newspaper added, "It is downright shocking that Bridges seems to side with the Communist canard of bacteriological warfare."

The editorial concluded, "If it ever came to a hot showdown between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., where would Harry Bridges stand? He has left a lot of room for doubt." He certainly didn't give the United States any the best of it in the quotations cited above.

On his travels Bridges conferred with Communist leaders in several countries, winding up in Moscow, where he praised Soviet labor unions as "more democratic than many American ones." Well, several American unions aren't any too democratic, but some people are wondering what Bridges found so democratic in the slave unions of the U.S.S.R. Even more mysterious is the reason why a man capable of such curious judgments is able to retain the leadership of a powerful American labor union.

Investors in Foreign Countries Need More Than Kind Words to Protect Their Interests

Like virtue and motherhood, overseas investments enjoy almost universal support. And yet, investors who venture abroad sometimes wonder whether they will stay in business from one day to the next. Of late, the praises of private international enterprise have been sung in several exotic quarters.

In Argentina, Vice President Rojas has observed that "the republic must appeal urgently to the foreign investor," and President Frondizi has been making heroic efforts to repair his country's economy so that such an appeal would be tempting to investors.

The prime minister of Malaya was equally inviting; Prince Abdul Rahman told the UN Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East that Asians should "remove any fears that private foreign investment might interfere with the sovereignty and true national interests of the receiving country."

Even in socialist-minded India, whose ambitious Five-Year Plan is on the rocks, a high government official has spoken kindly of that intrepid and bewildered creature, the overseas investor. India's minister of industry has noted that whatever industrial progress his country has made is "due in no small measure to the interest evinced and assistance rendered by friendly governments and by private foreign enterprise, both through technical assistance and financial collaborations." He added: "The need for foreign capital and for the inflow of technical *expertise* in a developing country is not temporary. . . . Our policy is to make foreign capital advantageous and profitable both to investing and collaborating countries and to India."

Highly encouraging words, to be sure. But what is the international economic reality? "Egyptianization," which means expropriation of foreign enterprises in Egypt, in addition to seizure of the Suez Canal. Intermittent threats to cut the flow of oil through pipe lines that pass through Syria and other Near East countries. Extreme left-wing government pressure on foreign enterprises in Ceylon. And in Indonesia, first the most callous expropriation of Dutch enterprises in a move of international blackmail, followed by a steady drift by the Jakarta government toward Communist control.

In other words, the honeyed phrases of scattered government officials can't assure the overseas investor of the one thing he needs: long-range security. Governments must learn the responsibility that comes with being law-abiding. It was a German banker, Hermann J. Abs, who said last fall that "an international convention is needed" to assure that "both capital-export and capital-import countries" will "treat foreign interests fairly and without discrimination and to abstain from direct or indirect illegal interference with such investment."

Howard W. Page, a director of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, put it straight on the line when he denounced overseas politicians who "hold power on a platform of hatred of foreigners" and "have no scruples about breaking solemn agreements with the citizens or governments of other countries." He suggested that the United States, "in conjunction with expressions of support for self-determination and freedom from foreign domination," issue a statement that would read about as follows:

"Any government which, by unilateral action, abrogates an agreement made by that government may expect the United States, either singly, in conjunction with other countries or through the United Nations, to take such economic measures and abrogate any agreements with the offending nation as the United States may see that circumstances warrant."

The world's trading nations drove piracy from the seven seas; now they need to free the continents of economic-outlaw methods.

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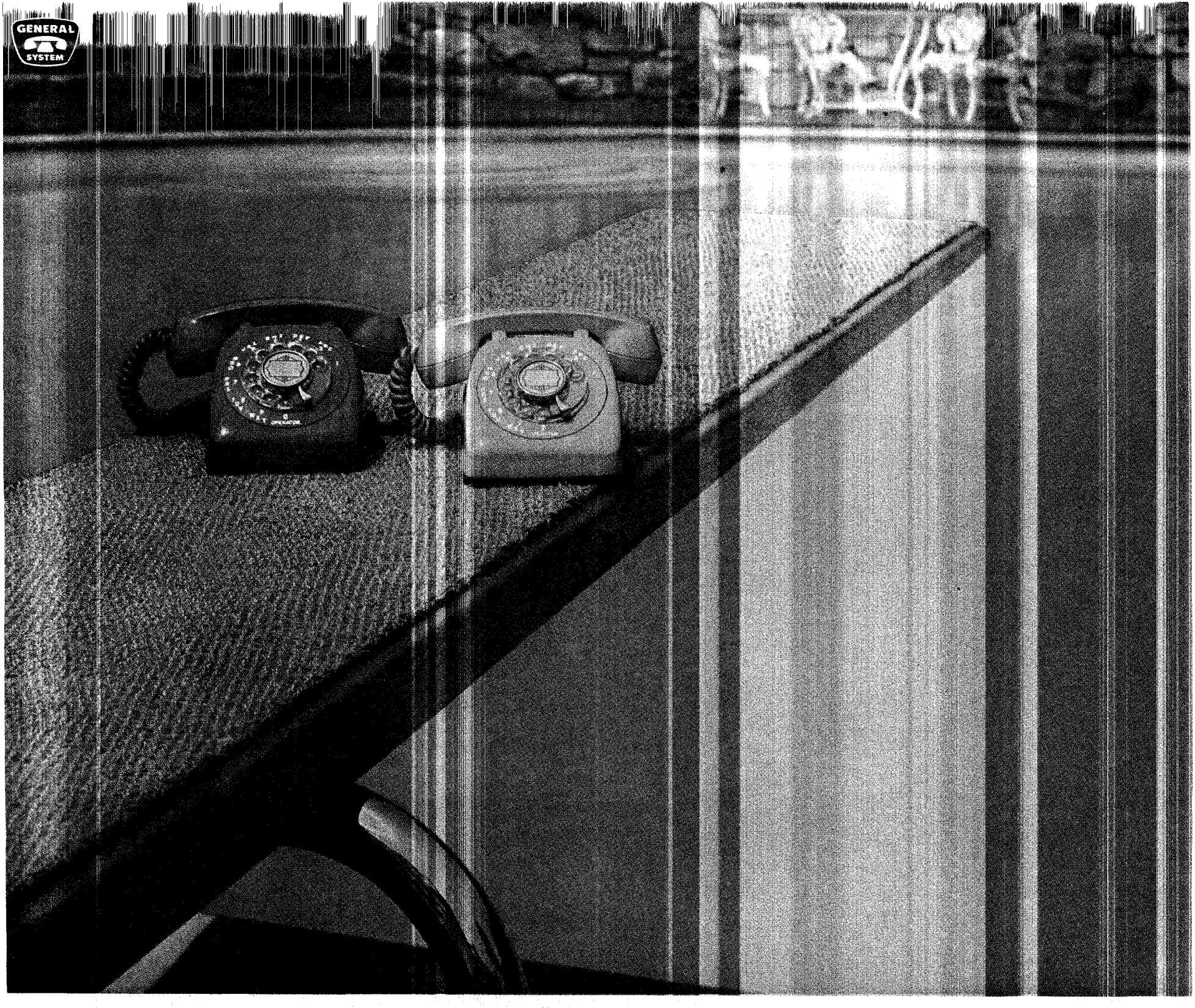

Research is our springboard

Tomorrow's more efficient and versatile communications services will be built on new ideas. That's why we are continuously increasing our research and development capabilities.

Today, we have a large and highly-trained staff of scientists and engineers working in many areas of advanced research. In the field of communications, these include—interspacing a number of telephone conversations on one line; controlling industrial processes from a remote point; transmitting business data over a network at high speed.

For America is growing fast, and its appetite for more and better communications is growing faster still.

Our job, as we see it, is to plan and build to meet this need.

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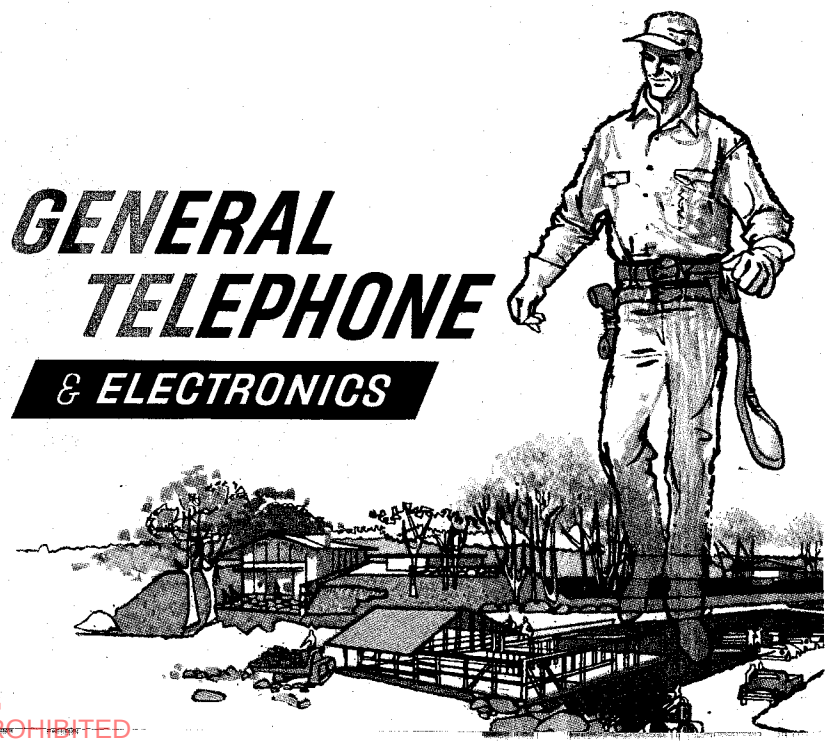

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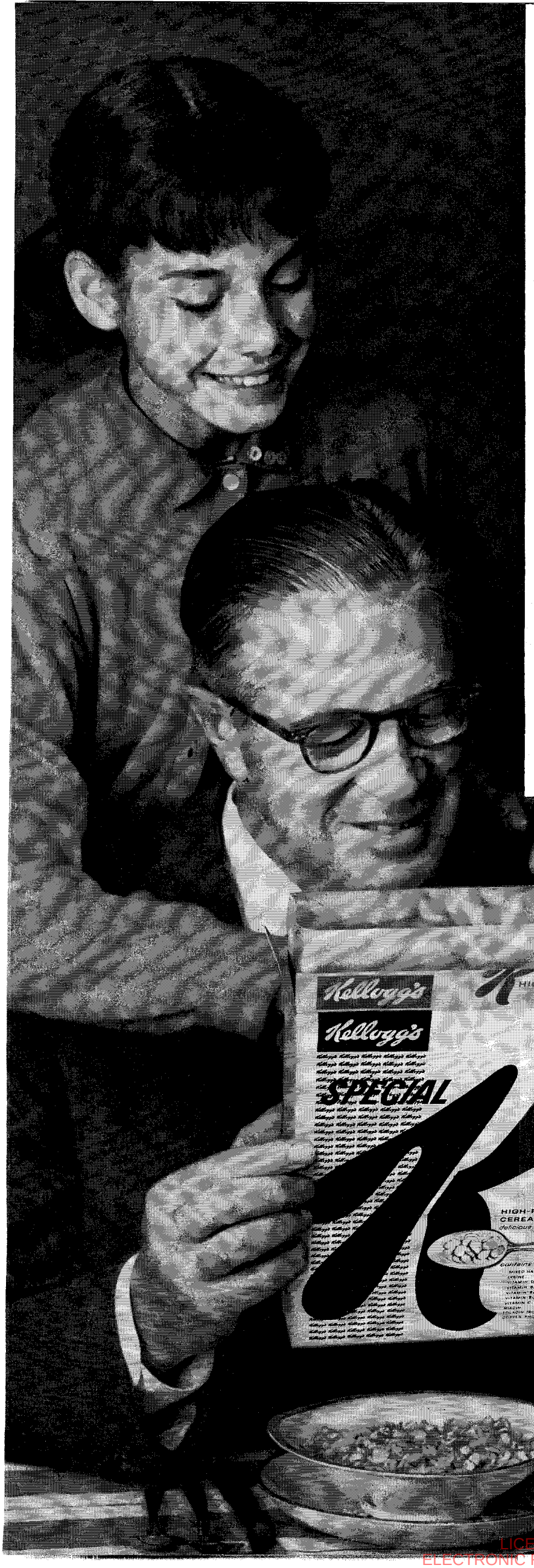


PROTEIN!

Kellogg's Special K—

more than a flake or a puff—a wonderfully delicious new way to get your protein

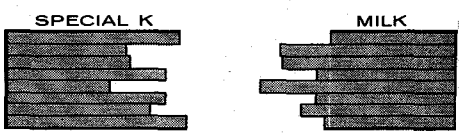
Time was, father gave the advice. But this young lady has discovered Special K—and the protein story on the back of the package. Only right that she should recommend it to him.

What's she pointing at? Just this nourishing fact: a serving of Special K with milk provides more high-quality protein than any other leading cereal. And now Special K contains an extra amount of a vital protein element called *lysine* to make all its protein more "usable."

We think Dad'll find it's fun to eat, besides. After all, Special K is a favorite with millions. Mothers tell us even youngsters with balky appetites reach the bottom of the bowl. One way to find ou for sure—try some. Kellogg's Special K

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S SPECIAL K—PROTEIN PARTNER FOR MILK



The chart shows how the eight (8) essential pro tein components of Special K and milk fit togethe to form a biologically complete protein—the kin that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues

© 1959 BY KELLOGG COMPAN

The new Handi-Pak. Eight personal po tions, individually wrapped. Might handy to have around.

Too heavy? Special K can help yo reducing diet. Only 105 calories p ounce—that's a big bowlful.

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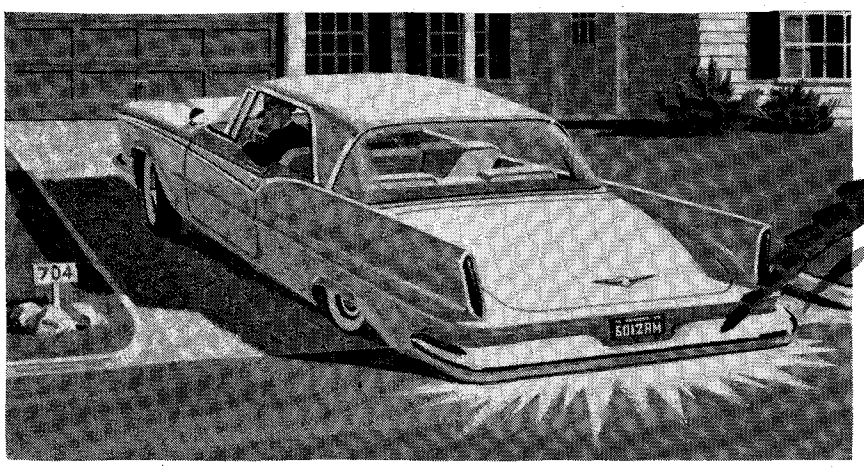
Tail dragging?

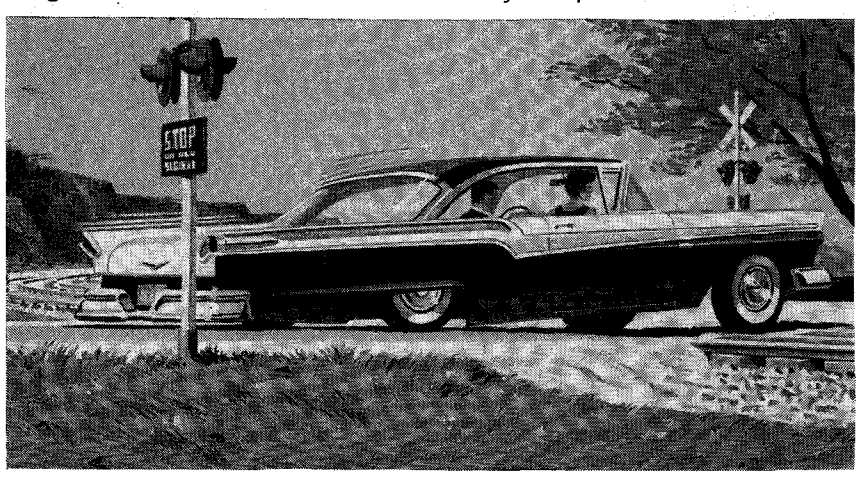


bumping on driveways?

Load-Levelers* end this by increasing road clearance of even heavily loaded cars.

swaying on curves?

Without Load-Levelers*, loaded car sways and swings as it rounds curves; passengers are thrown from side to side. Stability is impaired. Tires wear faster.

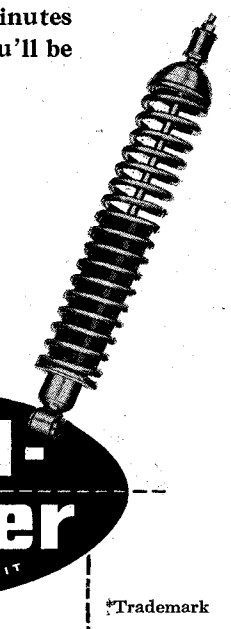


"bottoming" on bumps?

Without Load-Levelers*, car scrapes bottom on impact of hitting bumps and ruts —with frightening noise and possible damage.

Keep your car on the level with Load-Levelers*—Monroe stabilizing units with built-in ride control for a level ride under all road and load conditions. With Load-Levelers*, your car will always ride on an even keel . . . without "tail drag" or side sway. You'll like the way your car will take rough bumps and steep driveways without "bottoming" on its axles. You'll appreciate the extra stability on tight curves. And you'll like the improved steering and longer tire life you'll get with Load-Levelers.*

Have Load-Levelers* installed today in less than 30 minutes at your car dealer's, repair shop or service station. You'll be amazed at the really big difference they make!



only $39.90 a set for most cars

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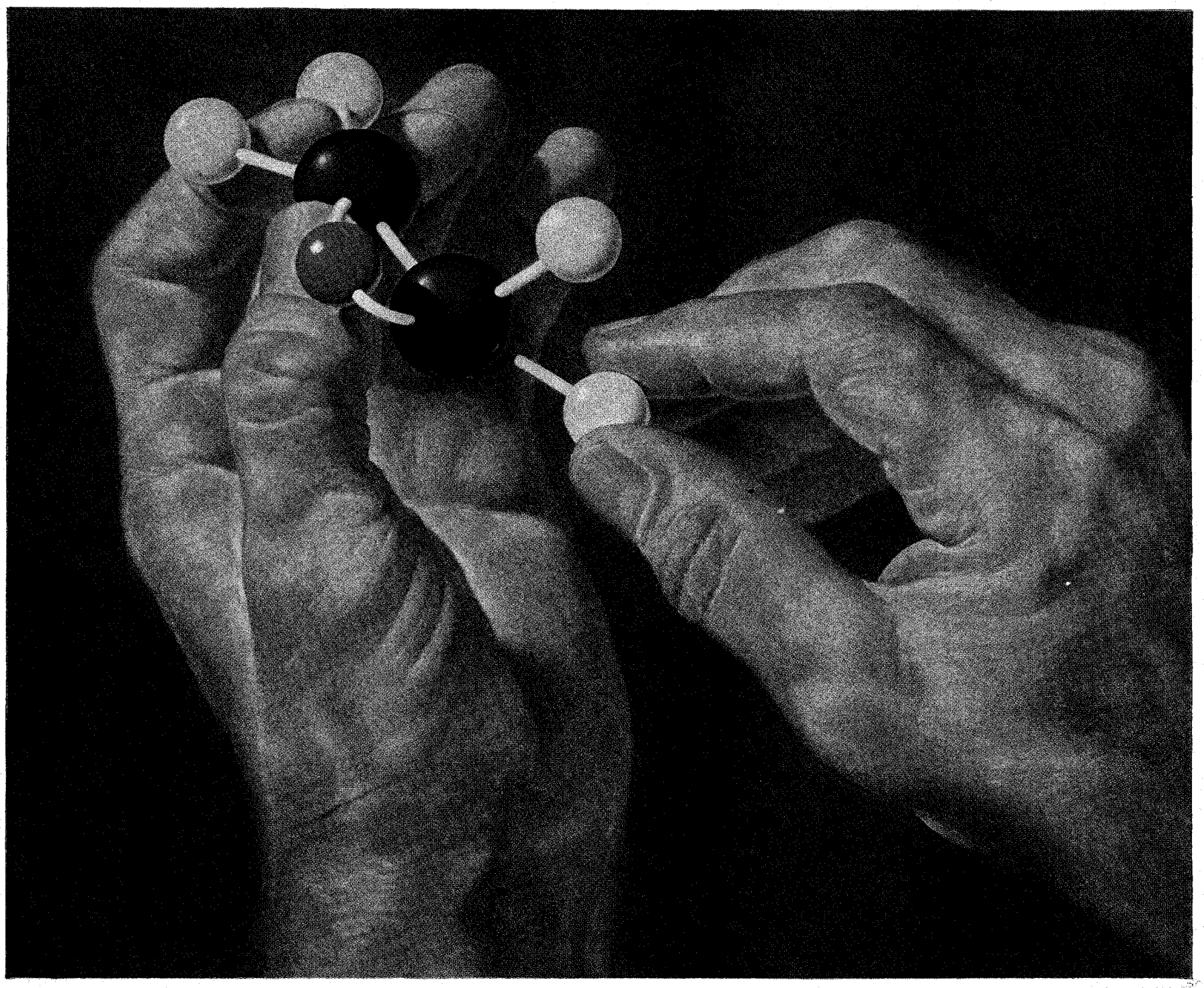

Molecular model of ethylene oxide—one of the basic building blocks in Union Carbide's chemistry.

Helping to shape the future

Ever wonder what's behind the steady stream of new and better products we enjoy today? The answer is research by men and women with driving curiosity and bold imagination.

Synthetic chemicals created by the people of Union Carbide have helped make possible the latest wonder drugs, glamorous textiles, work-saving detergents, and fast-drying paints and lacquers. And in the ever-changing world of plastics, the work of Union Carbide scientists has helped bring you everything from scuff-resistant flooring and unbreakable phonograph records to transparent polyethylene wrapping that preserves the original flavor of foods.

These innovations are only a suggestion of the wonderful things that will come from tomorrow's research . . . the kind of research that's being carried out constantly in the laboratories of Union Carbide.

Learn about the exciting work going on now in carbons, chemicals, gases, metals, plastics, and nuclear energy. Write for "Products and Processes" Booklet B, Union Carbide Corporation, 30 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. In Canada, Union Carbide Canada Limited, Toronto.

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. . . a hand in things to come

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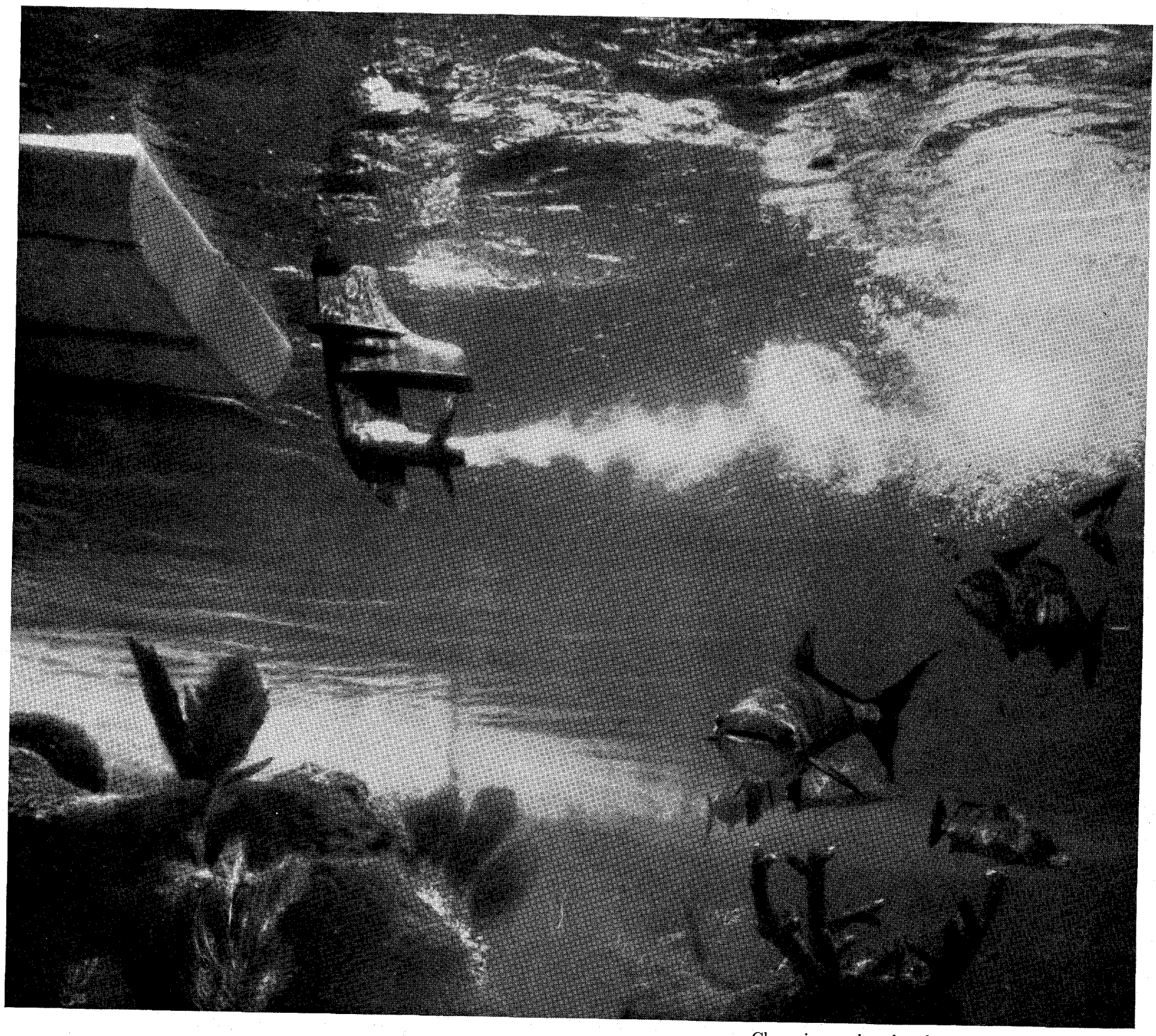
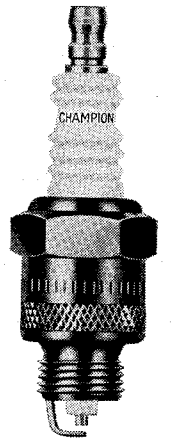


Champion-equipped outboards run smoothly. Test at Marineland, Fla., proves they don't even frighten fish.

Q. Why does <u>every</u> major manufacturer of outboard motors use Champion spark plugs?

A. Because Champions deliver the quick starts and dependable performance outboard owners want. For performance like this in your *car,* put in Champions every 10,000 miles. You'll save gas, too!



World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker.

CHAMPION

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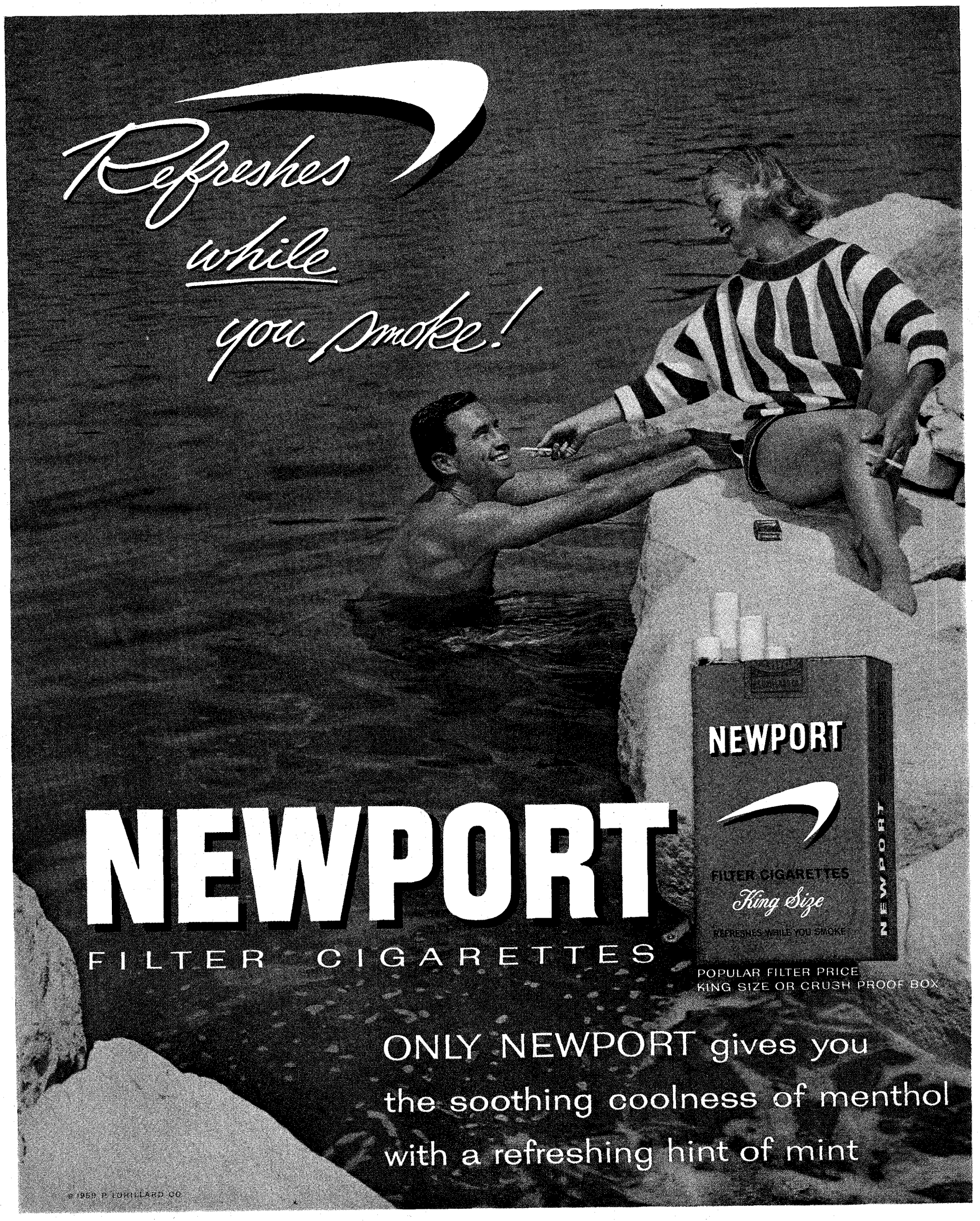

A PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY—FIRST WITH THE FINEST CIGARETTES— THROUGH LORILLARD RESEARCH

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The Secrets of Long Life

What makes a man—or woman—live a hundred years? His heredity? The climate he lives in? The kind of food he eats? To seek an answer to this classic riddle *The Post* retained the Gallup Poll organization. Here are the fascinating results of their survey.

By Dr. GEORGE GALLUP
and EVAN HILL

PART ONE

There was no reason for big, bearded Francis Marion Rhetts to be poking about his livery stable in Salem, Indiana, that hot Sunday afternoon of July 19, 1863. In the first place, his dozen horses were gone, driven off ten days before by Confederate guerrillas under Brig. Gen. John Morgan.

In the second place, Frank Rhetts was expecting a fourth addition to his family. Two blocks away, in his hip-roofed house facing the New Albany and Salem railroad tracks, his wife Mary Ann had already unpinned her long brown hair, and was sitting on the edge of their straw-tick bed, counting labor pains.

It was eight-year-old Albert who ran to the stable for his father; and before five o'clock that afternoon, a puny baby boy was born into a world of civil war in the knee-high hills of Southern Indiana.

The infant, so small and fragile that he was carried about the house on a pillow, was named John Edward Rhetts. That night, tallow candles molded by Mary Ann Rhetts burned in the big kitchen, and neighbor women walked down the unlighted, unpaved village streets bringing her pots of soup and plates of corn bread. They came to help Mary Ann Rhetts, and to see John Edward.

At this time, slightly more than 100 miles away, in a destitute log hamlet in Montgomery County, Kentucky, a five-month-old infant, Edward Clay O'Rear, was squalling in his crib. Edward was fourteenth of the family's fifteen children. And in nearby

(Continued on Page 19)

Dr. John Edward Rhetts, 96-year-old retired dentist of Salem, Indiana, is one of the 402 persons 95 and older who took part in this study. Rhetts carries a cane only "because it makes me look distinguished."

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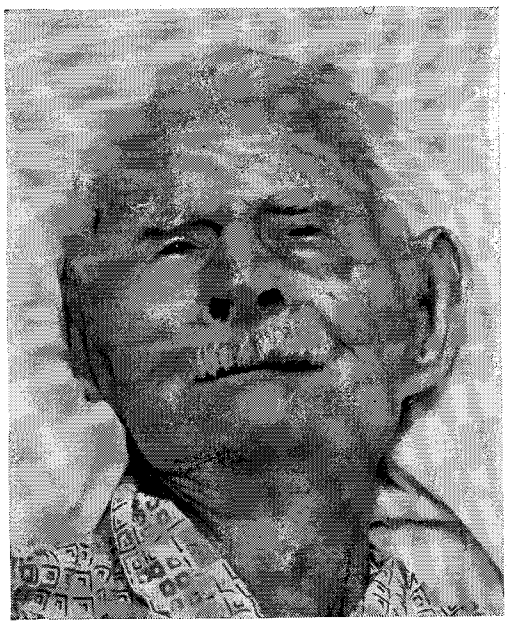
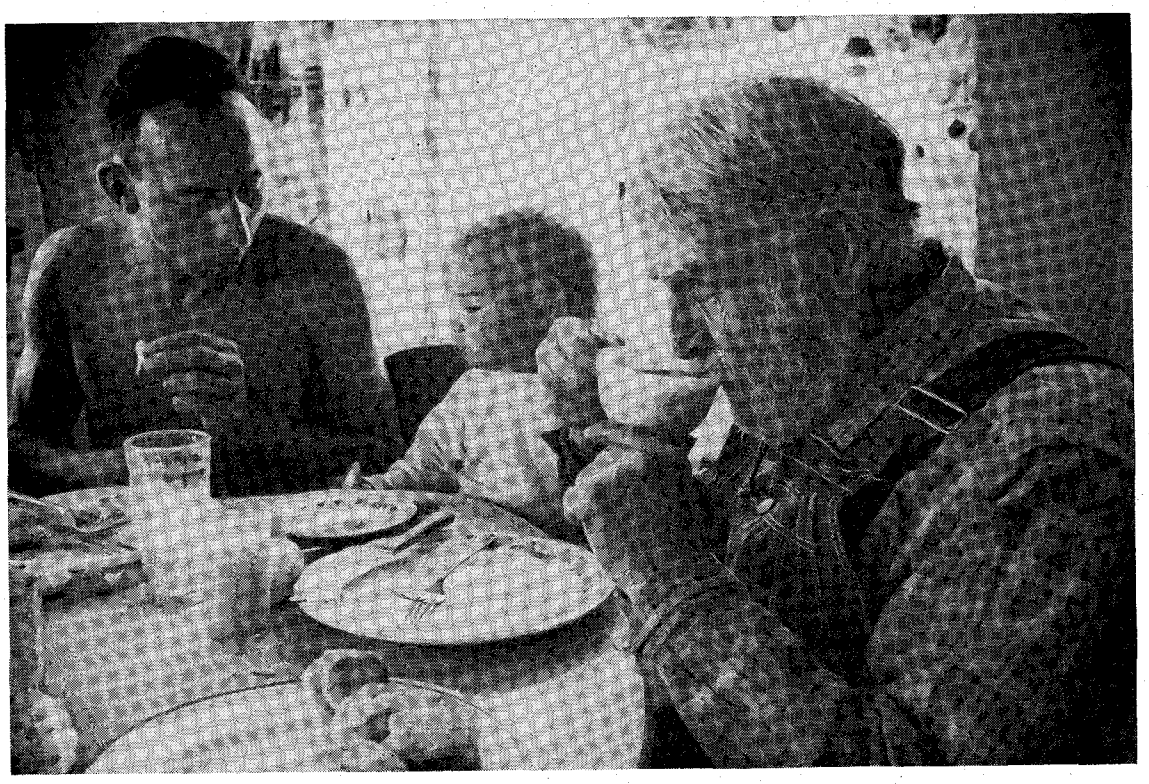


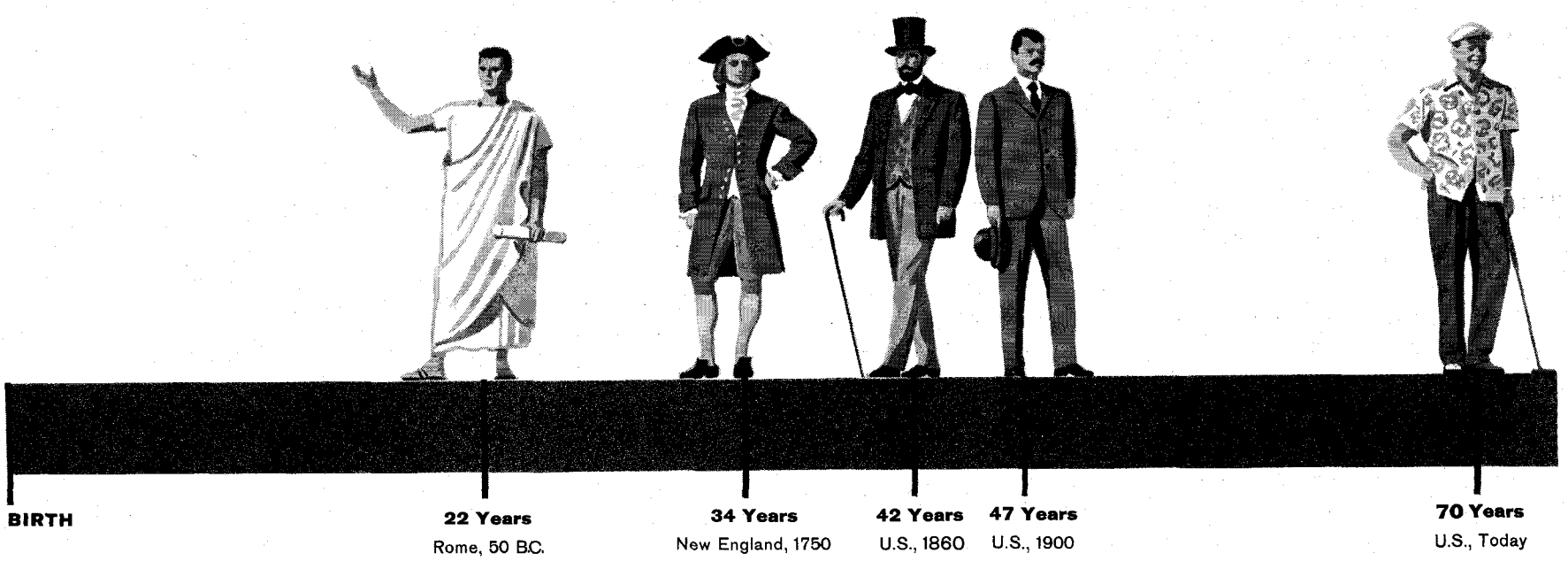
At the age of 116, Confederate veteran Walter Williams, of Houston, Texas, is the last survivor of the Civil War. He had a grandfather who lived to be 119.

Mrs. Comfort Staten, 100, of Farmington, Missouri, was born a slave. Asked about her politics, she replied, "I'm a Republican. Heavens, yes, he [Lincoln] set us free!"

At 106, Hank Gooch (above), of Platteville, Colo., tends sheep every day on horseback. Gooch, who is an atheist, took his last drink 56 years ago. At mealtime (below) his appetite is still good.



Increases in the Average Length of Life Since Ancient Times



Although the subjects of the Gallup report were born in the Civil War era, they have lived a quarter of a century longer than the expected life span of a child born today.

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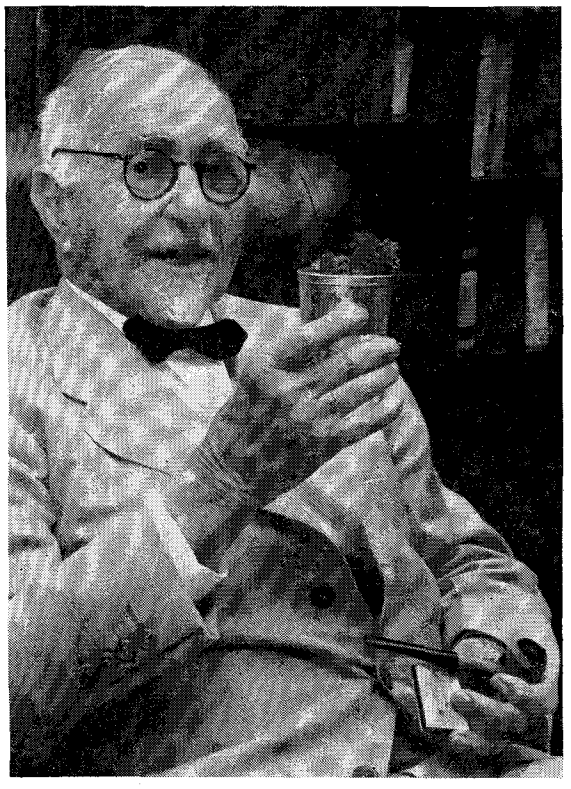

Judge Edward Clay O'Rear, a 96-year-old, at his home in Versailles, Ky. He has smoked a pipe for 75 years and for the last decade, after lifelong abstinence, has taken a nightly drink.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, 97, the celebrated football coach, of Stockton, Calif., dictates a letter to his wife, who is 83. All seven of his brothers and sisters lived more than 73 years.

(Continued from Page 17) Millersburg, Kentucky, a nineteen-year-old Negro named Charles Washington, until recently the slave of a planter named Abe Summit, kept at his work as a wood tote and pondered the meaning of his new freedom under President Lincoln's six-month-old Emancipation Proclamation.

In Cincinnati the five-year-old daughter of a merchant tailor tossed her pigtails and played in her grassy yard. In Republic County, Kansas, ten-year-old Hank Gooch—unmindful of the Civil War—helped his grandparents farm the rich prairie. In West Orange, New Jersey, an eleven-month-old baby named Amos Alonzo Stagg was one more hungry mouth to feed in a devout, impoverished household of five other youngsters.

Today the puny Rhetts baby is ninety-six years old, a retired dentist who for almost half a century pulled teeth at twenty-five cents an extraction. He lives only two blocks from the wooden house—still standing—where he was born. Edward Clay O'Rear is now ninety-six too. A former chief justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals and a retired attorney, he lives near Lexington, still taking an occasional case. "Uncle Charley" Washington, the one-time Kentucky slave, now lives in Cincinnati after quitting work four years ago when he was ill. The merchant tailor's daughter lives in Los Angeles, and is now 100 years old. Hank Gooch is 106 and works every day, often on horseback, as a sheepherder near Platteville, Colorado. Alonzo Stagg, ninety-seven, is still serving as advisory football coach at Stockton College in California.

At the time of birth the chances that these people would live past ninety were so small as to be almost incredible. When John Edward Rhetts was spanked into his first breath ninety-six years ago in Salem, Indiana, one child in six died before reaching his first birthday. Today only one in 143 dies in his first year.

Little Johnny Rhetts had to avoid—or survive—the great killers of the mid-nineteenth century: diarrhea, tuberculosis, pneumonia, influenza, diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever, smallpox. And he did get by, he and Eddie O'Rear and Alonzo Stagg and Charley the wood-tote boy. They survived infancy, despite its terrifying death rate. They survived the accident-prone years of adolescence, in a time when Joseph Lister was still preaching the antiseptic method of treating wounds. And they escaped harm in the epidemics that swept the world while Louis Pasteur was establishing the principle of bacterial vaccination.

They have lived not only beyond their own life expectancy—about forty-two years for a child born in 1860—but they have lived a quarter of a century longer than the expected life span—seventy years—of a child born today.

Why? Why have so many died and these survived? What did these people have, or inherit, or do, or eat, to allow them to live so long? If there is a secret to living long, these people have it.

Some months ago the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* commissioned us to find this secret—or to establish that it does not exist. We were to use scientific sampling methods—the same techniques that tell us how Americans will vote, or what they think of our foreign policy—and the fact-finding facilities of the Gallup Poll.

The United States Census Bureau tells us that 29,000 living Americans are ninety-five years old or older. Our task was to find a truly representative cross section of this group and study in detail their inordinately long lives. Then we were to assemble the facts about them, charting and graphing the details to see whether patterns of diet, or health, or birthplace, or climate, or heredity would emerge in some meaningful fashion.

We designed and tested a twenty-four-page printed questionnaire containing 221 questions. Ordinarily it required approximately three hours to answer. In some cases, when respondents were semi-invalid and infirm, it took as long as five hours for our interviewers to get all their answers; one of our Utah interviewers had to return to his man on five consecutive days, because rest-home doctors limited each interview to forty-five minutes.

With the help of newspaper files, clergymen and old-age homes, we selected a representative cross section of the aged in this country—402 persons ninety-five years old or older. Of these, 152 were men and 250 were women. The United States Census shows this to be the male-female ratio of this age group in the nation. There were 364 whites, thirty-four Negroes, one Japanese, and three American Indians. And we found them in every state in the continental United States, in hot climates and in cold, at high altitudes and at sea level, in cities and on farms.

More than 300 trained interviewers visited these widely scattered people and forwarded the completed questionnaires to Gallup headquarters in Princeton, New Jersey. There the answers were punched into thousands of computer cards, tabulated and charted. Five months after we started we had a 226-page study with 343 charts, telling us what the nation's oldest living citizens had to say about themselves and their long lives.

Of course, there are limitations to any study of this kind. We had to depend on the honest answers and memories of men and women who have lived for almost a century. The median age of our group is ninety-nine years; 59 per cent are between ninety-five and ninety-nine, and 39 per cent are between 100 and 109; 2 per cent are 110 and older. We expected some to be mentally hazy. Actually only 7 per cent were hazy; 26 per cent were reported as "sometimes hazy," while 66 per cent were either "alert" or "unusually alert." But there was often the problem of impaired hearing.

However, we had designed the questionnaire to cross-check against contradictory answers, and we found memories for most remarkably good. Haziness was solved by getting help from relatives and companions who had known the respondent well for years; and talking to the deaf, our interviewers soon learned, is often a matter of pitch rather than volume.

All in all the results are gratifying; we have completed the first comprehensive study of this age group by modern scientific sampling methods. Although we expect that many of our facts may be subject to different interpretation, we feel that we have accomplished what we set out to do: to learn more about why some humans live so long, and to test scientific sampling as a medical-research tool.

Every American has read dozens of newspaper feature stories quoting nonagenarians on their secret of long life. The "secrets" include drinking a quart of whisky daily, or never touching alcohol; smoking ten cigars a day, or completely avoiding tobacco; frequent sexual activity, or complete celibacy; regular use of apple-cider vinegar, or honey, or yogurt, or you name it—it's been recorded somewhere in the folklore of the aged.

But these amusing answers are just that—amusing. They are the careless dreams of desperate (Continued on Page 42)

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"Dad laid it on the line—
said if I went through with it
he'd cut me off without a dime."

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It was either the girl or his father's money.

Playboy's Choice

By FREDERICK BORG

After a while the pain, which at first had been so fierce she actually had prayed for death, gave way to a kind of numbness. Reconciled to a future as empty as the past had been complete, she went dully through the motions of living. Afternoons, when she had straightened up the small apartment in which she and Tom had been so happy—not that it needed much straightening now—she went down to the Marina to watch the ships go by. Young women more fortunate than she pushed baby carriages along the quay. Gulls cut arabesques against the sky. When the sun went down behind the Golden Gate she returned to the apartment. Sometimes, forgetting to eat, she sat long hours at the living-room windows, staring sightlessly into the night. The next day she would repeat the cycle.

Many women would have envied her. Tom's insurance, plus the pension she received as a policeman's widow, was enough to keep her reasonably comfortable. She could do whatever she pleased. She had all the time in the world.

That was the trouble. She had too much time—time to think, time to dream of the days when Tom was alive and held her in his arms. Sometimes she awoke at night with her moans echoing in her ears, her body cold as ice.

One day, after two months of this, Joe Alvarado called on her.

"You're looking better," he said, after declining a drink. "Still kinda pale, though."

"I feel fine, really."

"Things were rough there for a while, I guess."

"Yes."

"Any plans?"

"No."

"How'd you like to come back to the Brass Monkey?"

"You're joking."

"I mean it," Joe said, leaning forward so that the morning sun slanting through the windows shimmered on his bald head. "I don't know anyone can put across a song like you, baby."

"Thanks, Joe ——"

"Skip it," he said, cracking his fat knuckles. "I give people music. They don't like it—bingo, I'm through. You got what people want."

"But ——"

"King Callahan moves in tomorrow night. Needs a singer, someone with class. How about it?"

"I'd have to think it over."

"Don't think about anything any more. Come down tomorrow early with your old arrangements. I want to hear you sing Blue Thursday again."

Perhaps it was what she had been through; perhaps it was because King Callahan was one of the best in the business. Whatever the reason, she sang like a melancholy angel. Word of her return raced through the city. By Saturday night the Brass Monkey was a sellout.

Joe said happily to his wife, who doubled as cashier: "It's like old times, like before she was married. Remember? She was just a kid then, but she sure could deliver."

"She's even better now," said his wife. It was late. Big as the Brass Monkey was—it had once been a warehouse and still looked like one—the place was jammed. Standees lined the bare brick walls. Smoke shrouded the tables. Now and then a flashbulb flared, investing the scene with the garish colors and feverish mood of a Toulouse-Lautrec poster.

On the tiny stage, in the shimmering black gown that had identified her in the old days, Linda sang Blue Thursday. As one of her more articulate admirers had once remarked, she was all one; her beauty, which made people think of minor goddesses, blended perfectly with her song. Effortlessly, like a flower opening to the sun, or rain falling, she sang of love. The clarinet of King Callahan, prolonging her last true note, faded into silence as she stood, head bowed, a tall, dark-haired, beautifully constructed girl whom life had left behind. The applause was like a vast explosion.

Joe Alvarado was in the corridor with a young man burdened with camera equipment as she started for her dressing room.

"Baby," Joe said, "you really knocked 'em dead tonight."

"Thanks, Joe," she said, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Meet Mark Everson. Mark, this is Linda Cornell, as if you didn't know."

The young man was long, lean and dark, with humorous eyes and a wide mouth.

"Mark is on assignment for Arena, the big picture magazine." Joe went on, raising his voice over the sudden blare of trumpets. "He'd appreciate a few minutes in your dressing room."

"I'm sorry, Joe."

Please, honey. It'll be a big thing for both of us."

"All right," Linda said, managing a smile.

Tired as she was, she felt obliged to do something in return for the nice things Joe had done for her. Had he not come at a time when she most needed help she would probably be alone in her apartment now, staring out into the night.

In her dressing room, Mark Everson took flash shots of her in various poses. Later, while she was changing behind the screen, he said slowly, like an embarrassed boy: "I suppose I shouldn't admit it, Miss Cornell, but the fact is this is my first assignment. Up to now I've been starving to death."

"Hope I don't ruin your chances," Linda said, coming out from behind the screen in the blue suit Tom had liked so much.

"You couldn't ruin anything," Mark Everson said solemnly, "except maybe a man's peace of mind."

"Well, thank you," Linda said, feeling her cheeks grow warm. Except for Tom, she thought as she smoothed her skirt over her slim hips, all the men that she had met during the four years she had been singing had been pretty much the same—well-dressed, overweight and vastly self-assured. Their suit jackets were double-breasted and they usually wore rings that glittered with precious stones.

This young man was different. Thin as a lath, and actually shy, he was clad in a way which suggested (Continued on Page 85)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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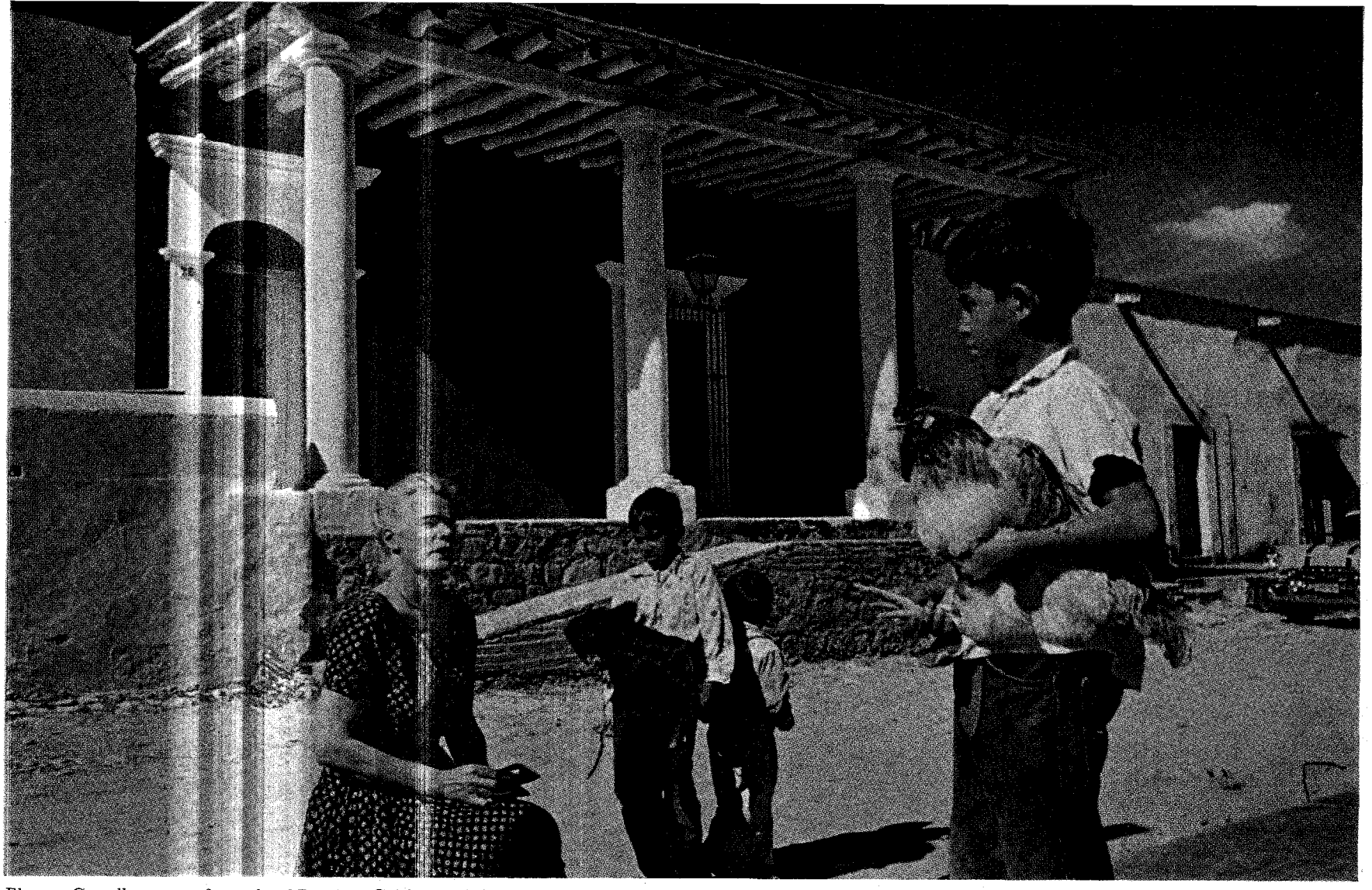

Eleanor Carroll, a nurse, formerly of Pomona, Calif., bought this renovated house in Alamos for $8000. She goes to market daily, but often buys food from young peddlers.

Want to retire in Mexico? This American rebuilds abandoned haciendas and sells them to Yankees who yearn to settle in the sun.

His Business Is Ruins

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

William Levant Alcorn, a onetime Pennsylvania dairyman, started rebuilding the crumbling old city of Alamos ten years ago. Now ninety Americans have property here. Alcorn is said to control a fortune in real estate.

His secretary, Anna Maria Castro, below at the Haywood villa, takes clients through restorable ruins.

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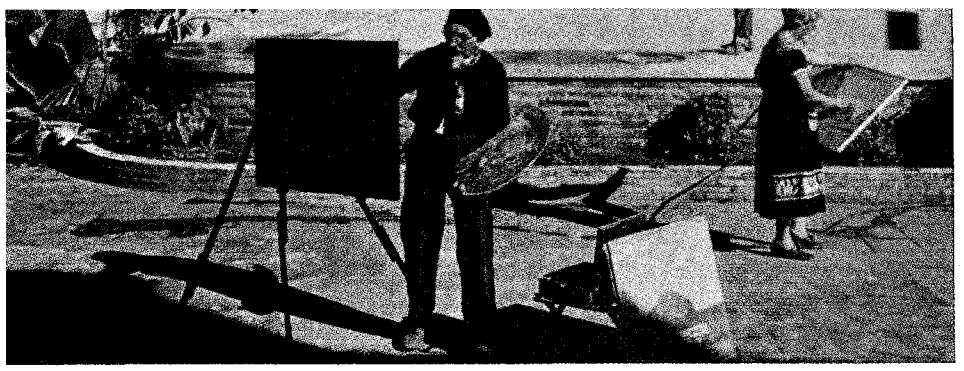
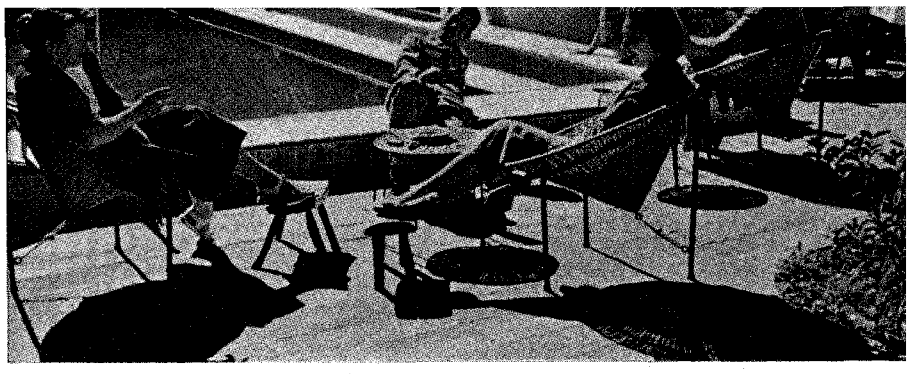


Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Bietz of Ohio, in the courtyard of the house they lease each year.



The Casa de los Tesoros, run by a California couple, once was a convent.

SONORA, MEXICO.

In the spring of 1958, on one of those whims which beset old Sonora hands and other chronic wanderers, I loaded a little red sedan with camping gear and set out to hunt the "lost" city of Baroyeca. Four hundred miles below Nogales at Alamos, one star-bright night, I encountered strange goings on and never did get to Baroyeca. I found, instead, a man who has made his own Treasure of Sierra Madre.

Alamos is, of course, an old treasure itself. In 1777, when Washington was camped at Valley Forge, Alamos was capital of a cactus empire embracing Sonora, Chihuahua and the present state of Arizona. During its heyday, which lasted into the 1880's, it was a city of 10,000 persons—and an unknown number of Indians—celebrated the length and breadth of Mexico for its beautiful women, graceful architecture and silver-heavy earth. Its silver, in fact, grubstaked the early expeditions to establish San Francisco and Los Angeles.

For the well-to-do there were rambling white adobe palaces, each with its distinctive façade of arches—*portales*—its creamy-walled courtyard, strong-rooms and ramps for burros to march in with silver ingots. After an epidemic killed 6000 natives, the mansions were built solid and close together to keep the rabble away and protect the inhabitants against Indian raids. Later, however, with the decline of the mines, continuing Yaqui raids and Mexican revolutions, the wealthy families moved out. The mud palaces crumbled like sugar under the tropical rains. For half a century Alamos was almost a ghost town—visited only by treasure hunters and wanderers.

The changes I found that spring were startling. Restored mansions gleamed like ivory in the moonlight. My car's headlights picked out an airstrip scraped from the cactus near Calle Aurora; electric bulbs twinkled like beacons from the somber tower of *La Purísima Concepción*. Below the old church in the Plaza de las Armas, where pretty dark-eyed girls promenaded with their handsome swains, the bandstand shone like a toy in fresh red and green paint.

Later I learned that the peons were busy mixing oil paints, building stall showers and learning to grow vegetables which won't afflict sensitive *Norteamericanos* with the amoebic miseries of "Montezuma's Revenge." A faint Yankee accent was audible everywhere.

"Señor Alcorn has done it," said the old saddle maker on Calle Rosales. "He has even caused Alamos to become a Mexican national monument." The saddler, who was shaping huaracho soles from old auto tires, paused. "Some say it's not good because it raises our standards, but the poor approve. It brings them money for a change—them and Señor Alcorn."

The *señor*, who rattled up presently in a battered jeep, turned out to be no home-grown Mexican philanthropist, but William Levant Alcorn, a onetime dairy farmer from Erie County, Pennsylvania. A slim, graying man of fifty-four with ruddy cheeks, frank blue eyes and (Continued on Page 76)

Alcorn (left) directing reconstruction at Rancho La Colorado, a 535-acre estate he sold to a couple from Connecticut. The annual taxes are only $7.80, and the owners claim they can live like kings here on $250 a month.

Photographs by Gene Lester

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Mabel, the chief matchmaker. Al. "So who needs a wife?" Ida. Could Al do better?

MEN SHOULD BE MARRIED

If there's one thing some women can't beat, it's a bachelor who glories in his freedom.

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

I got this brother, name of Al, who is a bachelor and who never got married. This is a guy who used to be a prize fighter, but now drives a hack all over Brooklyn and is as happy as a lark, singing all the time, and he knows a million guys. So my wife says like a shot out of the blue, "Al ought to be married, Manny."

"Married?" I say. "For cryin' out loud! What'd he do?"

She gives me a look, and then she says, "You talk like he was being condemned to Devils Island. Has it been that bad?"

"Look," I say, "leave us not get into our marriage. We were talkin' about Al, an' ——"

"Has it been that bad?" she breaks in.

"What?" I say.

"Our marriage," she tells me, "about which you're complaining day and night."

You see how it is? I'm sitting here in the living room this summer evening reading the newspaper and not bothering anybody after putting in a hard day's work in the shop over in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and all of a sudden there's a rhubarb going.

"I wasn't complainin' about no marriage," I say. "If you remember, we was talkin' about Al, an' ——"

"You don't have to change the subject," she says.

You know what I mean? I never even started no subject, but now I'm changing it!

"So," I say, "who put the bee in your bonnet that Al should be gettin' married?"

"Nobody put a bee in my bonnet," she snaps. "It's just that we'd all like to see him happy."

(Continued on Page 52)

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Trainer of Winners

By JIMMY BRESLIN

Jimmy Jones, son of the great Ben Jones, has trained five Kentucky Derby winners. Here is how he made a name for himself in the shadow of a reputation that seemed impossible to match.

"You get so you can look at a horse just standing in his stall and see how he is," says Jimmy, here with exercise boy Lewis (Dogwagon) Wilson and Calumet horse Torocuik.

An ancient rule of horse racing is that your goal should be pleasure rather than profit. This advice obviously applies to those who bet on the races, and people in the sport also recommend it to the owners of horses. Even in this era of huge purses, few stables can show profits. Horses not fast enough to win money still resemble Man o' War when it comes to running up feed bills.

One man who refuses to go along with this reasoning is Horace Allyn (Jimmy) Jones, the most successful trainer in racing. When he shuts off his alarm and tugs himself out of bed at 5:50 each morning, it is with the objective of making money. Jimmy Jones does not countenance losses for his employer, Calumet Farm. Over a period of twenty years—first under his father, Ben A. Jones, and now under fifty-four-year-old Jimmy—Calumet has come out ahead of the game.

Since Jimmy inherited the training duties from his father twelve years ago, Calumet has been the leading money-winning stable seven times. In 1947 it set an all-time record of $1,402,436 in purses. Its gross earnings have averaged nearly a million a year. It takes winnings like that to keep the operation in the black, for Calumet's breeding and on-the-track expenses amount to around $800,000 annually.

An impressive fraction of Calumet's earnings have come from the most glamorous of horse races, the Kentucky Derby. Jimmy Jones has trained five Derby winners for Calumet, including Iron Liege in 1957 and Tim Tam in 1958. In 1956 he was second with Fabius.

Calumet is often described as a racing counterpart of baseball's New York Yankees.

Even in an "off" year such as this one, with some of Calumet's big-name horses running a trifle slowly, the stable is so deep in racing talent that it ranked No. 4 on the money-winning list for the first six months, with earnings of $350,334.

Jimmy Jones kept saying, "All I can do is win the little ones. We haven't been getting the main pots. I guess now I'm finding out what it's like to be on the other side."

However, nobody felt there was any need to cry for him. Early in July at Arlington Park outside Chicago, a two-year-old Calumet filly, Desert Dream, ran away from the field in her first outing. She seemed designed for many of the rich two-year-old sprint races scheduled for September. Meanwhile Jones also was paying more than casual attention to a two-year-old colt, Rum Punch.

The comparison of Calumet and the Yankees generally is extended to bracket Jimmy Jones with Casey Stengel. However, aside from an affinity for winning, about the only parallel is that they both come from Missouri. Jimmy in no way resembles the Yankee manager, but he is a pretty flavorful fellow in his own right.

Jones is a man of five feet six inches, whose 190 pounds give him a well-fed appearance. His brown hair is toned with gray. He is cheerful and talkative, although on the job he is a taskmaster.

Says Eddie Arcaro, "Jimmy is one of the toughest people in racing to work for. He wants the best. Nothing else is gonna satisfy the man. When I was riding for Jimmy regularly, it worked out (Continued on Page 95)

Jimmy (left) as his father led Citation—with Eddie Arcaro up—to the winner's circle after the 1948 Kentucky Derby. Although old Ben is officially credited with the victory, Jimmy actually trained the horse.

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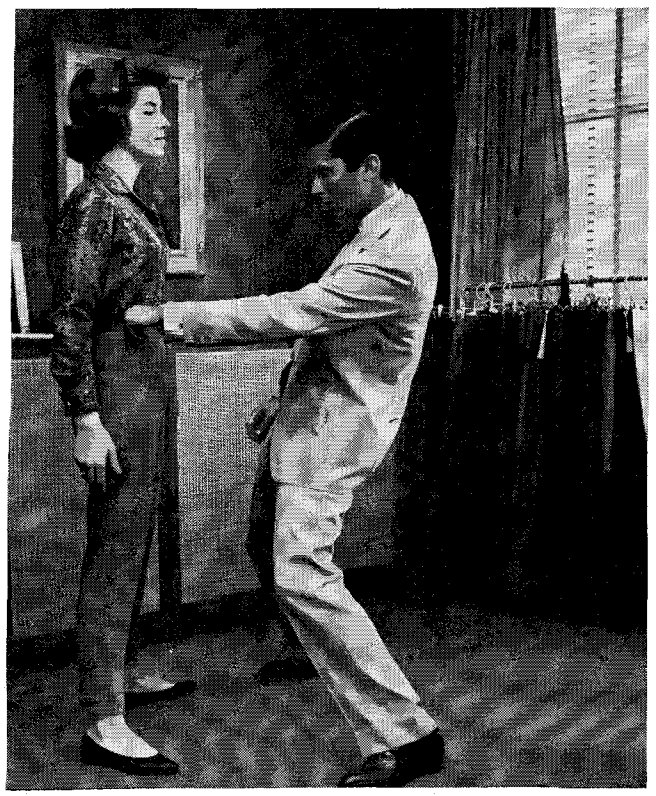
How I Stumbled Into the Movies

Bob Evans and Norma Shearer, who launched his film career.



Our hero is more successful as a businessman than as a film star but he sadly feels that his identity as a garment maker hurts his film career.

Until a famous actress accidentally discovered him, Robert Evans was only a businessman without theatrical ambitions. But now that he's had a taste of Hollywood, he wants to make acting his career.

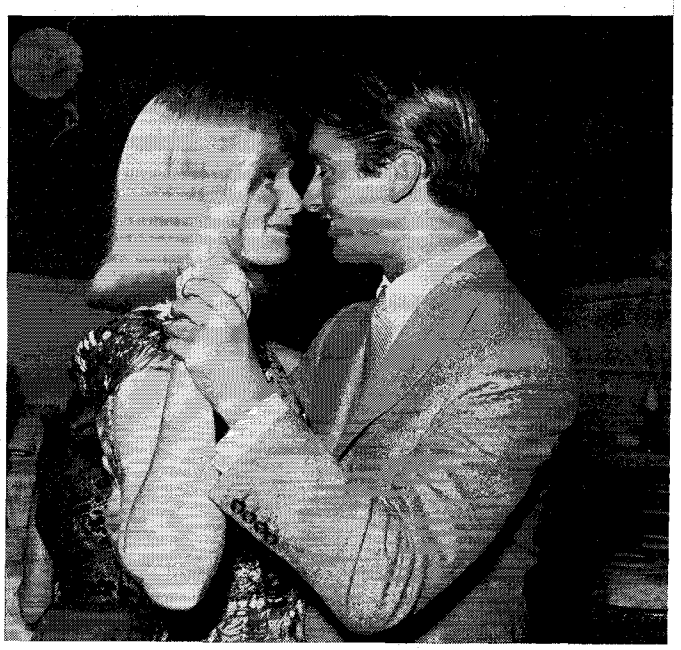
By ROBERT EVANS, as told to BILL BREISKY

On Election Day morning in 1956 I was combining business and pleasure at the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel. I had flown to California to look into the possibility of opening a West Coast sales office for my New York women's-sportswear firm, and in my spare hours I was soaking up sun and using a poolside telephone to talk to customers around the country and a business friend in Guatemala.

I was twenty-six, single and at peace with the world. My business, Evan-Picone, Inc., was prospering, and the last thing I needed was another job. Yet before sundown that day I was at Universal-International studios, testing for a role which I was told could make me a star.

My story proves that the old fairy-tale tradition hasn't disappeared entirely from the Hollywood scene. I was offered a screen test not because I once had done some acting—and I had—but because Norma Shearer happened to overhear my phone conversations. Norma told me later that something about my voice projection and my business mannerisms reminded her of her late husband, Irving Thalberg. And it so happened that the casting department at Universal-International was conducting a rather frantic search at that time for the right person to portray the young

On location in New York for a forthcoming film, *The Best of Everything:* From left: Suzy Parker, Evans and producer Jerry Wald. Evans plays the part of a heartless cad in this movie.



Handsome bachelor Bob has squired some of Hollywood's prettiest girls—Swedish actress May Britt, for example.

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Although Evans contends that "picture-making is my chosen craft, not a means of meeting shapely starlets," he has no objections to their sharing the pool at his Bel Air, California, home. At rear is his brother Charles.

Thalberg in *Man of a Thousand Faces*, the life story of silent-film star Lon Chaney. Norma told me that Irving Thalberg had been Universal's chief of production at twenty-one and chief of production at MGM at twenty-three. She felt that the candidates for the Thalberg part were not convincing because they looked and talked like young actors, not young businessmen.

My theatrical ambitions were long forgotten by then, and I was not at all confident about facing a movie camera for the first time. I remember thinking, *Bob, you're crazy. You'll look like a darn fool.* Even so, I couldn't bring myself to pass up the offer of a screen test.

To the surprise of everyone but Norma, my test was successful. One newspaper reported the event with this headline: YOUTHFUL CLOTHING TYCOON JUMPS INTO SWIMMING POOL AND LANDS IN MOVIES.

Six weeks later I had finished the picture and was back in my New York office at 1407 Broadway. A few months passed. *Man of a Thousand Faces* hadn't been released, and I still was trying to decide if I should pursue an acting career when, quite by coincidence, I was "discovered" again. This time Darryl Zanuck spotted me in a New York night club and shortly thereafter signed me to romance Ava Gardner as the bullfighter in *The Sun Also Rises*.

I suppose the title of my current picture, *The Best of Everything*, sounds like the story of my life. The truth is that I've been bedeviled by frustrations (Continued on Page 69)

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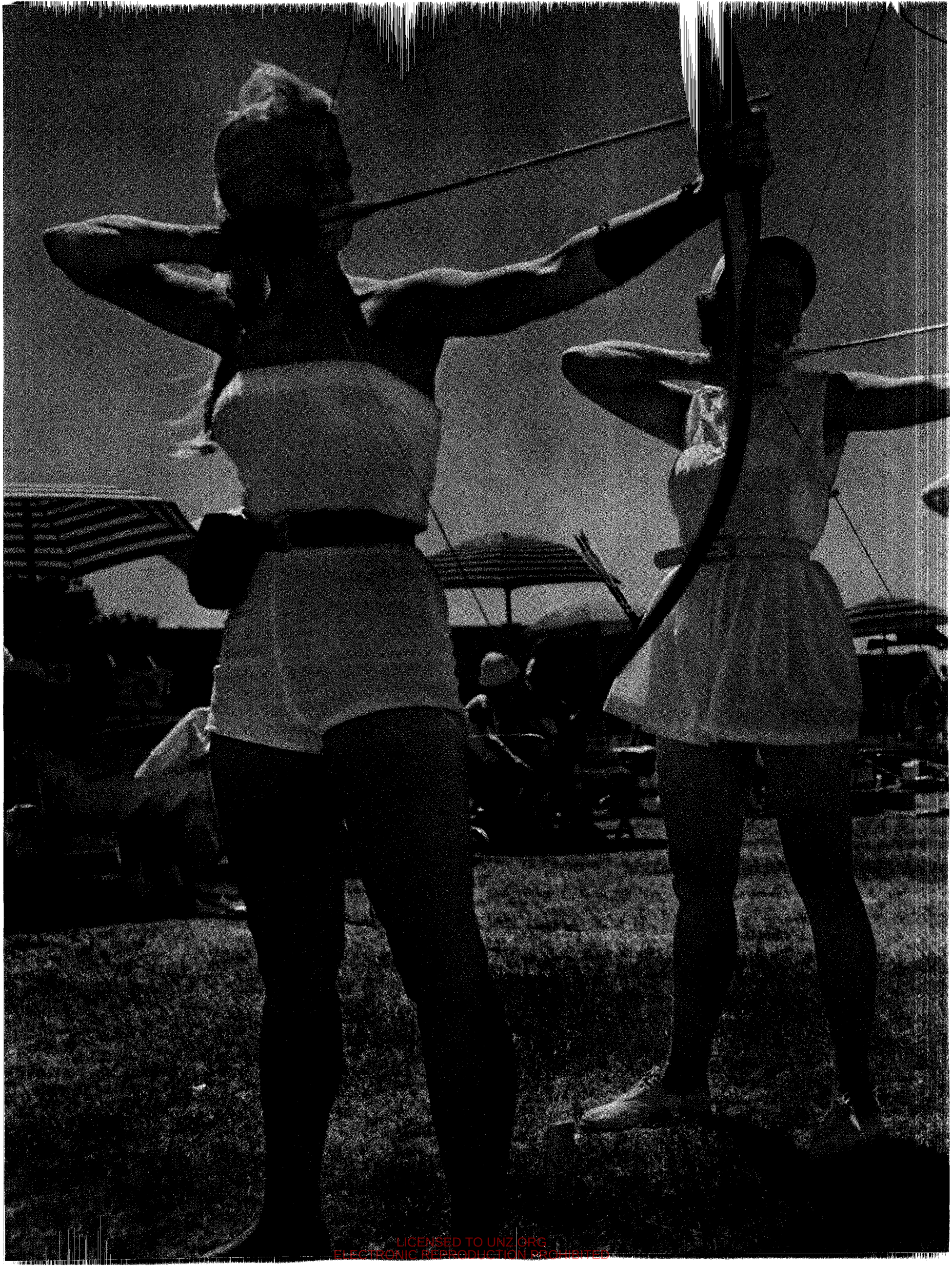

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The Face of AMERICA

Ladies With Longbows

The stalwart damsels at left are among the country's 225 top archers, who shot about 600 arrows each a year ago at St. Paul, Minnesota, in the National Archery Association's seventy-fourth annual target tournament. Next week they will hold their seventy-fifth colorful contest at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Last year Mrs. Carole Meinhart (not shown in the group) won the over-all women's crown; blond, pony-tailed Mrs. Pat Schram (extreme left and below) ran up 3022 points for second place in her class. She was well pleased. While she has held the Illinois target-and-field championship several times, this was her first national target shoot. Her engineer husband introduced her to archery in 1952, and soon they became so fascinated by the sport that they opened an archery shop in Forest Park, Illinois, where they make and sell archery tackle. As an archer Pat has one advantage over Robin Hood—a better weapon. Today's bows and arrows, made of aluminum and laminated woods and glass and plastics, are more accurate and more powerful than any the famous outlaw ever used. ❁ Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

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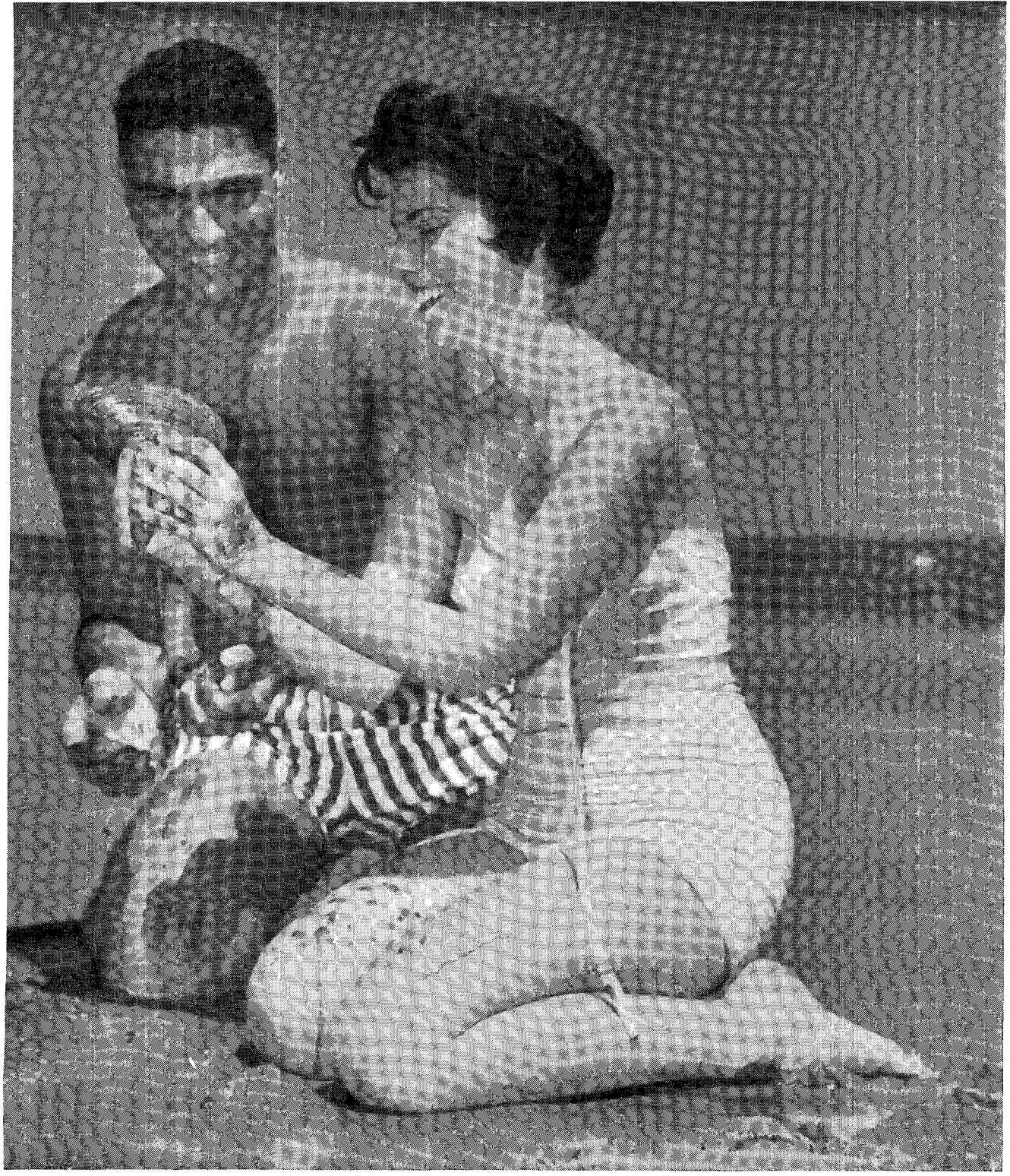

"One cannot be dainty. Simply open a clamshell with the fingers and yank out the critter by its neck."

Sea clams or "hen clams," such as the one being displayed by the couple at left, are slightly larger cousins of the quahog, best-known of the hard-shelled variety. Sea clams are dredged from deeper water than quahogs or are found along the shore after storms.

Clams Can Be Wonderful

A down-Easter shares his favorite recipes for a sea-food delicacy, explains the right way to put on a clambake and tells the secret of real New England chowder.

By Samuel T. Williamson

Motorists on some Yankee coastal highways are seldom far from the occasionally questionable odor of frying clams from roadside stands and eating places. Many tourists carelessly mix this product with candy bars, hot dogs, peanut brittle, dry hamburgers, "tonic" (as bottled pop is known in those parts), soggy pie, ice-cream cones, and a muddy liquid which looks and tastes like water from a river in the Deep South, though the counterman insists it's coffee. Then the clam gets unmerited blame for resulting spasms, and the victims resort to "overindulgence" remedies.

Actually, the clam deserves praise as both savior and protector. During the winter of 1620–21, clams on Duxbury flats across the harbor from Plymouth saved the Pilgrims from starvation, and the Almighty was given thanks for permission "to suck of the treasure hid in the mud." Since even a steady diet of caviar and breast of pheasant would be monotonous, too many clams too often probably affected the dispositions of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers. Today finds the clam equipped for service in the atomic age. Scientists of the Navy's Radiological Defense Laboratories pronounce it as dependable an indicator of radioactivity in sea water as the Geiger counter is on land.

Contrasted with man, clams have three brains but don't do much with them. There is no clam family life, and only a marine biologist with a microscope can distinguish between male and female. Most clams begin life as males, then half of them become females and produce millions of eggs so small that two dozen could rest on the head of a pin without crowding. Insemination occurs in the water, whereupon the eggs become free-swimming larvae. A fortnight of such life is all they can stand. Survivors grow shells, sink to the bottom, and some varieties burrow in the sand.

Like the crew of a waterlogged ship, the clam must pump (Continued on Page 73)

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Neighbors

Who could be mean enough to let a dog die just to save a few miserable strawberry plants?

By EDWARD S. FOX

At the first cry for help Dan Clements put down the ax he was honing and stepped to the barn door. A tall, gaunt man, hatless and in faded blue shirt and jeans, he stood listening. The cry sounded again, high-pitched and frightened, and he started across the yard at a long-legged run. As he passed the house he caught a glimpse of his wife, Hester, peering out the kitchen window.

At the corner he stopped, and his gaze swept over his land—from the state road across his strawberry patch to his empty, brown fields—and settled on the small figure of a boy kneeling in the middle of the strawberry patch. The boy looked over his shoulder at Dan. He tried to say something, but he was crying.

Dan broke into a run again, stepping across the rows of strawberry plants until he reached the boy's side. He dropped to his knees beside him. He was about seven years old, towheaded, freckled, and Dan stared at him, frowning, uncertain. He didn't seem to be hurt.

The boy pointed mutely to a round hole in the ground. It was the mouth of a four-inch well pipe. Years ago there'd been a windmill here, but the well had gone dry and the windmill had rotted and finally fallen down and been hauled away.

"I was cutting across your farm and Pud got away from me," the boy gasped. "He's down there."

Dan bent over the hole. A faint whimpering sound rose from its mouth. There was a short, sharp yelp; then the whimpering again.

"He's only a puppy." The boy measured out half a dozen inches with his hands. His eyes filled with horror. "He fell in, hind legs first."

Dan sank back on his heels. "Sounds like he's stuck part ways down."

The boy peered at him anxiously. "We can get him out, can't we?"

Dan studied the hole, and his frown returned.

"We got to," the boy cried. "We got to get him out. We can't leave him there to die."

Dan ran calloused fingers through his hair. "I don't exactly see how," he said reluctantly.

The boy swallowed hard and looked as though he were going to be sick. "Please do something," he whispered.

Dan continued to study the pipe. The cap had rusted off and fallen in. It had lodged somewhere below the ground surface, dirt and leaves had sifted in and clogged the pipe. It had stopped the boy's dog from going all the way down, two hundred feet or more.

Dan shook his head. "I don't see any way."

A pickup truck had pulled off the highway by his fence,

(Continued on Page 58)

"The next one to put a shovel in that dirt gets a load of buckshot in the legs," he warned.

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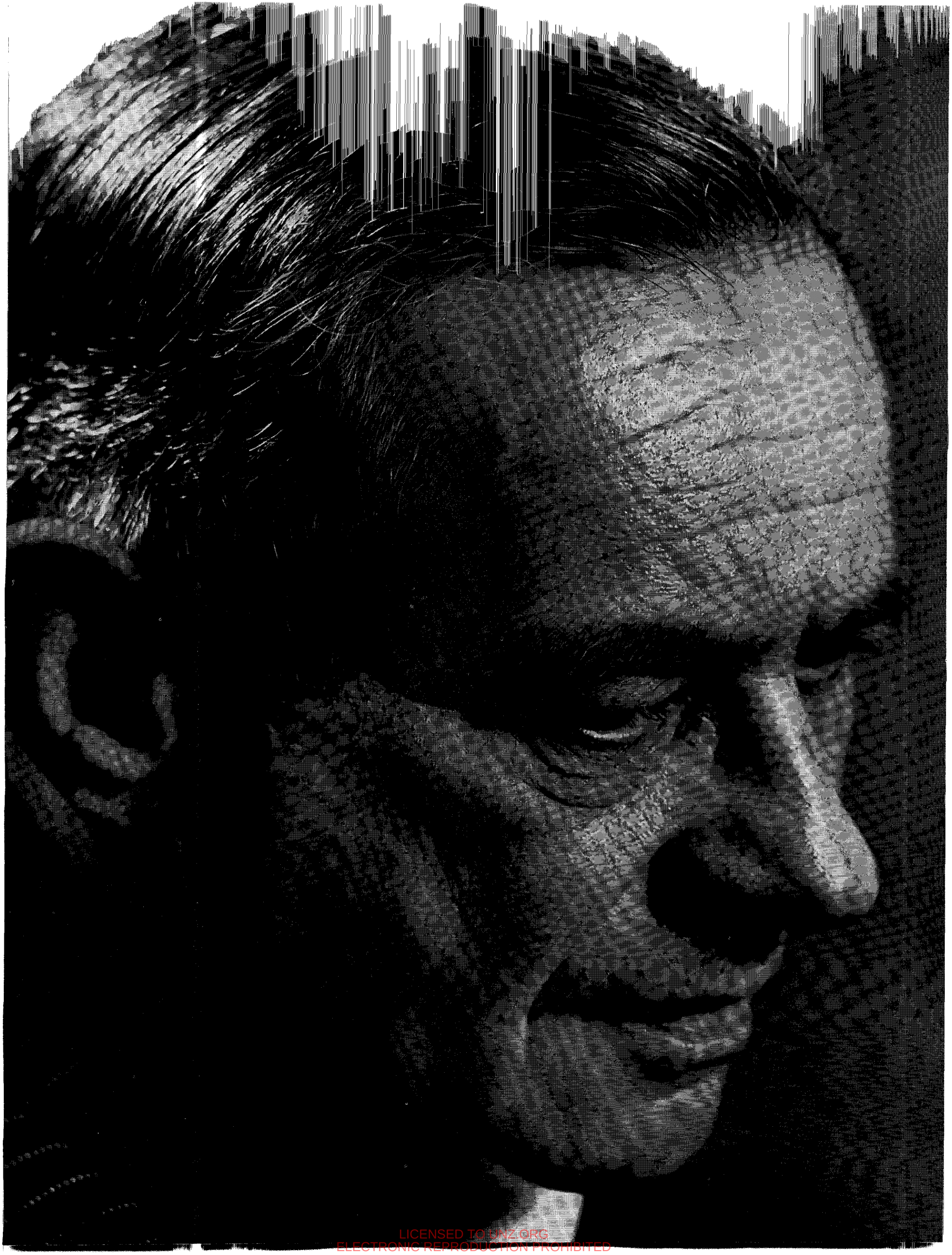

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World In Revolution

By ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

The issue now before mankind is the political unification of the globe. Two forces contest the future planetary order: Western democracy and Soviet-Chinese Communism. Marxist-Leninist doctrine defines the universal goals of Communism; the workaday realities of Soviet and Chinese rule afford a preview of world order under Communism. Neither in the Marxist-Leninist utopia nor in Soviet practice is there a place for individual man. The issue before the West is the creation under its leadership of a universal community in which free men make their own laws and live by them in peace.

Whether the West accomplishes this task will determine the survival of free mankind. It must be accomplished soon for two reasons—because the political emergence of the Asian peoples, together with their tremendous population growth, is altering profoundly the international balance of power, and presages international conflicts; and because smaller nations will before long acquire nuclear weapons.

With few exceptions the new nation-states of Asia and Africa are politically unstable and economically weak. Most of them are nation-states by international courtesy rather than by ethnic or cultural homogeneity. In almost all of them, internal tensions, generated by racial and religious frictions, are being increased by population pressure. If massive forces are not brought to bear from outside, most of them will fall apart. The signs of dissolution are plainly visible. The fragments will be the bones of contention in tomorrow's conflicts. The traditional social structures of Asia are crumbling under the impact of Western ideas and techniques. This disintegration will be hastened by the *CONTINUED ON PAGE 64*

About the Author

Robert Strausz-Hupé, the Vienna-born director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, was among the first expounders in this country of the twentieth-century science of geopolitics. His book of that title, published in 1942, exhaustively analyzed the geopolitical methods and aims of Nazi Germany. A naturalized American, Mr. Strausz-Hupé has since served as consultant on foreign policy to the Navy Department, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the United Nations. He has taught political science in universities here and abroad, and written numerous monographs and books on the subject. His latest work, *Protracted Conflict*, written in collaboration with research associates at the Foreign Policy Research Institute, appeared last May. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND IN BOOK FORM

Soon after the appearance of the first article of the ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series, sixteen months ago, *Post* readers began to suggest that we publish the articles in book form. This demand has continued and grown.

We are happy to announce that a selection of twenty-one ADVENTURES will be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf on September twenty-first. For details, see page 87 of this issue. THE EDITORS

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The Fugitive Grandmothers

It was crazy to want to play hooky from your own children. And such nice children—so devoted and hovering!

Certainly not every woman was as lucky as Evie Jarvis, whose only son was the youngest judge in the city who tried to make up to his widowed mother for her piano playing at a ballet studio to put him through law school.... Of course, the son *did* harp a lot about the way his mother drove her car ——

And Pink McKay ought to feel blessed too. Her unmarried librarian daughter appreciated her mother's past struggle to support her five children after their father died. Of course, the daughter *was* a little apologetic about a mother who kept her hair the same cinnamon shade it had been in her girlhood, and who had not read a book since *Girl of the Limberlost*.

But Evie and Pink couldn't wait to get away. They stood on the curb in front of the Jarvis home this warm Indian-summer afternoon and chafed to be done with their children's last admonitions and to be in Evie's car and off on their overnight trip to Laramie, Wyoming.

Pink's daughter had driven her over to Jarvises' and, even though Pink said, "You can go on, Laura," Laura lingered. It was she who had bought the tickets for Bennett Cerf's lecture at Laramie and said, "You and Evie ought to get a lot out of it, mother."

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The patrolman motioned with a blue-clad arm out of his window.

Why would such a harmless-looking pair be trying to stay out of the hands of the cops?

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Laura said now, "I know some of the librarians who will be there. You'll meet them at the reception afterward. Remember to wear your black pumps with your gray dress." That was her way of saying, "For heaven's sake, don't show up in the purple-flowered, green-leafed one, and those purple-and-green sandals you're wearing." Both of which Pink loved.

The slow-moving Evie wore a blue cotton that strained over her plumpness. She looked quite the homebody type, but she wasn't. She was always phoning Pink to ask, "What does it mean when it says *sauté*?"

Evie's dutiful son Arthur had discarded his judge's robes long enough to hurry home and fill his mother's gas tank, arrange their grips in back so they wouldn't joggle, and get in a last word about speed limits. Arthur had previously called his good friends, the Doxheimers, in Laramie. They would be on vacation, they said, but they would be hurt if Arthur's mother and friend didn't stay overnight at their house. They would leave the key under the flower box on the porch.

"We'll take off the minute Arthur brings the car," Evie said on a low, guilty laugh to Pink. They had been girls together on the plains and even now, when they were grandmothers, they had only to be with each other to feel young and adventurous and giddy.

Here was Arthur now with Evie's car. As he got out, Laura edged a few steps back toward hers, as though to say, "You needn't think, Arthur Jarvis, that I'm hanging around to see you."

And Arthur's casual, "Hi, Laura," fairly said, "Oh, yes, Pink's daughter."

Pink's and Evie's eyes met in exasperation and defeat. Their eligible children, and their shying away from each other!

When Arthur's wife died two years ago, and Evie had to give up her piano playing to look after him and his little girl, she and Pink had started strenuous matchmaking. The picnics they arranged to throw Arthur and Laura together! The dinners Pink had asked Arthur and his small Linda to! But the gaunt and ever-hungry Arthur only wolfed down the food with a held-back twinkle in his eye. And Laura, who adored children, gave much attention to Linda and ignored Arthur.

Arthur said, as he picked up an overnight bag, "I told you, didn't I, that the Doxheimers would appreciate it if you'd water their tuberous begonias?" His mother said uh-huh, and he went on, "Now it's a hundred and thirty-five miles to Laramie. I want you to figure on three and a half hours to drive it. It's two o'clock now, so you'll get there about five-thirty." (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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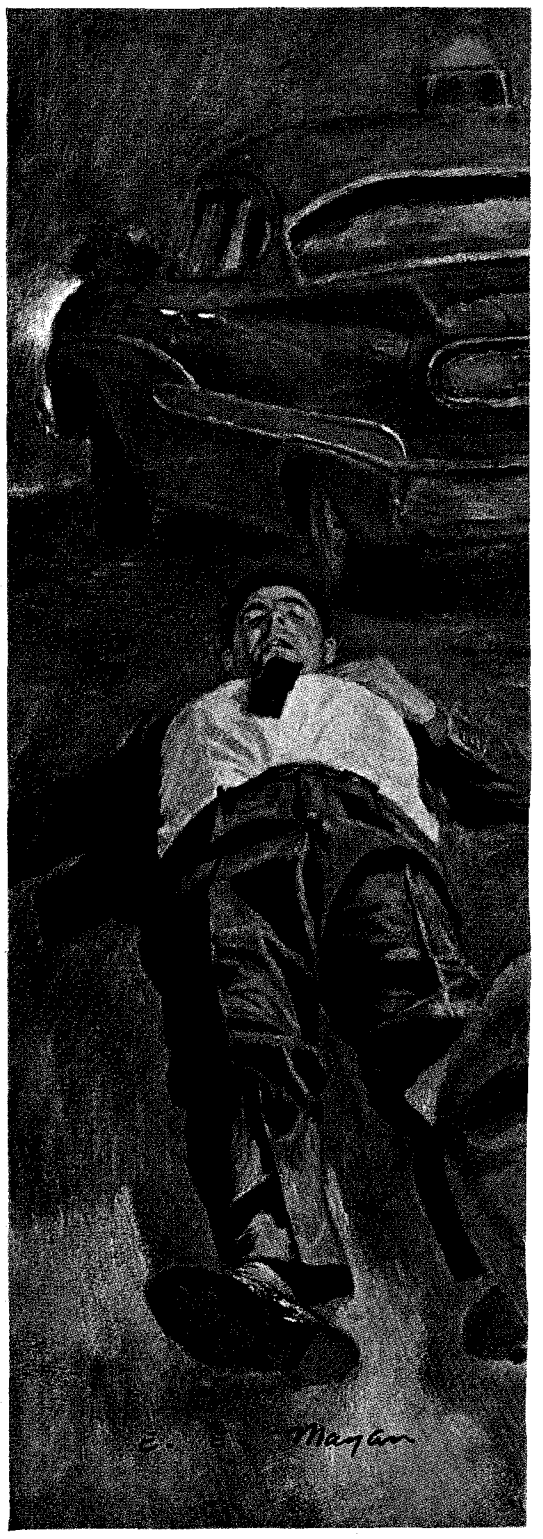
Set Up For Murder

By RICHARD STERN

Carnevan had been framed—by a crooked cop.



When Martin Fallon saw two gangland killers commit murder, he reported it to Police Lieutenant Carnevan. Carnevan, who blamed himself for the death of another eyewitness, took every precaution for Fallon's safety. On a suggestion from Police Capt. Willie Long, Carnevan sent Fallon to a small town nearby.

Then Carnevan discovered that Long himself was collaborating with the underworld hoodlums. It was a perfect frame-up: Fallon would be sent to his death, and Carnevan would be blamed.

Fallon arrived in the small town to realize that he had been set up for murder—and he thought Carnevan was responsible. With the help of a girl he met on the train, he eluded Mark and Johnny, the professional killers who awaited him. Unaware that the murderers were now after the girl as well, Fallon tried to get help from the town police. But his last hope died when he looked through the window of the police station and saw the local police chief—with Carnevan.

He saw them through the window. The girl was on the sofa, the killer standing.

CONCLUSION

The man with the pipe was named Johns, Captain Johns, and he waved Carnevan to a chair. "Slow does it, son. We're countrified out here, and you have to spell things out for us." One large thumb rubbed idly at the empty pipe bowl. His sleepy eyes rested on Carnevan's face. "What would two big-city hoods be doing up here? And why would some lady call in and say they were at The Inn, and then hang up? And now you turn up. Sort of gives a man to wonder."

"They're up here," Carnevan said, "because they killed a man in the city. Now they're after the only man who saw them do it. He's up here, too, and I've got to find him."

"No names yet," Johns said mildly. And then, "We have radios up here, son. We even have television. And when a thirteen-state alarm goes out, we usually get told about it. You're talking about the Frankie Russo killing, and a fellow named Martin Fallon who made the mistake of seeing it?"

"Yes. Now can I get some co-operation?"

Johns said slowly, "Offhand, I'd say you were a man pushing himself pretty hard, lieutenant. And maybe not telling me everything I'd kind of like to know. Why would Fallon be up here? He was supposed to ——"

"He's here," Carnevan said, "because I sent him here. I—set him up like a duck in a shooting gallery. Now I'm trying to get him off the hook. Now will you ——" He stopped. Johns' eyes, still sleepy, still half-closed, were looking beyond him, to the doorway. Carnevan turned slowly. He guessed he already knew what he would see.

Capt. Willie Long wore a dark suit now, appropriate to the evening hour, dapper as ever, with a fresh button-down shirt and a different foulard tie. He still looked Ivy League, but with an un-Ivy-League toughness in his face, in his voice. "So you even admit it, Jim?" he said to Carnevan. "You tried to make a monkey out of everybody—me, the whole department?" He paused. "How much did they pay you to pull the switch and send Fallon up here, set him up to get rubbed out?"

In the darkness, around the second corner, Fallon at last slowed down, stopped. He stood, breathing hard, and watched, waited. No one turned the corner behind him; he heard no siren, saw no red light. He got his breathing quieted down. He tried to think.

Carnevan was here. That meant—he couldn't really know what that meant, except that the local police station was no longer a refuge, but a trap. Carnevan was not stupid. Carnevan would know how to play it if Fallon walked in. Carnevan would say to the local police, "Apparently our boy here lost his nerve and decided to run. He's a material witness. I'll take him back to town with me." Just like that. And so the police station was out.

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Willie Long pointed at Carnevan. "Lock him up, captain," he said.

His thoughts were calmer now. Fear remained, a steady force, sending scampering mice feet up and down his spine, but fear did not necessarily mean panic. So he stayed away from the police station, from the police—that didn't mean he was helpless. There was still the new thought he had clung to and found comfort in. Carnevan had given out the cover story, a lie, saying that he, Fallon, was supposed to have returned to the Park Hotel. Expose the lie, and by that much his jeopardy was reduced. Once it was known that he was here, had been sent here, and was not running, matters would take on a different view.

He began to walk in the darkness, down toward the river, paralleling the main street. He dreaded the thought of lights, the feeling of nakedness on the main street where anybody might see and recognize him, but what other way was there? He crossed the first intersection below the police station. He walked on. It was the next street that came in to the main street closest to the drugstore. And there was a phone there. There had to be, because that was where the girl had gone to telephone the police.

He had a brief thought of the girl, a flicker of admiration that she had done as she had, tried to help even though she had not wanted to be involved. And then the girl was forgotten, and he was thinking of himself again, Martin Fallon, caught in this bad dream that was no dream at all, but reality.

He was sweating when he turned the corner at the second intersection, and began to walk toward the main street. As he walked he rubbed the palms of his hands against his trousers legs, but still they felt damp and cold. He turned onto the main street and walked steadily toward the lighted drugstore.

It was empty. This much he saw with relief. He opened the door, and stepped on the rubber welcome mat inside. The chime, loud and clear, sounding in the back of the store, took him by surprise and he almost jumped and turned and ran. And then he just stood and got himself under control again.

The druggist came around the glass partition behind the prescription counter. "Good evening. There is something ——?" And then, watching Martin's face, "You are ill?"

"No," Fallon said. A radio played softly in the background, and where there was a radio, there was news. There was a tightness in his throat again, and the palms of his hands were clammy. "I just want to use your phone."

"Of course," the druggist said. "But if you will take my word for it, you do not look quite well. You seem ——"

Fallon ignored him and went into the pay booth. A city newspaper, any one of them—he chose a name, looked up the number, dialed it quickly. He (Continued on Page 79)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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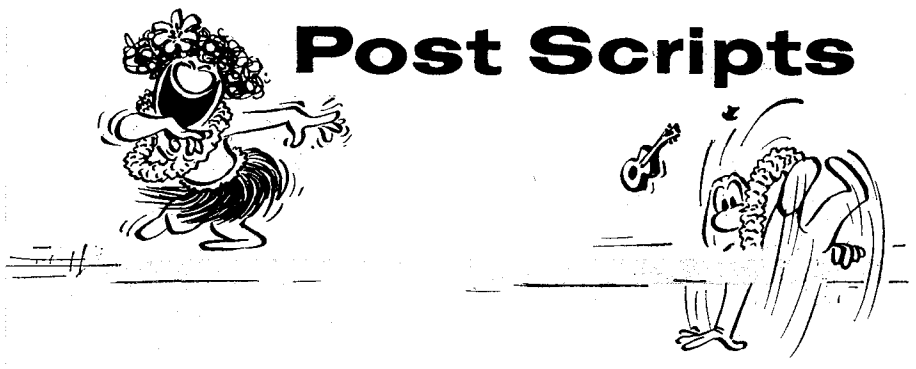


Post Scripts

I'm the World's Worst Letter Writer

. . . How are you? I'm fine. Nothing new to report. The weather has been sort of rainy; however, three days ago we had some sunshine. Like I say, nothing new to report and . . . .

. . . the building boom is still continuing here, but I guess maybe I mentioned that in my last letter. Our dog is getting bigger than an ox. How's your dog? Does he still bark at the . . . .

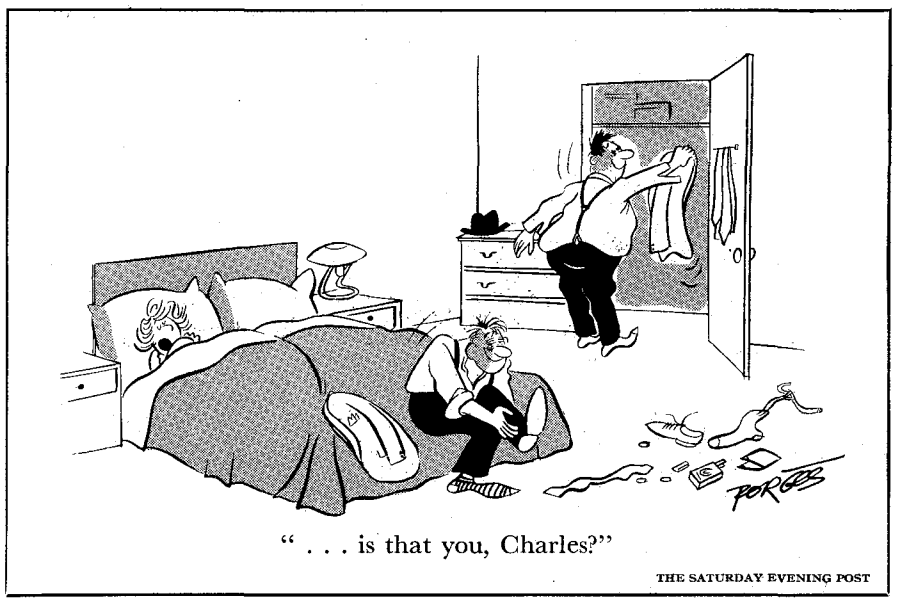
. . . just happened to think that I ran into Calvin McClement the other day and had a nice talk with him. However, come to think of it, I guess you didn't know Calvin, so . . .

. . . and I have three or four starts on letters to you here in the drawer—one dated clear back in October of last year—but it seems that each time I sit down to write, something comes up to sidetrack me. Have you been having any more trouble with vertigo? It seems to me you mentioned in one of your letters—maybe a couple of years ago—that . . . .

. . . about the only thing that's new and exciting with us—and I guess it really isn't too new or, for that matter, very exciting, either, but . . .

. . . grant you this isn't much of a letter—three short paragraphs like this—but I think I'll close now and get the thing mailed. However, I promise that next time I'll really write a . . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ



" . . . is that you, Charles?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thank-You Note

It's not the gift, it's not the price:
The sentiment is what is nice,
So, looking at this—thing—you bought,
Thank you for the lovely thought.

Thank you, yes, for making pleasant
My birthday with this—lovely—present.
The thought's what counts, the value doesn't.
You said it wasn't much. It wasn't.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Romance on Euclid Avenue

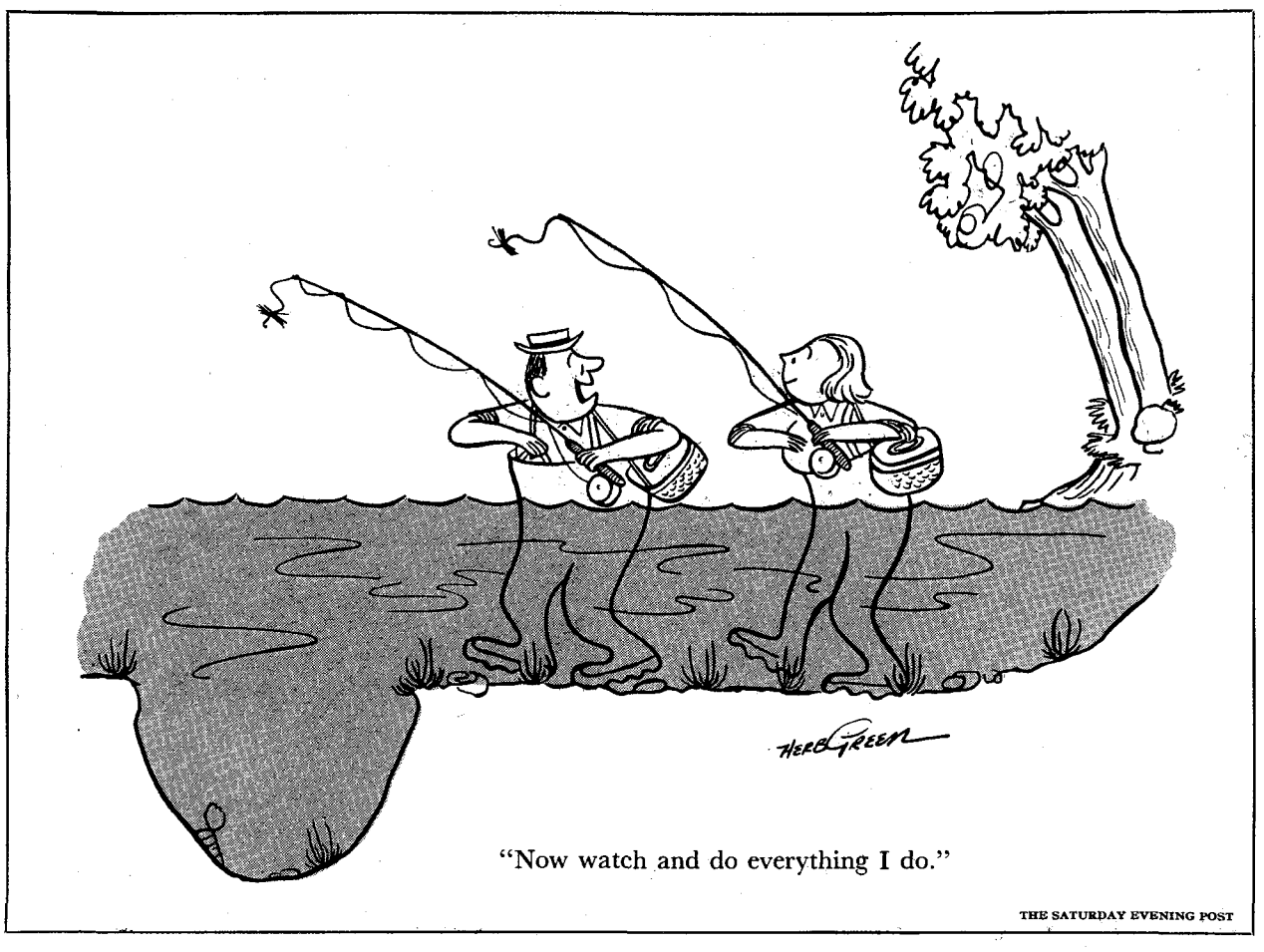
I love to see the light
In my love's eyes,
The tender smile of warmth
That gives such joy,
The azure glow behind each
Lovely lash
When, unreminded,
I put out
The trash.

BOB TAYLOR

"Mother, When Illness Strikes . . ."

9 A.M. "He says it hurts him to swallow, and his ears feel funny. . . . Well, please have the doctor call me when he gets in. Thank you."
9:30 "So we'll have to take a rain check on the party tonight. . . . No, thanks, Margaret, I wouldn't dream of leaving him. He's such a baby, and when he's not feeling well. . . ."
10:30 "Well, sweetheart, you can try to eat it! I fixed it up special for you—it even has nutmeg on top."
11:00 "Doctor Sheridan isn't in yet? Oh, dear, he's complaining so—now it's his head. Won't you try to get in touch with the doctor?"
11:30 "So we won't be needing Marilyn to babysit this evening. . . . Thank you, Mrs. Carr, I don't think it's anything serious—mercy, I hope not!"
12:15 P.M. "The portable TV is broken, honey; I told you that this morning. Why don't you let me bring you something to read? How about a magazine—you can just look at the pictures. . . . All right then, try to get some sleep while I do a little ironing."
12:45 "But now he says his eyes are bothering him. Look here, just have the doctor skip the phone call, and ask him to stop by the minute he's free."
1:00 "In a minute, darling, in a minute!"
1:10 "I'm coming, dear, I'm coming!"
1:16 "Now what?"
1:17 "Roger, put this under your tongue and keep it there."
1:30 "Oh, doctor, I'm so relieved now that you've had a look at him. . . . A cold in the head? Aspirin? . . . Hey, Roger! Doctor Sheridan says to get up out of that bed and go take an aspirin. . . . Thank you, doctor. When my husband gets sick, I don't know what I'd do without you!"

KAY NELSON



"Now watch and do everything I do."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Guideposts

Many years ago I hearkened
To my father's prudent voice.
"Life," he said, "may oft be darkened
By the agony of choice;
Life may be dilemma-tossed, but
Here are simple rules to keep:
He who hesitates is lost, but
Always look before you leap.
Still your choosing may seem blind, but
Here are other truths to ponder:
Out of sight is out of mind, but
Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

These, and others, well-attended,
Guard me still from choosing wrong.
Always one has recommended
What I wanted all along.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

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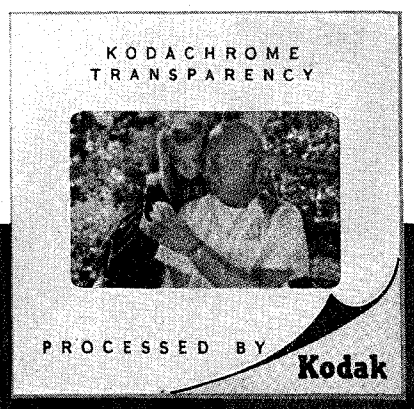

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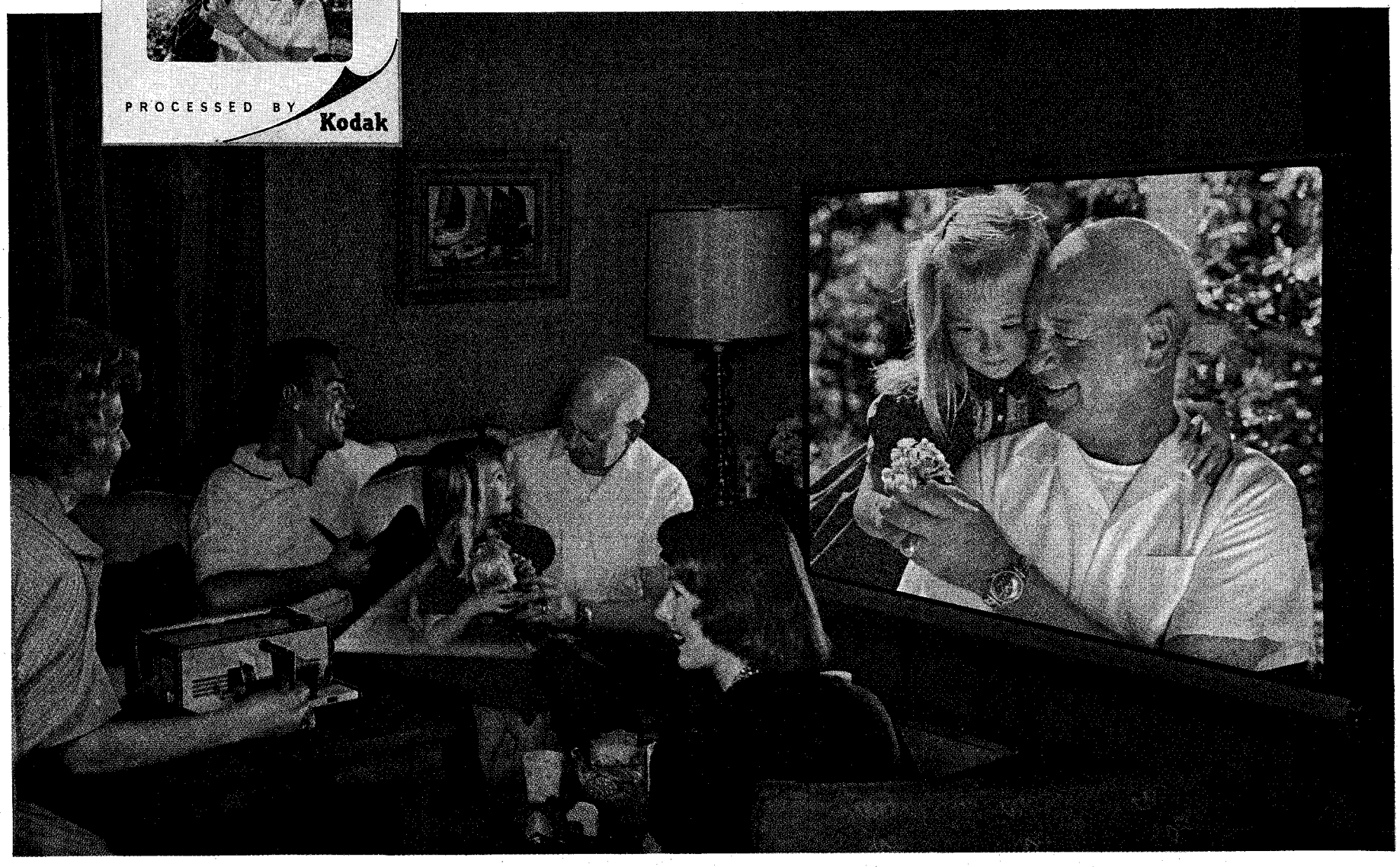

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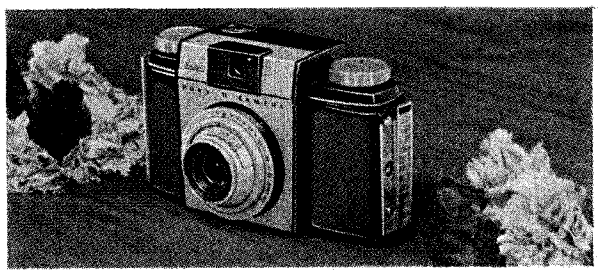

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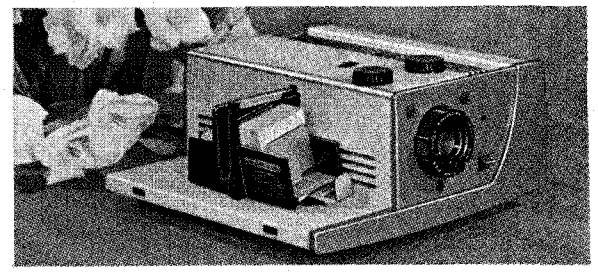

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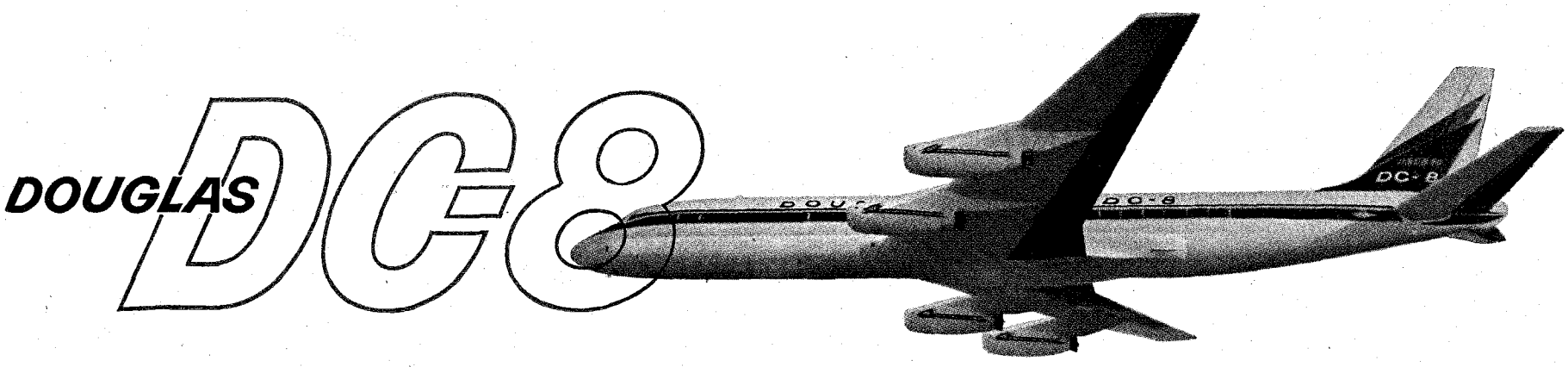

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A dark figure moved from behind the shrubs and fired a hurried shot.

Mark of Treachery

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Who was the gunman after? Avery or the girl?

The jackals gather," said Parsifal Nebo. "As for me, I am only fractionally jackal. . . ."

The eccentric Nebo offered to make a deal. For half the value of Felicia Sewell's mysterious briefcase, he would protect her from Philidor, a malevolent international crook. Also, Nebo offered to help Avery Truslow cope with the incidents which threatened to drive HARP-TV into bankruptcy.

But Felicia turned down Nebo's deal, and Avery likewise decided to try to deal with the TV station's problems on his own.

For the first time business seemed to be improving. A national advertiser signed up as sponsor for a popular program, and Avery and his assistant manager, Deke O'Brien, invited Felicia and Phryne Morningstar to the studio to view the première. As the station break ended, they waited with keen anticipation for the program to begin. But nothing happened.

Avery and Deke dashed to the control room. There they discovered the body of office boy Footsy Bundle lying in a pool of blood.

"So," said Avery, "they don't stop even at killing."

VI

The ambulance arrived and Footsy Bundle's unconscious body was carried out on its way to the hospital. Avery walked to the door beside the stretcher and returned to the control room, grim of face.

The patrolman who had arrived on the heels of the ambulance demanded a telephone to call his station. Avery did not realize at first that a new element had entered his problem—an element which altered the situation drastically. It was no longer a private matter. It was a public matter, now that a crime of violence had been perpetrated. Even when reporters arrived with the pair of precinct detectives, he did not at first realize how the garish light of publicity would flare or what results would ensue from it.

Cold rage, such as never had possessed him before, did not lessen his concern for the injured boy. He became aware of the two girls clinging to each other near the door.

"Deke," he said stiffly, "will you take the ladies home?"

"Nobody leaves," said one of the detectives.

"Is there a room where we can ask questions?" the other inquired.

Avery, walking like an automaton, led the way to the audition room, but not until he explained to the officers that broadcasting by the station had (Continued on Page 89)

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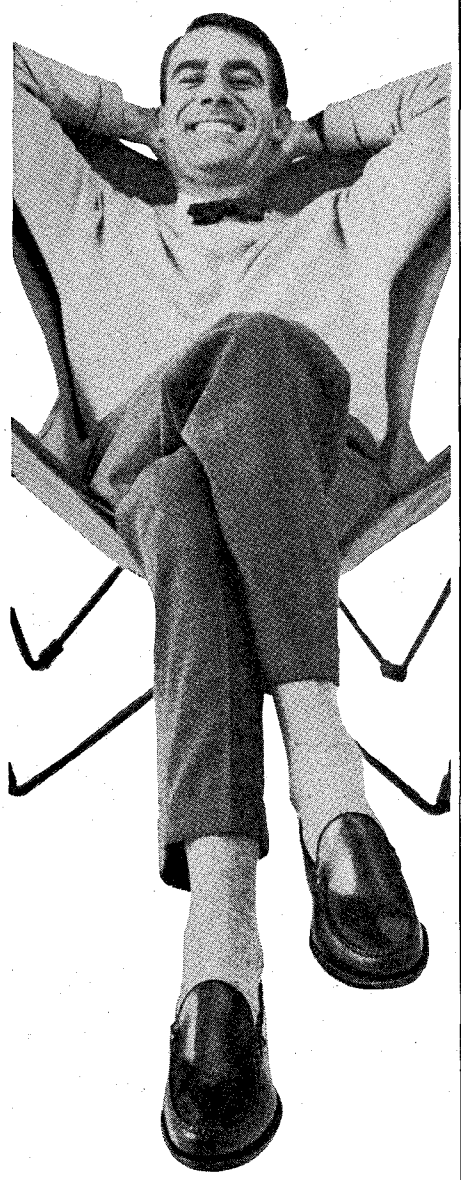
"New" "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!



With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

The Secrets of Long Life

(Continued from Page 19)

reporters, or the jokes of locker-room extroverts, or the testy replies snapped by elderly men exasperated by what they consider an absurd question.

In fact, our old people have been too busy living to think much about it. One of our questions was, "How do you explain your living to such an advanced age?" Generally the first reaction was a thoughtful shrug. Pressed for an answer, 28 per cent admitted that they did not know; 22 per cent said their long lives were simply God's will, a reply which is actually a restatement of the question, for it is logical now to ask why God had chosen *them* to live so long. Seventeen per cent said they took life as it came, were always happy, never worried and kept a sense of humor; 16 per cent credited hard work, 11 per cent said they inherited longevity, and 9 per cent mentioned regularity in eating, sleeping and exercise.

The answers are spread too thinly to form any significant pattern. They are about as general as those of William Kitchiner, an English doctor who in 1822 wrote a volume titled, *The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life*. Doctor Kitchiner advised, "Go to bed early; rise early; take as much exercise as you can in the open air, without fatigue; eat and drink moderately of plain nourishing food; and especially, to keep the mind diverted, and in as easy and cheerful a state as possible."

What Doctor Kitchiner was preaching, and what our oldsters have practiced—as a group—is simple moderation. Moderation in almost everything. But the moderate oldster who has lived a moderate life in moderate circumstances is the average oldster; he is the typical man or woman who has lived an average ninety-nine years. There are enough single and rare exceptions to indicate that almost any kind of human behavior may result in long life.

Almost half of our respondents have never touched alcohol in their lives, and the remainder were infrequent and extremely moderate drinkers. But 115-year-old Uncle Charley Washington drinks as much whisky as he can afford, and always has; 101-year-old Mrs. Marie Renier of Niles, Michigan, has been drinking a quart of whisky a week for almost eighty years, and for many decades she drank as much as a gallon of beer a day.

Ninety-seven per cent have religious affiliations, with 73 per cent describing themselves as deeply religious all their lives; yet there are six atheists in the group. Sixty-eight per cent have never smoked, and only 14 per cent are smoking now; but Judge O'Rear starts tamping tobacco into one of his pipes a few minutes after he wakes, and has a pipe in his mouth until bedtime. The average male weighed 152 pounds when he was thirty years old, but some pushed well beyond 200 pounds. Three men and one woman weigh at least that much now.

But these people are the exceptions. The only apparent value of their testimony is to give some sort of comfort to those of us who do not conform to the pattern, and who covet long life. It is the *pattern* that is significant.

In many respects Dr. John Edward Rhetts of Salem, Indiana, is typical of his contemporaries. In some ways he is not typical, but these differences do not seem to be critical. He is only ninety-six, while the "median" age is ninety-nine. He is a dentist, one of the ten men who entered the professions; 70 per cent of the males were farmers or manual workers. He was divorced from his second wife—only eighteen of the 402 respondents, thirteen men and five women, have been divorced—and he is one of the fourteen college graduates in the entire group.

In two other respects Doctor Rhetts is not typical: He is not a woman, and there are five women to every three men in this age group: and he was once a heavy smoker.

Otherwise he is a part of the pattern. He is a gentle, kind and friendly man, alert and intelligent. He is five feet nine inches tall, two inches taller than the male median height of his group; and he weighs five pounds more than the 137-pound average for these old men. He is flat-bellied and erect. Thoroughly healthy, he has had only two medical checkups in the last fifty years, and each time the doctors "had a hard time finding anything wrong with me."

He dresses neatly and uses a cane "because it makes me look distinguished." He wears brown, horn-rimmed spectacles and is only slightly deaf. He is intensely proud of his two children and of the county where he and his parents were born.

Last April when we had lunch with Doctor Rhetts and his third wife, we walked from his comfortable brown brick house across from the First Baptist Church to the cafeteria on the sunny town square. In less than a block we were stopped four times by Doctor Rhetts' friends to exchange pleasantries and Indiana witticisms. Doctor Rhetts likes people and they like him, for he is a social creature as are most of the men and women in this study. Once he was the state's champion triple-tongue baritone-horn player; he sang and acted as interlocutor in the town's minstrel shows; he has been choir director of the Methodist Church.

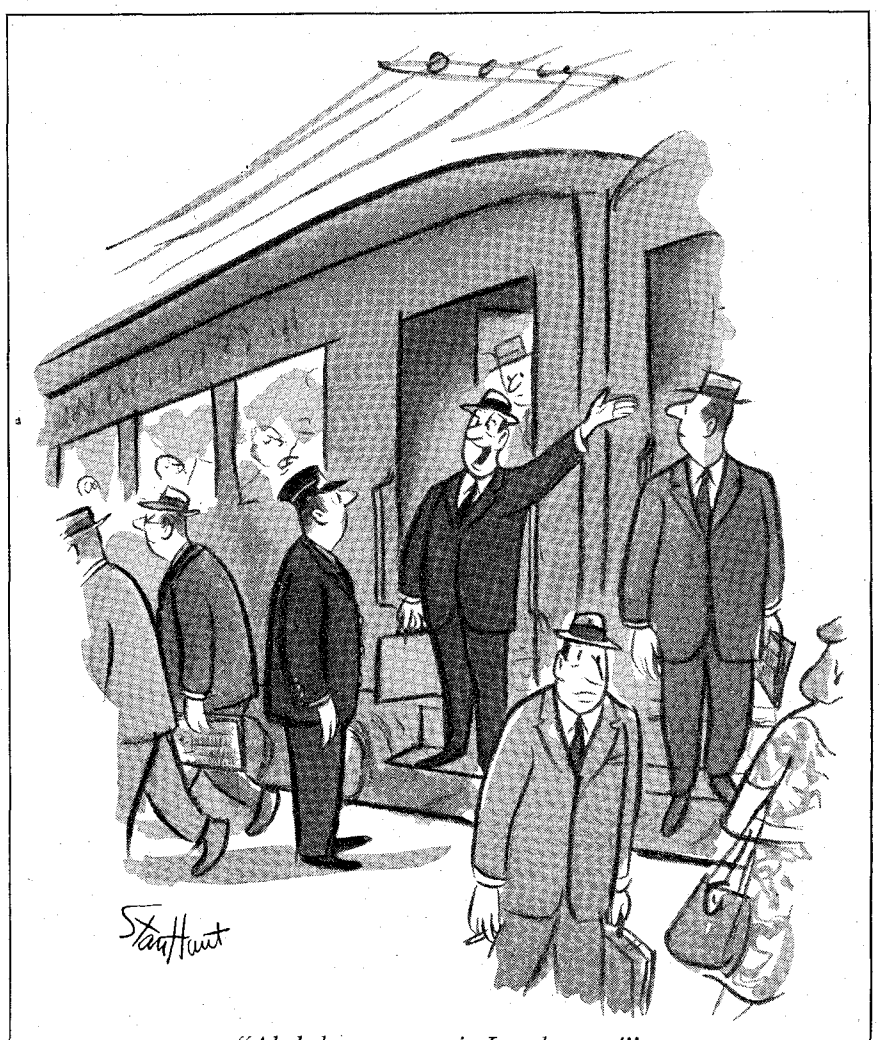
"I like a small town," he told us. "I wouldn't live anyplace else." Except for a few experimental forays into Minneapolis, St. Louis and New Orleans as a young man, he has stayed in Salem. And this is significant. While the great westward migrations of the nineteenth century were sweeping hundreds of thousands of Americans across the Alleghenies, through the plains and over the Rockies, most of our old people—young then—were content to stand still and watch the emigrants go by. They were not malcontents, or misfits, or insecure, and they were untouched by the excitement of adventure. They were happy where they were, happy with their jobs and neighbors, and they stayed. Many of them are still living only a few miles from where they were born. They like it there.

At lunch Doctor Rhetts ate mashed potato with baked sausage in gravy, a dish of cabbage boiled with pork fat, and corn bread. He sampled the slice of apple pie Mrs. Rhetts had bought and drank his coffee with cream and sugar. He discussed his favorite foods. "I'm not a salad eater or a fruit eater, and if it were true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, I'd be dead long ago; I don't eat an apple a year."

The fact is that Doctor Rhetts is just not fussy. To him—and to the great majority in this study—food is not something to love, or to talk about, or to dress with condiments; it's something to eat, that's all. "I don't stick up my nose at anything," Doctor Rhetts said. "If it's onions, I'll eat 'em. If it's parsnips, I'll eat 'em, and I don't give a rap about parsnips. But I've never made a slop bucket out of my stomach."

Mrs. Rhetts nodded. "He's easy to cook for as long as it's plain food," she said. And "plain food" to Doctor Rhetts means boiled turnips or cabbage or carrots with a little butter and salt; never any pepper. He loves pot roast and medium steak and roast beef, but nothing ever fancy. Mrs. Rhetts said, "He considers mayonnaise on lettuce as fancy."

The study shows that Doctor Rhetts is not alone in his diet preferences. Almost



"Ah-h-h, gay, exotic Larchmont!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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90 per cent of those we questioned preferred "just plain cooking" to any other kind. Although "plain cooking" in Indiana is not always identical with "plain cooking" in New England or Colorado, the ingredients are just about the same. What seems to be most important about these old folks' diet is not what they ate, but how much. Doctor Rhetts eats "only enough to keep my boiler running. I never eat so much that I feel full." And in this he is typical, for almost four out of every five of these near-centenarians say they have always been careful not to overeat.

Doctor Rhetts—as were about 75 per cent of the respondents—was extremely happy with his work, and he took pride in it. He closed his office thirteen years ago after a bout with pneumonia, but he still makes dental plates for old patients who insist. "There are some people who think there is nothing so good as a wooden-works clock," he said, "and some people feel the same way about me and my plates. They brag on me, you know, and I'm softhearted. Anyway, if someone brags on you, you do something for them." So he makes a jaw impression in his kitchen and molds the plates in his cellar workshop.

Before his retirement at eighty-three, he worked eighty to ninety hours a week, standing at his chair from eight A.M. to five P.M.—twenty-five cents an extraction; fifty cents with anesthetic—and working late to make his plates. In his early days of practice he made many of his own dental instruments, and manufactured gold dental plates by rolling out twenty-dollar gold pieces.

During one summer Saturday in 1893 he pulled enough teeth to finance a round trip to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. A circus had come to Salem, drawing the farmers in huge crowds. "Saturday was always tooth-pulling day," he said. "If you had a toothache, you waited until Saturday, when you were coming into town anyway. That day I pulled teeth all day, and they were just flying, one hitting the ceiling and one hitting the floor. I was bloody up to my elbows."

In effect, Doctor Rhetts' work week was twice as long as today's forty-hour standard. He worked hard and long, and he loved it. When he retired he had been a practicing dentist for sixty-four years, almost a quarter of a century longer than a man could have expected to live when he was born. But he enjoyed more than his work. He was broad-jump champion of Washington County, sneaking an hour away from his office each summer Saturday to jump against "the country boys" for five-dollar gold pieces. And he never discussed his work at home. "I went home to enjoy my family," he said.

His is the typical pattern; but the Indiana dentist was immoderate in one respect that sets him apart from 68 per cent of the other oldsters. For sixty years he smoked incessantly; if it wasn't a pipe, it was ten to fifteen cigars a day, or two packages of cigarettes. "When I was making plates," he said, "I had a cigarette in my mouth all the time."

He stopped smoking fifteen years ago, and is thus representative of the 17 per cent who once smoked and stopped. He had no difficulty breaking the habit; he simply stopped smoking, and that was that. Why did he stop? He shrugged. "It was a sort of silly habit." And here, too, he is fairly typical of those who formerly smoked. Less than a fourth thought it was harmful; others lost their taste for tobacco, or felt it was wasteful, or suspected it was irritating their throats or lungs or nerves.

If Doctor Rhetts' life—and the lives of those in this study—were distilled to get the essence of (*Continued on Page 50*)

Sight Unseen

By Ralph W. Seager

Whose eyes were watching me I
do not know,
I'd come for berries with my
wooden pail;
The land was wilder, it was
years ago
Since I had wandered this far
off the trail.

No blue jay called, and they're
the first to tell
When anything has come within
a mile;
No silent deer stepped out, yet
I knew well
That there were eyes upon me
all the while.

Although the pail showed less
than half a peck,
I thrashed my way out through
that brambled screen.
There's something in the spine
and nape of neck
That does not like the feel of
sight unseen.

"Free to leave at five!"

"I'm not the office orphan any more—stuck with that dreary, messy, licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps at the end of the day. And baby sitter for a stamp box, too. This little postage meter makes mailing a cinch. I'm finished at five, when everybody else is."

Get a postage meter, and get rid of adhesive stamps, the stamp box, and stamp sticking. Print postage as you need it for any kind or class of mail—directly on the envelope, or on special gummed tape for parcel post. You can print your own postmark ad, if you like, at the same time. Save mailing time and postage, too. The meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy; protects postage, and automatically accounts for it.

The little low-cost desk model meter, the DM, gives any office all the advantages of metered mail. One third of DM users average less than $1 a day in postage. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.

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Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines ... Offices in 121 cities. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 377, 909 Yonge St., Toronto

Other postage meter plusses:

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- Anyone can easily use a postage meter.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of new postal rates with parcel post map and zone finder.*

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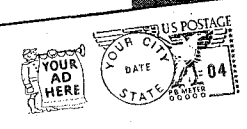

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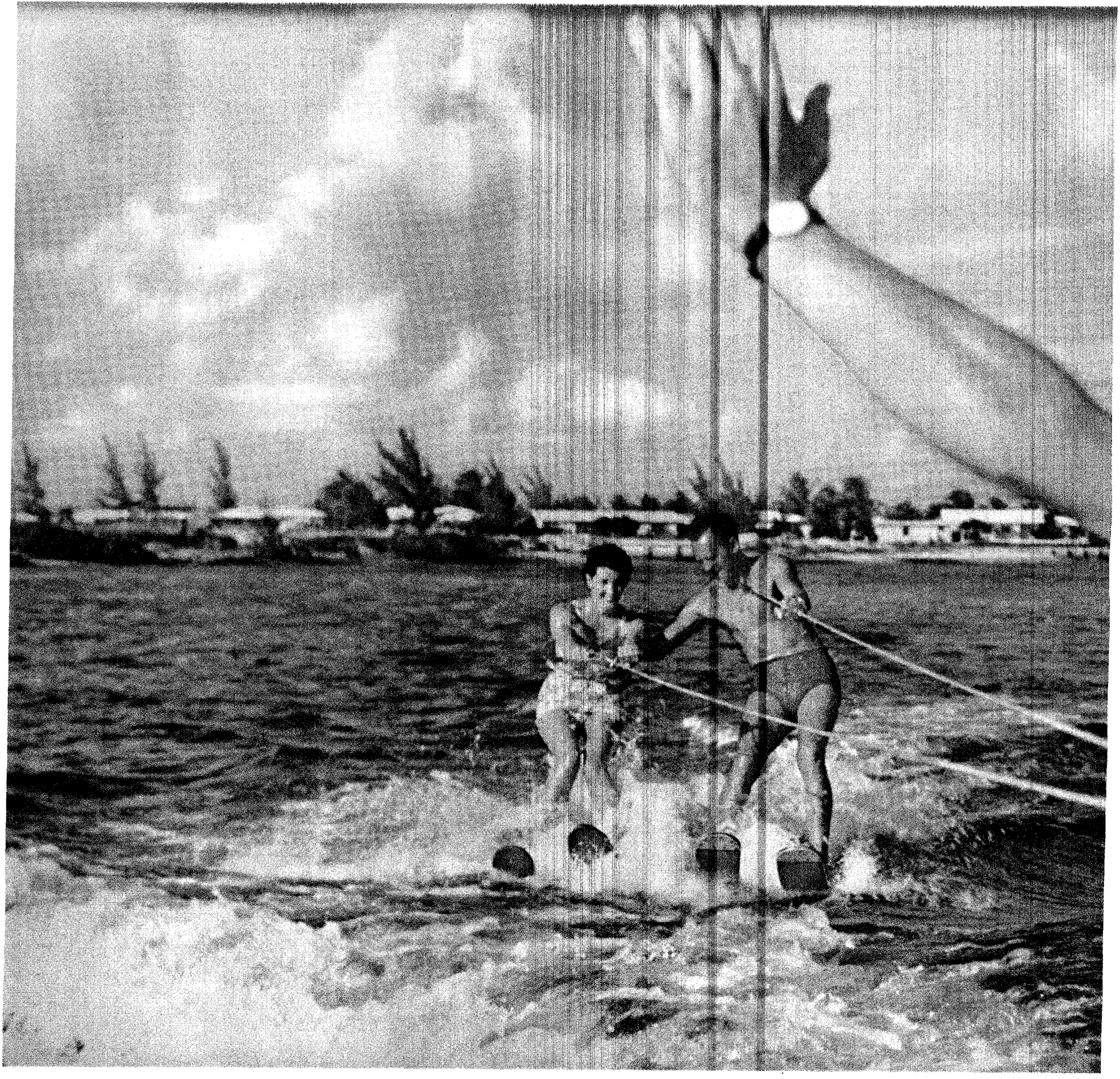

That wonderful moment when the instructor says "You're on your own"...

"Good for you!"

GOOD GOING! Now you've "got the hang of it"... now you know how to water-ski. And later on, it's really great to relax with a good glass of cold beer.

No other beverage hits the spot like beer —nothing is so rewarding. And a glass of beer really picks you up too.

United States Brewers Foundation

AMERICA'S OLDEST INCORPORATED TRADE ASSOCIATION—CHARTERED 1862

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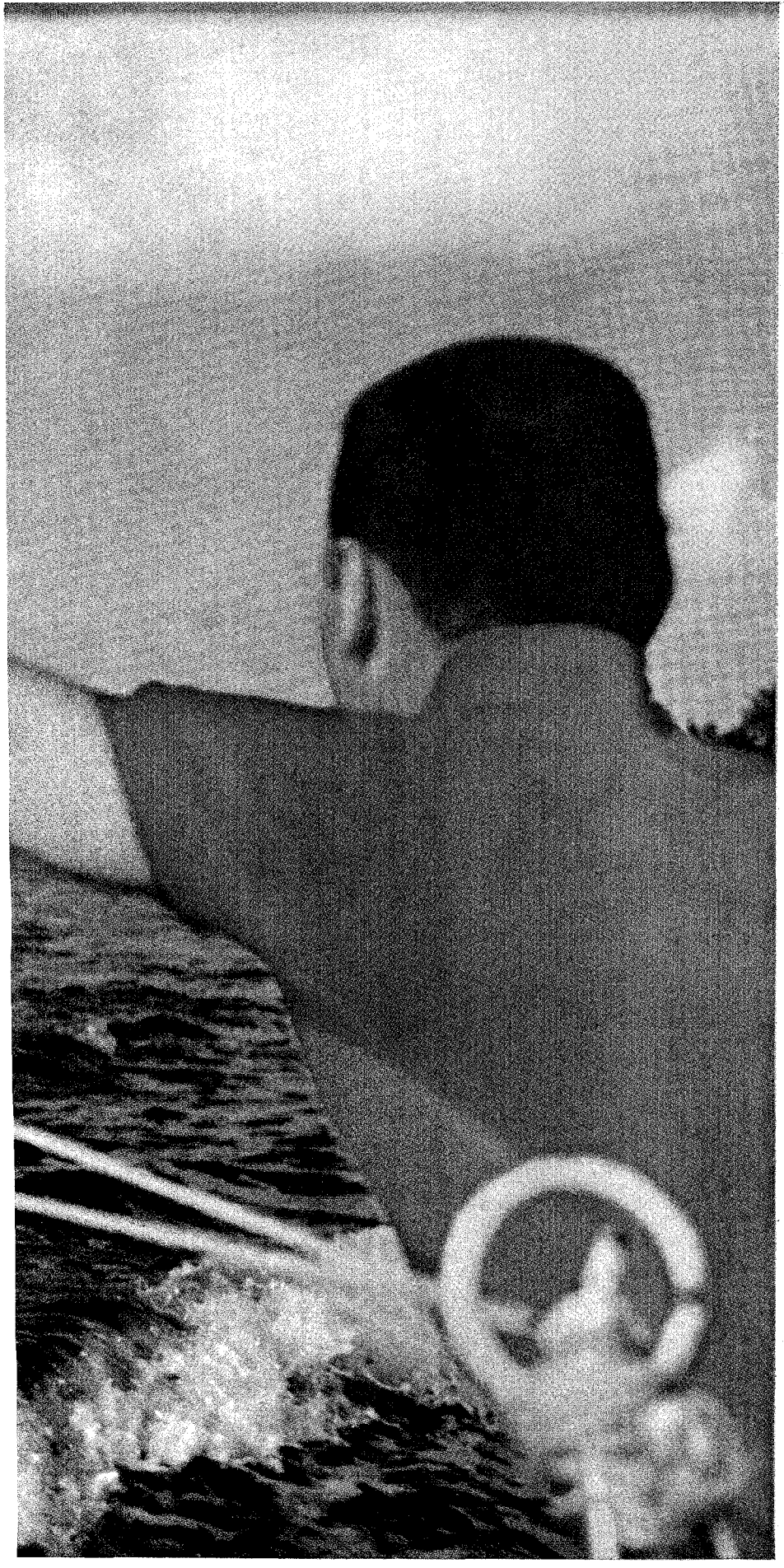
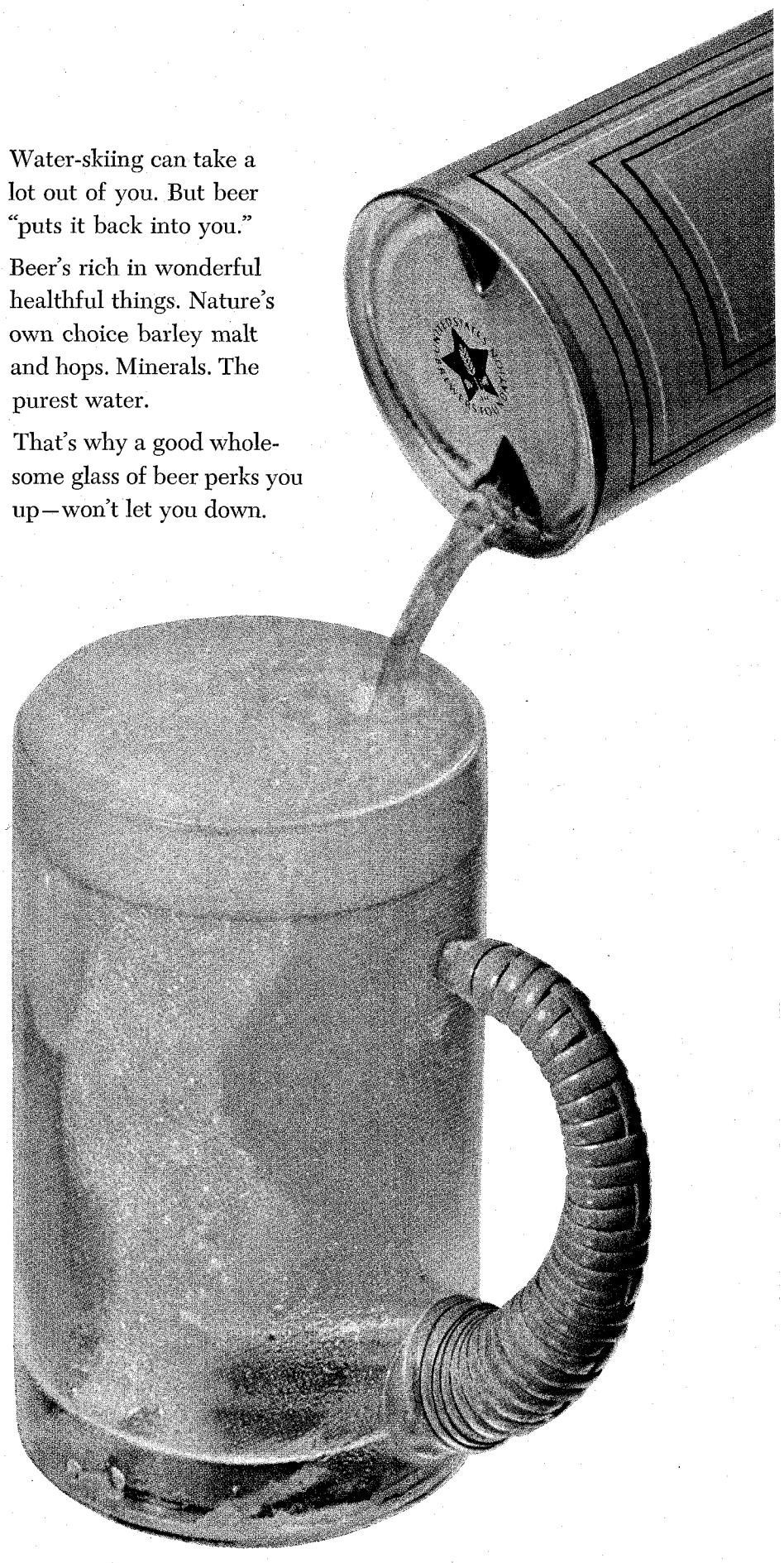


Water-skiing can take a lot out of you. But beer "puts it back into you."

Beer's rich in wonderful healthful things. Nature's own choice barley malt and hops. Minerals. The purest water.

That's why a good wholesome glass of beer perks you up—won't let you down.



Beer Belongs—to the fun of living!

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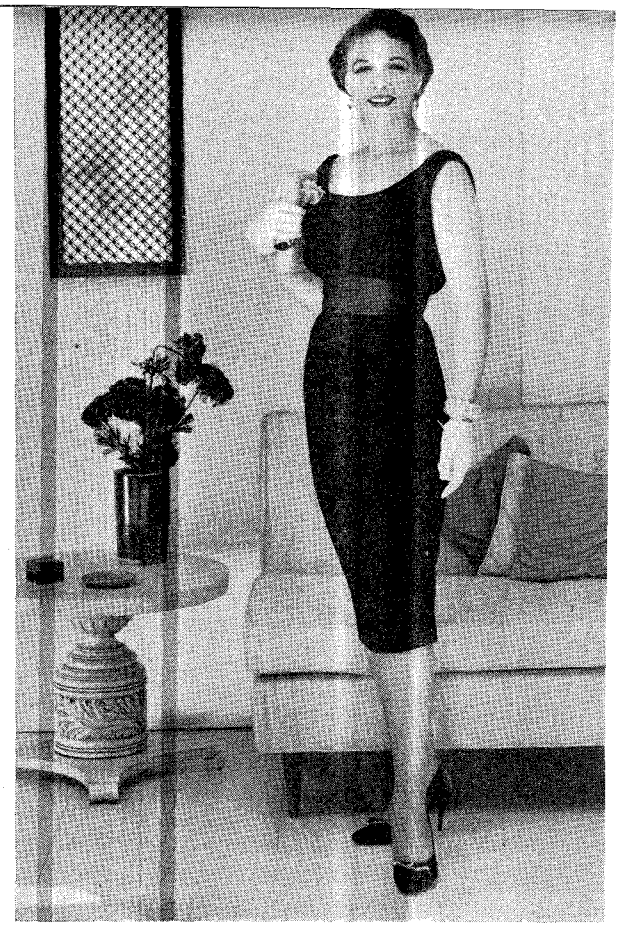
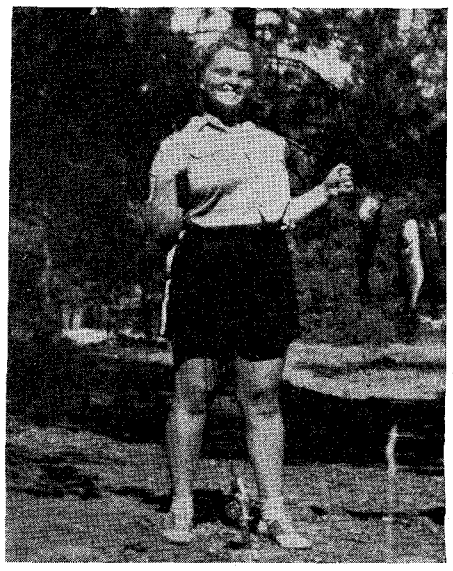
Before Stauffer: 198 **After Stauffer: 135**
"I gained over 60 pounds when I was expecting my daughter—and kept 40 of them," says Virginia Blevens of Fairfield, Ohio. "As the years went by I added even more weight. By the time my daughter was a teen-ager, I had almost forgotten what it meant to be slim." Virginia lost 63 pounds with Stauffer Home Plan, trimmed 11 inches from her abdomen, 9½ inches from her hips.



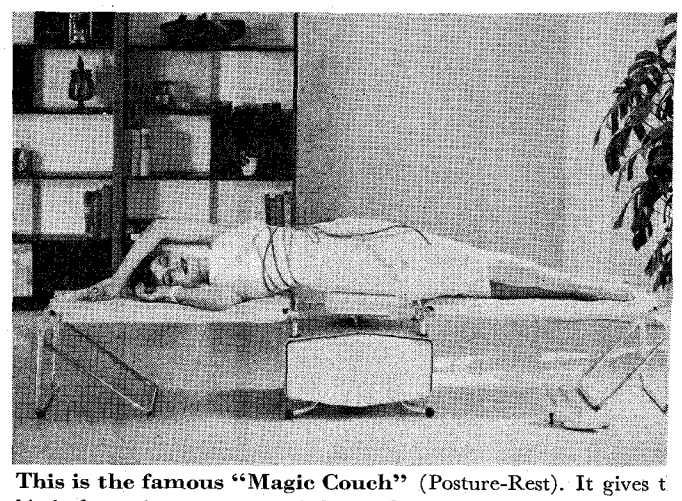
The 10 Happiest Women of 1959

Slim and lovely...and Paris bound!

Here they are! The 10 winners in a contest among thousands of women who remade their figures with the Stauffer Home Plan of effortless exercise and calorie reduction. Each receives a dream trip for two to Paris and London.



Before Stauffer: 155
After Stauffer: 120
Madonna Givens of Soquel, California, gained 35 pounds in her first year of marriage. "I fought those pounds for 10 long years," says Madonna, "and nothing worked. Finally, Stauffer helped me do what I couldn't do alone. My husband says Stauffer gave him back the girl he married!"



This is the famous "Magic Couch" (Posture-Rest). It gives t kind of exercise you need to help you lose inches from problem are such as hips, thighs, abdomen. The "Magic Couch" does for you wh diet alone cannot do. It firms sagging skin and tightens muscles upper arms and thighs—lifts and beautifies posture.

It is available in the Deluxe Model or new Princess Model at low price ever. Rent by the month, or buy on special budget plan.

Mail the attached postage-paid card now! And you're on your w to a new figure with Stauffer.

Stauffer, as used in the captions, refers to the complete Stauf Home Reducing Plan, which combines effortless exercise on t "Magic Couch" with the kind of calorie reduction doctors advise.

Clothes by Pat Premo of California

©1959, Stauffer Laborato

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Before Stauffer: 156 **After Stauffer: 112**
"It's wonderful to be part of family fun again," says Enriqueta Nunez of Mexico City. "I only wish I had started sooner. There's so much more to do when you're slim." She trimmed 4 dress sizes with Stauffer.

Before Stauffer: 204½ **After Stauffer: 137½**
Georgette Pelletier of Ottawa, Canada, went from size 44 to 14 with Stauffer, trimmed 11 inches from her hips, 9 inches from her waist. Says Georgette: "I feel like I've been released from a prison... of pounds."

Before Stauffer: 196 **After Stauffer: 124**
Hazel Littell of Bremerton, Washington, almost gave up vital community work. "I was too heavy. No wonder I had little energy," says Hazel. "Thanks to Stauffer, I'm slim again, working harder than ever and loving it."

FOR most people happiness doesn't just happen. Many times you must give it a helping hand. And that is what these 10 women have done.

They have changed their lives by changing their figures!

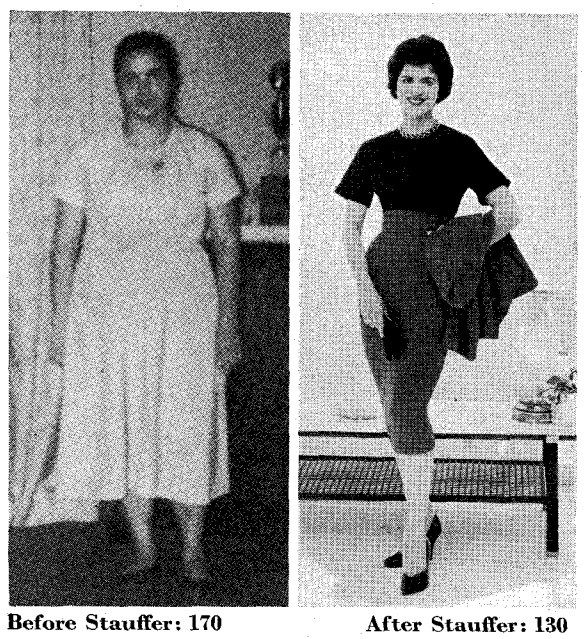
Once they were all far overweight. They felt the pangs of self-consciousness. Their lives were limited—fenced in.

Today the world is theirs. They are going and doing. They have new self-confidence and youthful, happier attitudes.

What made the difference? How did these 10 women change their figures and lives? The answer is the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

Perhaps you have been overweight for so many years that you've forgotten what a joy it is to be slender. Or maybe you have just recently become overweight. It doesn't matter. The Stauffer Home Plan can work for you, too.

But postponement offers no reward. Start now. For more information mail the attached card.



Before Stauffer: 170 **After Stauffer: 130**
Yolanda Donatelli of Chicago says: "As an overweight teen-ager, I was shy and self-conscious. Even my poor posture showed how unhappy I was. Stauffer gave me more than a new figure. It gave me poise and self-respect."

Before Stauffer: 160 **After Stauffer: 127**
"I never dreamed of a career," says Peggy Fowler who represents a cosmetic firm in Louisville, Alabama. "I was ashamed of my figure and lacked confidence. Now I have faith in myself. I'm doing the things I want to do."

Before Stauffer: 205 **After Stauffer: 138**
Extra pounds accumulated twice as fast on waist, hips, and thighs for Marlene Griggs of Ocala, Florida. Now she has ideal 36-26-36 measurements. Marlene has still another reason to be happy—she's a June bride!

Before Stauffer: 230 **After Stauffer: 139**
"I started gaining when I was only 20 and kept on gaining for 30 years." says Clara Collett of Douglas, Arizona. "I've lost nearly 100 pounds, but Stauffer's 'Magic Couch' gave me wonderful exercise to keep my body firm and supple."

Before Stauffer: 180 **After Stauffer: 147**
"I used to dream of buying a size 14 dress—now I actually do it!" says Lois Bergman of Adrian, Minnesota. Slim for the first time in her life, now Lois uses the Stauffer Home Plan to maintain her new, youthful figure.

For more information, mail the attached card or write **STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN,** Dept. S-89, 1919 Vineburn Ave., Los Angeles 32, Calif.

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(*Continued from Page 43*) longevity, the result would be a blandly sophomoric secret: Don't worry or be tense, don't eat too much; do be happy, do exercise, do be moderate.

But here the elixir is too much concentrated; it is dehydrated and has lost its value. The study indicates that food is the killer and worry the pallbearer of most Americans, and they must be examined at some length; but there are other factors that deserve attention.

Take heredity, for example. About a century ago Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested that people might increase their life spans if they could "advertise for a couple of parents, both belonging to long-lived families, some years before birth." Most longevity experts agree with Doctor Holmes' prescription, concluding that heredity is a critical factor in reaching a ripe old age. Our study confirms the importance of heredity, but indicates that it might be less important than we have thought. It is not a factor that we must have in order to live long, for fully half of our respondents had parents who lived less than eighty years, and one fourth had neither parent, or brother or sister live to eighty.

But the value of heredity is evident when we see that 73 per cent *did* have a parent or a brother or sister who reached eighty, and that 39 per cent had one of these relatives reach ninety or more. Doctor Rhetts' grandmothers, for example, lived to eighty-three and ninety, although neither of his parents lived longer than sixty-three; his brothers died at ninety-two and ninety-six, and his sister at eighty. He had three uncles who lived longer than eighty-nine.

All seven of Alonzo Stagg's brothers and sisters lived more than seventy-three years, with the oldest dying at 103, and four living well into their eighties. Walter Williams of Houston, Texas, the 116-year-old last surviving Civil War veteran, had a paternal grandfather who lived to 119.

On the other hand, a ninety-nine-year-old Philadelphia woman was orphaned at three, her father dying in his twenties of tuberculosis and her mother dying soon thereafter. She has no long-lived relatives in her family. And there is John Richardson, 100, of Easton, Pennsylvania, whose parents died in their fifties—his mother of a stroke, his father of pneumonia—and whose brother and sister died as infants. There seems to be no doubt that heredity is exceedingly important in longevity, but there is no reason for the average American to despair if he seeks long life and has short-lived ancestors. The odds are against him, but he does have a chance.

Despite smug Vermonters, who like to say they live so long they have to kill a man to start a graveyard, the place where a man is born or where he has lived most of his life seems to have little influence on how long he will live. The Eastern, Midwestern and Southern sections of the nation each claim approximately one fourth of the birthplaces of the American-born respondents. Only 3 per cent were born in the West, and this is understandable in the light of the smaller population there a century ago. Most of the remainder are natives of Europe, except for twenty-one persons born in Canada, Mexico, what is now Israel, and Japan.

These figures, paralleling population concentrations and immigration statistics of 100 years ago, strike down a tempting hypothesis: the possibility that an unborn child is affected not only by his mother's diet but also by the climate, altitude or weather of the place where she spends her pregnancy. If so, then statistics should show more centenarians born in the warm climate of the Southern states, say, or in frigid New England or at sea level.

Only recently, in Boston, the American Association of Plastic Surgeons was told of a hospital in a mountain state where a startlingly high number of children were born with harelips within a few days. Research showed that when the mothers were ten weeks pregnant terrific thunderstorms shook the area. One surgeon said, "That's the kind of thing that leads the adrenal glands to put out cortisone, and it is known that cortisone can produce facial clefts in animals."

If it is possible that thunderstorms can cause pregnant women to bear harelipped children, is it not also possible that other climatic factors can produce long-lived children? The old-age study says no. Place of birth has no effect; you can be born anywhere in the nation and have the same chance of living to be 100. This is equally true of the place where you have spent most of your life. Except for the West, the oldsters are scattered throughout the nation in about the same proportion as the rest of the population.

And this broad geographical distribution of the aged forbids any conclusions about the life-prolonging effects of climate or altitude. You can live equally long in the heat of Texas, the drizzle of western Washington, the mountains of Colorado or the tidelands of Virginia.

No state has any significant concentration of the aged. After eliminating the colored races because of the questionable reliability of these statistics, the raw figures of the latest United States Census show that New England and the West Central States have the highest ratio of persons ninety-five and older to the total population, and therefore it has often been assumed that these are the most healthful sections of the nation. However, it is in these two areas that population has grown the least in the last fifty years. While the nation's population doubled, New England's increased by only two thirds, and the West Central States by about 40 per cent.

Maine and Kansas now lead the nation with the highest ratio of persons older than ninety-five—twenty-five persons per 100,000—followed by Iowa, Nebraska and Rhode Island with twenty-three. But Iowa and Nebraska populations have increased by less than 25 per cent in the last fifty years, Maine and Kansas by less than 50 per cent. Analysis of tiny Rhode Island's high ratio of twenty-three persons over ninety-five per 100,000 population seems to be a barren project; why should it be a greater haven of age than its neighbors who squeeze it in from east and west—Massachusetts with a ratio of twenty, and Connecticut with seventeen?

Vermont, the state with the graveyard trouble, joins Massachusetts and Arizona for fifth place on the state longevity scale with a ratio of twenty, but Vermont also has grown less than 25 per cent while the nation's population doubled.

Florida and California are comparatively low on the list, with ratios of fourteen and eighteen despite the large numbers of retired Americans settling there. But Florida and California have also attracted hundreds of thousands of young people, whose presence lowers the old-age ratio. The raw census figures are interesting, but not conclusive. They must be compared to population migration and increase. Vermont, for example, exports not only milk but youth as well; its elderly citizens stay in the Green Mountains, and the ratio is thus affected.

While your state or region does not seem to have any effect on your expectation of life, there may be some significance in the size of your town. Seventy-five per cent of the old people lived most of their lives on farms, in villages or small cities. Only 25 per cent were lifelong residents of the larger urban areas. But like the early orphaned, the city dweller does have a chance—one fourth of the respondents have been streetcar straphangers for at least seventy-five years.

The racial background of these people shows a heavy preponderance of Britons, Germans and Scandinavians. More than half had ancestors from the British Isles. About 16 per cent came from Germany, and 5 per cent from the Scandinavian countries. The evidence indicates that North European stock in the United States has a longer life expectancy than Americans of Middle and Southern European ancestry.

And there is no evidence that the educated man has any advantage over the unschooled. The study shows that 20 per cent of the men and 9 per cent of the women never attended school; a small number are illiterate. The average grade completed was the seventh for men and eighth for women. The average oldster in the study left school at the age of fifteen. Ten per cent of the men and 6 per cent of the women attended college, and 3 per cent are college graduates.

Although it is ridiculous to connect political beliefs with longevity, the results of the survey may give small comfort to the Republican Party. Of the 402 in the study, 195 are Republican, 134 Democrats. The remainder are independent. Their party affiliations could be ascribed to contagion or inheritance, rather than intellectual decisions. Spot questioning resulted in such answers as, "Well, my father was a Democrat," or "That's how the neighbors voted." However, with Mrs. Comfort Staten, a 100-year-old Negro in Farmington, Missouri, the reason leaps from the pages of history. With a toss of her head and a quick gesture of her wrinkled hands, she said, "Of course I'm a Republican. Heavens, yes, because he set us free!"

If there are rules for living long—and it seems that there are—they would include these:

Don't be fussy about your food, and never, never overeat. Don't worry. Work at a job you love, and if it gives you physical exercise, so much the better; if not, be sure to get your exercise—and lots of it—some other way.

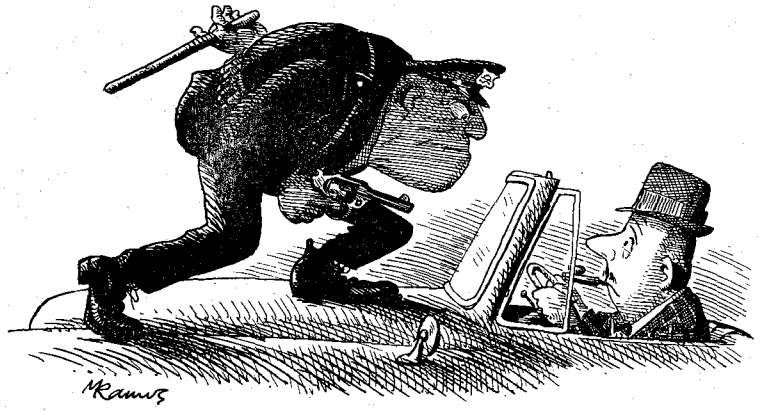
To the ambitious American driving himself to gain what he calls success, this pattern will seem intolerably dull and boring. And the cynic might be correct in saying that living to be old is probably the most exciting thing that ever happened to these people. In truth, for many of the aged their only outstanding accomplishment is that they have lived longer than most other humans; they have simply delayed the inevitable.

On the other hand, these are admirable people. They have been honest, hard-working, law-abiding, religious citizens who have reared their children into useful adulthood. They have paid their taxes and have never upset the social order.

If this still sounds dull, the chances are that you'll never make ninety. These people loved their lives—almost every minute of them—and most of them still do.

Next week's article describes the effects on longevity of food, alcohol and tobacco.

—THE EDITORS.



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Tom, a tough cop, went berserk one night. He halted a motorist's car at gun point, handcuffed the unlucky motorist, then beat and robbed him. His victim prosecuted Tom and also sued the police chief for damages.

"The chief negligently hired this dangerous character without properly investigating his background and moral character," counsel for the motorist argued. "He should have found out that Tom was unfit to be a policeman and fired him."

"A public official shouldn't be required to pay damages for the unauthorized acts of his subordinates," the chief replied. "I had no way of knowing that Tom would misbehave as he did. Certainly it wasn't my fault that he committed a crime."

If you were the judge, would you make the chief pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The chief did not have to pay. The court said that the appointment and removal of policemen is a "discretionary" duty, and that a public official who exercises his discretion "erroneously but in good faith" should not be made to pay damages if the result turns out badly.

Based upon a 1956 Connecticut decision.

YOU BE THE JUDGE is not intended as legal guidance. Laws vary from state to state. Anyone having a legal problem should consult an attorney.

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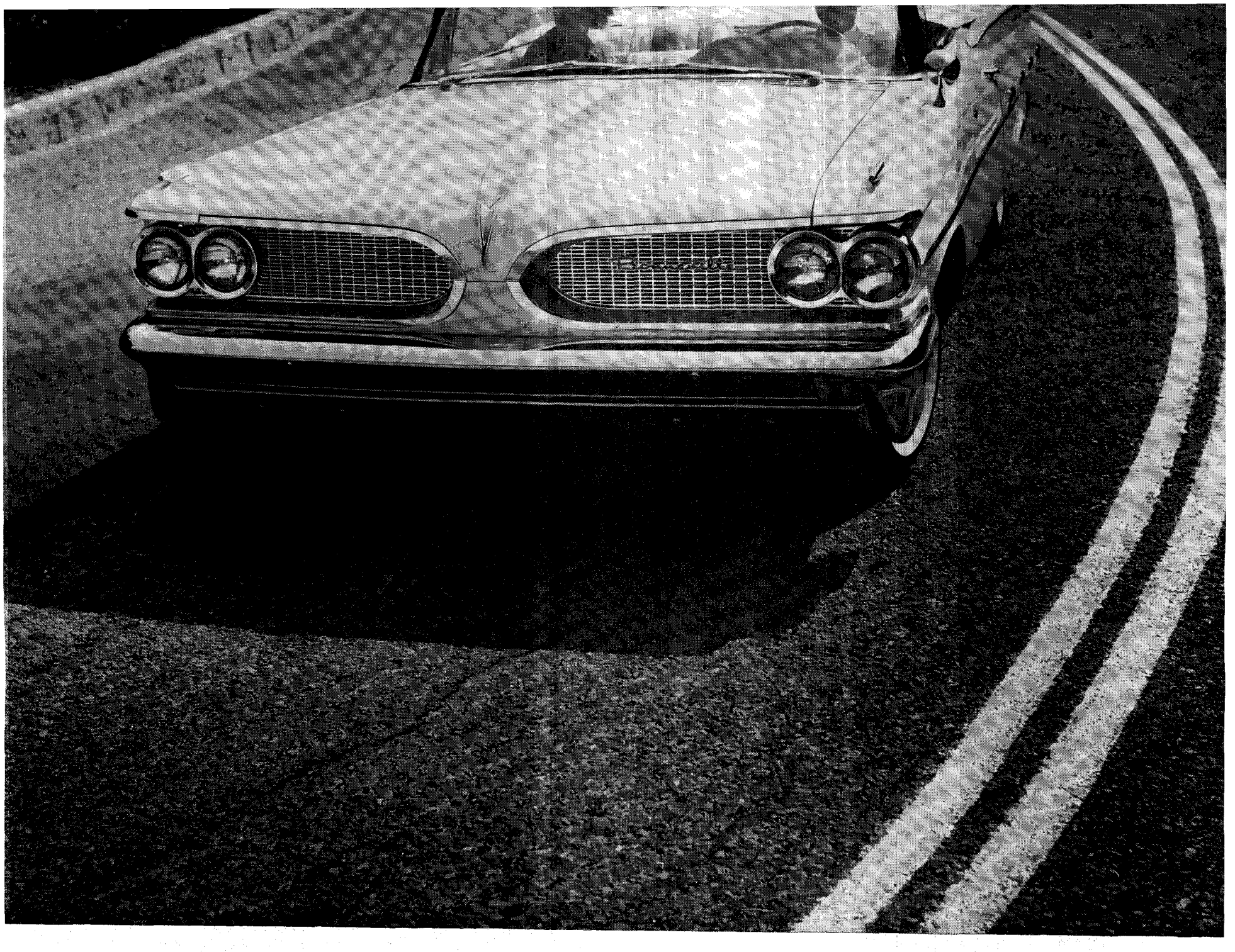

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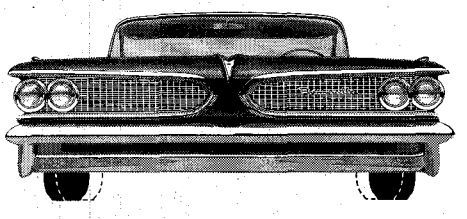

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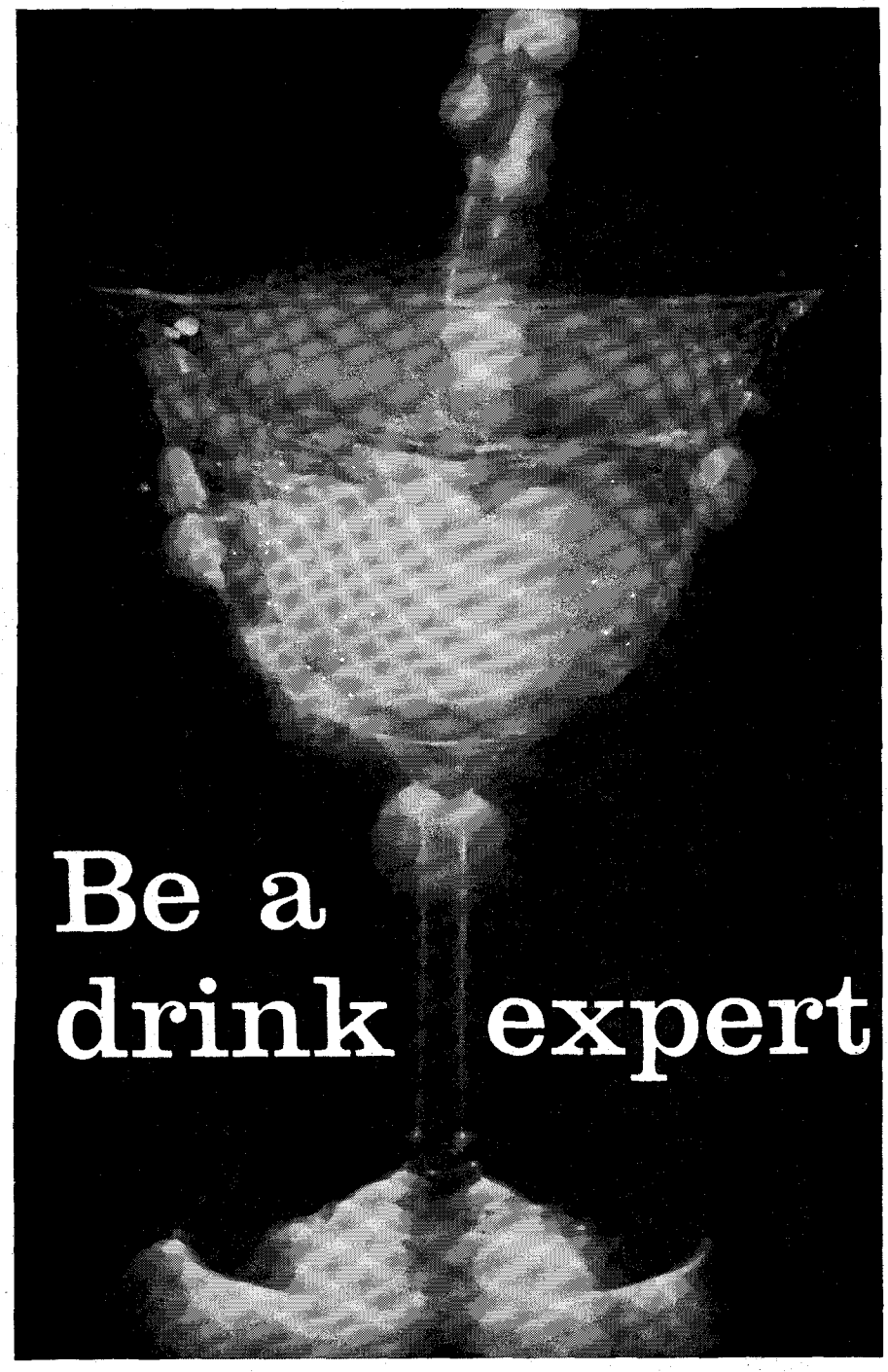

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Men Should Be Married (Continued from Page 24)

"Happy!" I say. "For cryin' out loud! This guy gets any happier they'll have to put him in a strait jacket."

"Mildred Armbruster and I were talking about it this afternoon," she says. "When a man's Al's age he should be married."

So now the cat's out of the bag, and it's Joe Armbruster's wife who's in on this deal to hamstring poor Al and cut him down to size. I'm thinking that maybe I'd better step next door to see Joe and find out what's what.

"Who," I say, "is the fatted calf you two have provided for Al?"

"She's not that fat," Mabel retorts, and I'm beginning to feel very sorry for Al.

"Who?" I say like I'm that Perry Mason guy on TV.

"Ida Bruehoffer," she says, "down the street."

Then I know that poor Al Keefe is caught in a bind. This Ida Bruehoffer is not the fattest girl in Brooklyn, but she's got a good start in that direction. Maybe she don't get any dates because she's fat, and maybe she's fat because she don't get any dates. The psychiatrists can tell you all about those things. All I know, she's past thirty, and it could be fifteen years since anybody took her out.

"She's a nice girl," Mabel is saying. "Everybody on the block likes her, and besides your brother is no matinee idol."

"He's no beauty," I agree, "but I think if he shaved regular an' didn't allus wear that cap which is losin' him his hair, he might do better than Ida Bruehoffer."

This gets me nowhere; this only gets me a long argument as to what men look for in women, anyway. "Not all that beef," I grin, "for one thing. An' while we're on the subject o' beef, what about that diet you were talkin' about goin' on a while back, but which never comes off?"

"Let's not get off the subject," Mabel says grimly.

When you argue with women, the idea is that only they are allowed to get off the subject. You stay with it all the way down the line. When you got 'em in a corner, that's when the subject's changed, but not by you.

So we have a little more of this and of that, and how I could spruce myself up a little more if I'd wear a shirt nights instead of sitting around in my undershirt, and how shoes weren't meant to be worn only outside the house.

After a while I step outside and I find Joe Armbruster gabbing with Saul Ruskin out on the sidewalk. Saul lives in the house to the right of me, and Joe to the left. Saul, as usual, is sitting in his aluminum-and-plastic chair out near the curb, where he usually has it. Like Ida Bruehoffer down the street, Saul packs plenty of beef all over, especially in the rear, but he's the nicest guy on the block.

I step over and I say to Joe, "So who started this ball rollin' about gettin' brother Al married off? Was it your wife or my wife?"

"Just talkin' to Saul about it," Joe grins. "Heard it at the supper table tonight, Manny. Any time two women get their heads together you can figure there's something cookin'. I wouldn't know who started the pot boiling, though."

"Women," Saul says, "always got to have something going for them. A man has his job; he's away; he's hustling. Women are home with kids and the cooking and cleaning. It ain't enough."

"So they go lookin' around," I say, "to make it tough for somebody."

"That Al," Joe chuckles. "Sure hate to have to marry him."

"What they figure on him gettin'," I say, "might be glad to marry anybody."

"Speakin' o' the devil," Joe murmurs, and then we hear this car horn blasting away as a cab shoots around the corner and tears in toward us at the curb, coming in so close it nearly takes poor Saul out of his seat.

My brother Al wears a leather cap with the peak up like a jockey. He does not wear a tie, and his shirt is open at the neck, where he has plenty of hair. His nose is kind of punched in because he didn't win more than forty per cent of his fights, and now he's getting pudgy around the neck, around the waist, around the eyes. You don't get too much exercise at the wheel of a cab.

"How's it?" Al yells, and then he reaches out the cab window and gives Saul a dig in the small of his back.

I see Saul look up at the sky and shake his head, and I notice that Joe Armbruster kind of edges away when Al gets out of the cab. Al is the kind of guy does plenty of shadow-boxing even though he's out of the ring, and anybody close enough gets jabbed with lefts, and Joe has been jabbed before.

"So how's everything?" Al grins again, and he feints with his left at Joe's midsection.

"Cut it out," Joe scowls. "For cryin' out loud."

"What's new?" Al wants to know.

"Go in the house," I tell him. "Mabel's got some supper warmin' on the stove for you. You might learn what's new."

So Al swings a left hook at Saul's cigar, nearly taking it out of his mouth, and he digs Joe Armbruster in the ribs, and then he's up the steps and into the house. A minute later I hear Mabel squeal, so I figure Al is still jabbing away.

"Like I say," Joe murmurs, "I'd hate to be married to that guy. I'd be black an' blue all year round."

Saul says, "You think there's any chance Al will go for this Ida Bruehoffer, Manny?"

"There's no figurin' what Al will do," I tell him, "but I'd say the odds were about eighty-seven to one against it. Why does this guy have to get married?"

"What I told my wife," Joe nods, "an' I got told back. So I figure if they can swing something let them swing it. Al's been lucky long enough."

"Might tone him down a little, being married," Saul agrees. Then he adds, "I doubt it, though."

After a while Al comes out, picking his teeth with a toothpick, and I say to him, "So how'd you make out?"

"Them French fries, Manny!" he says. "Mabel sure knows how to make 'em."

"I'm talkin' about other things," I tell him.

"Like what?" he asks, so right away I know Mabel chickened out and didn't tell him anything as yet.

Joe Armbruster says kind of casual, "You ever think o' gettin' married, Al?"

This Armbruster is very subtle, like a sledge hammer, and I give him a look because, the way it is, Mabel and Mildred are going to work this their own way and don't want no husbands butting into their project.

"Married?" Al says.

"Like me an' Manny," Joe says as Al is dancing around in front of Saul in his chair, jabbing at him with playful lefts.

"I'm married to my hack," Al grins. "Don't be crazy, Armbruster."

What you might be getting, I think, *is pretty near as big as your hack, kid.*

"Just supposin'," Joe Armbruster goes on, "there was somebody around this way kind of liked you, Al."

"Armbruster," I say, "ain't that your wife lookin' out the window?"

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She ain't looking, but Joe Armbruster kind of gets the point, and he shuts up.

After Al tears off, taking his cab around the corner on two wheels, I see Mabel come out on the stoop, and I head over that way. I say to her, "So how's the matrimonial bureau comin' along?"

"It's your brother," she reminds me, "we're trying to help."

"That I know," I say, "as long as it ain't me. How come you didn't tell him anything at all?"

"We're not going to scare him off," she says. "Don't be a fool."

Then she heads next door and I see her on Joe's stoop, and she's going it a mile a minute with Mildred Armbruster.

"What'd she say?" Joe wants to know.

"They don't wanna scare Al off," I say.

Saul Ruskin looks up at the sky and smiles a little, and Joe says, "Al will take a lot of scarin', Manny. I figure he'll take this Ida Bruehoffer right in stride."

"No inhibitions," Saul murmurs. "Not one."

After Saul goes into the house, I say to Joe, "We'd better step over an' see what the cooks are cookin' for brother Al."

"The way they been yackety-yackin'," Joe grins, "they got that guy sewed up tighter than a drum. I wouldn't wanna be in his shoes—not with that Ida Bruehoffer, anyway."

My wife says when we come up, "Isn't Al's birthday next week, Manny?"

"That's the way the wind blows," I say. "He's got a birthday comin' up on Tuesday, but likely he forgot all about it."

"We're going to remind him," Mabel says, "and we're going to have a little party for him."

"An' Ida Bruehoffer will happen to be there," I add, "or am I way ahead o' the script?"

Mabel says, "Don't get funny. We did think of inviting Ida."

"They'd make a happy couple," Mildred Armbruster tells us.

I oftentimes think why it is that women will knock themselves out trying to get somebody else married after they've been in the drink themselves for a number of years. Maybe it's because they hate like sin to see a lot of other people running around free and easy while they're tied down.

With a man it's different. He sees a guy on the loose, and he's thinking, *Leave him alone. When will he have it that good again?* You know what I mean?

"You figure," I say to Mabel, "all we have to do is put Al and this Ida together an' they'll fall for each other like a ton o' brick."

"Why shouldn't they?" she wants to know.

"I dunno," I say. "Supposin' Al don't feel like fallin' in love?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," Mabel tells me. "In the meantime you phone Al tomorrow and tell him we'd like him here for supper Tuesday night, and he's supposed to be dressed up."

"Al don't like to get dressed," I say.

"This once won't hurt him," Mabel tells me, which is the understatement of the year. This once could put poor Al Keefe behind the eight ball the rest of his life, if he only knew it!

I call Al the next night at about seven o'clock, when I know he's usually around the cab office. When he comes on I say, "Al, boy, how's about comin' to our house next Tuesday night for supper? It's your birthday."

"How do you like that," he says. "I forgot about it."

"When you come," I say, "be dressed. This is gonna be a nice party. Don't wear no cap an' polo shirt like you do sometimes."

"I'll come dressed," Al chuckles. "How about if I bring a girl?"

"What?" I say. "Hold the phone." To Mabel, who is listening, I say, "He wants to know can he bring a girl?"

"A girl!" Mabel almost screams. "Don't be silly!"

"Come alone," I tell Al. "This is supposed to be a home party, like with the family."

I'm thinking how did Ida Bruehoffer get to be part of my family all of a sudden, because she'll be there with bells on.

"No girl?" Al says. "This is a nice girl. Hilda from Canarsie. I met her at the union dance. I see this one down six highballs in a row an' she don't even bat an eye. Sober as a judge. This is a nice girl, Manny boy."

"Look," I say, "it's to be a small party, Al—just the family an' a few friends like the Armbrusters, Saul Ruskin an' his wife. Dave Rosenthal down the street. You bring Hilda some other time."

Al promises to come as is, and when I hang up Mabel snaps, "Who is this Hilda?"

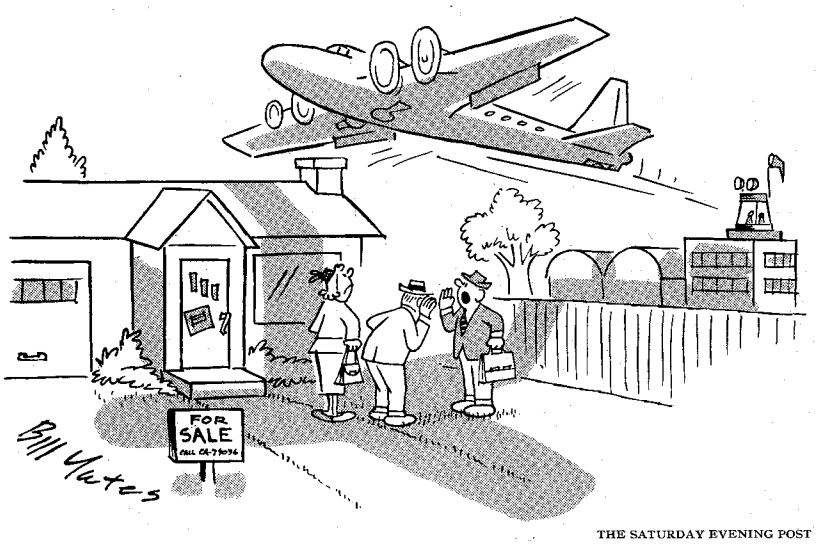
"A nice girl Al met at the union dance," I tell her. "She's the best highball drinker he ever seen."

"After he meets Ida," Mabel says, "he won't be thinking about girls who can drink highballs."

He may be drinking them himself, I think, but that's neither here nor there. Also I'd better shut up.

Joe Armbruster wants to know that night how the conspiracy is coming along.

"The cards are marked," I tell him. "The game is rigged from top to bottom, but I'm still (*Continued on Page 56*)

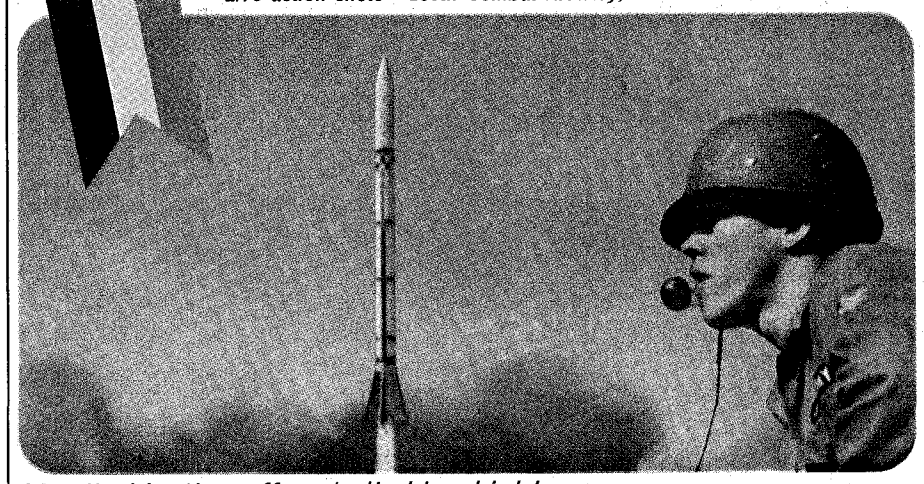


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

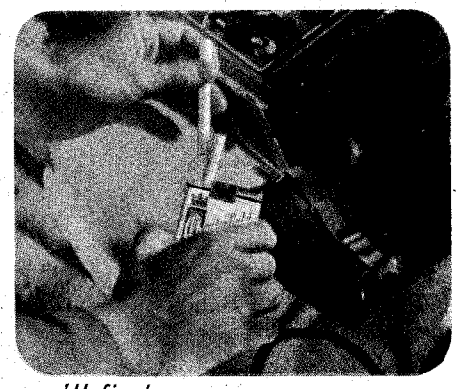
"I said it's convenient to transportation!"

MEN OF AMERICA:
MISSILE ENGINEER

Live-action shots—259th Combat Artillery, White Sands, New Mexico



Missile blasting off and climbing high!
Jet trail blazing bright against the sky!



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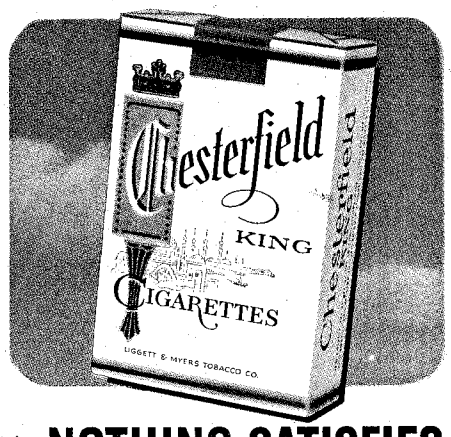

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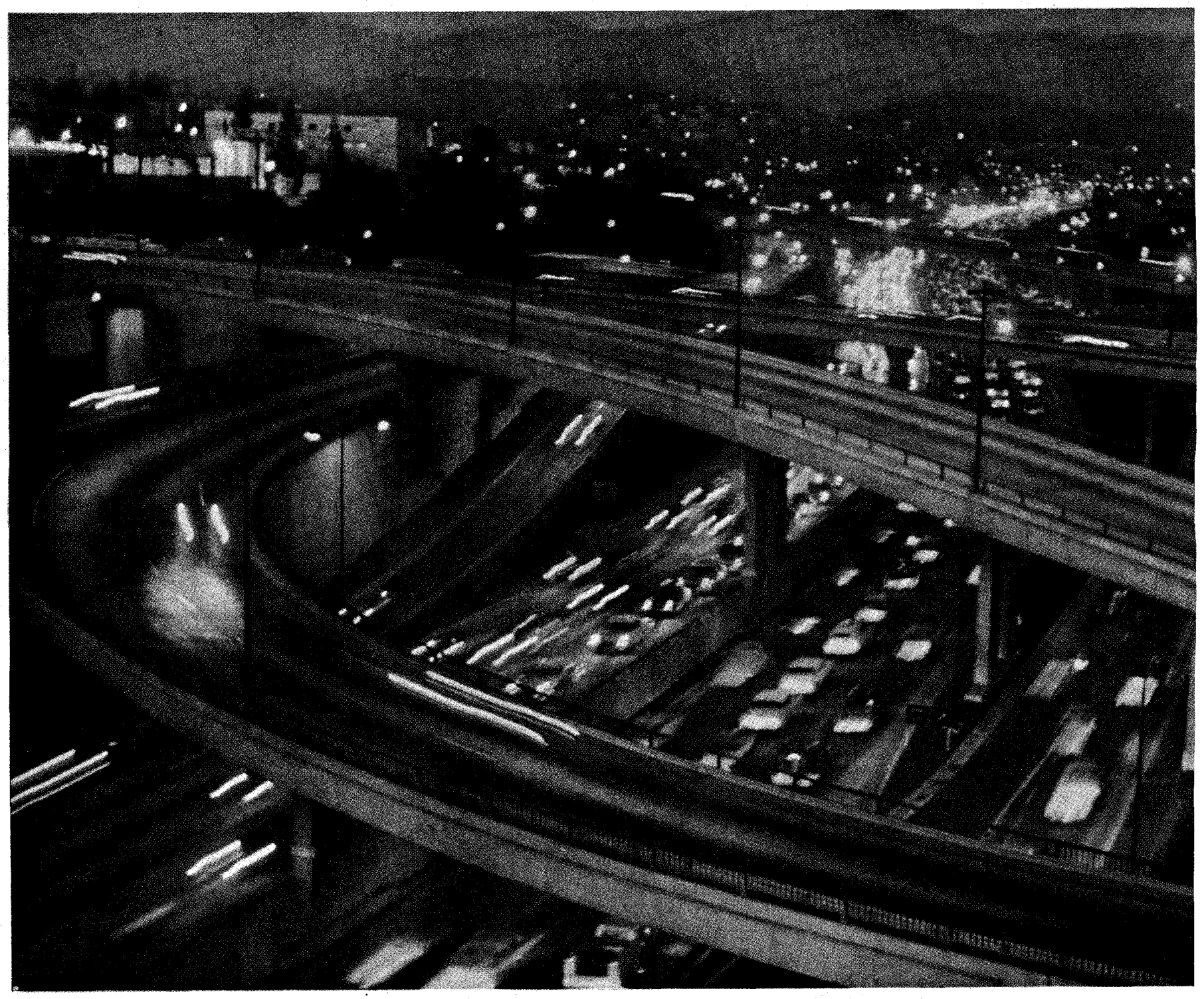
The hotter the weather, the more it's time t

The World's First T



This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, expressways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. For greater safety, you need Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear. (Photo is Los Angeles, looking toward Pasadena and the San Gabr

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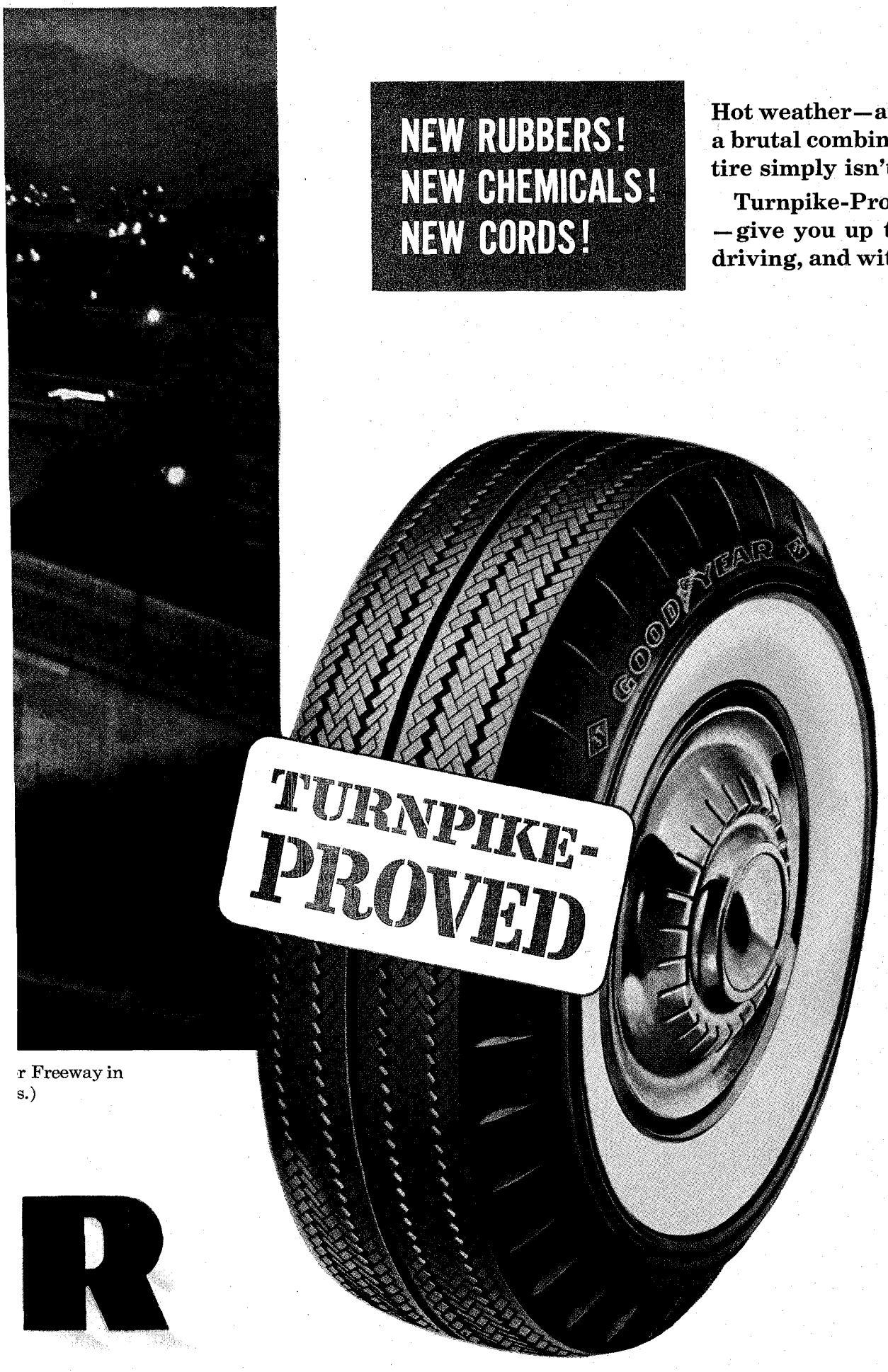

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New! lather fragrance color wrapper

(*Continued from Page 53*) layin' at least fifteen to one they don't get brother Al."

"You figure he's too smart?" Joe asks.

"So dumb," I say, "he's smart."

So the ladies get this show on the road on Tuesday afternoon by fixing up a big supper and making a birthday cake and things like that.

I come home from work with Dave Rosenthal, who works in the same shop with me, and on the bus he says, "What are they having for supper, Manny?"

"It should be goose," I tell him, "because somebody's is supposed to be cooked tonight."

"You don't think Al will go for this Bruehoffer girl?" Dave says. "Mightn't be so bad having her in the family, Manny. After all, her father does own the delicatessen. You can get all the free beer you want."

"She's not marryin' me," I tell him, "an' her old man don't even give away his sweat free, so don't count on no free beer at my house, Dave."

"These days," Dave says morosely, "I don't count on anything, Manny, till it's halfway down the gullet."

This is a guy who has a rough time in life, what with a battle-ax of a wife who makes him toe the mark day and night.

"You're comin' to this shindig tonight, Dave?" I ask.

"I can stay home?" Dave wants to know. "My wife's in on the deal, too, you know."

It looks like all the wives on the block are in on the deal to throw and hog-tie brother Al, but I still feel they can't do it and my money is on Al.

I walk in the house this night and Mabel says right off, "Change your clothes, Manny. Put on your new slacks and a clean shirt and tie."

"Who's comin'?" I say, "the Prince o' Wales? It's only Al Keefe."

So I put on the slacks and I dress up for the occasion like I'm supposed to, and then I go out on the stoop to have a chat with Joe Armbruster while the ladies are setting the table for this supper. I notice Joe is kind of dressed up, too, and most summer nights you'll find him in his undershirt and slippers out on the stoop.

"So they're gettin' the fatted calf ready," he says.

"You mean Ida Bruehoffer?" I ask.

"You could look at it that way, too," Joe grins. "Now let's all hope brother Al ain't forgot where he's supposed to be tonight."

We're sitting on the stoop when Ida Bruehoffer arrives with her mother, who is just an older edition of Ida, bigger, heavier and with very blond hair, which likely gets bleached every few weeks.

"The old lady's along," Joe whispers before they come up, "to see that her girl gets a fair deal."

Ida has a round, moon face, and she wears glasses because her eyes are not too good, which will help if she has to look at Al Keefe all of her life. This is not a bad girl, you understand, just a girl who is not too bright. She has crooked teeth, and blue eyes to go with her blond hair which is done up in a ponytail even though she's getting up close to thirty-five.

"How's it, Mrs. Bruehoffer?" I say.... "Hello, Ida."

Mrs. Bruehoffer makes sense when she talks, but Ida is a giggler, so all she does is giggle while we're passing the time of day with her mother. I guess she's been tipped off as to what is supposed to happen tonight, so she's a little more on edge than she usually is.

I say to her, because I know Al won't say it, "You're lookin' nice tonight, Ida."

All I get are giggles.

"The company should be comin' along pretty soon," Joe chimes in. "You ever meet Manny's brother, Ida?"

She's all flustered now and giggling, but I make out that she'd like to meet him.

Pretty soon the rest of the invited guests start to show up. Dave Rosenthal is in tow with his wife. Saul Ruskin comes over with his wife, Sarah, who is almost as fat as he is, which means that whatever the ladies have cooked up inside will be disappearing like snow in the summertime.

"How's it, Saul?" I say when the ladies have gone inside.

"Al come yet?" Saul wants to know.

"He'll be along," I say, and then this cab whips around the corner and tears in toward the curb, horn blowing. The bumper of the cab catches the edge of an empty garbage pail on the walk and sends it spinning around and around, and this is another little trick of Al's.

"How's it?" Al grins as he steps out of the cab. He's dressed up—if you'll call it dressed. He's wearing a very loud sport coat of some kind of black-and-green mixture, very woolly. His slacks are pearl gray in color and he's wearing white shoes.

"A leather cap," I say, "don't go with that outfit, Al. Why not leave it in the cab?"

"Keeps my head warm," Al laughs. "So how's it?"

I notice both Saul and Joe kind of edge away. Joe says, "Party's about to begin, Al. Happy birthday."

"Same to you," Al says, and he starts a jab in Joe's direction, and Joe nearly falls off the stoop trying to avoid it.

"For cryin' out loud," Joe says.

Al goes into the house, and there's a lot of squealing going on for a while because this Al is a lady's man in a sense. I hear even Gertrude Rosenthal laughing, and anybody can get that rock-face to loosen up must have something on the ball.

Dave Rosenthal comes out on the stoop and says, "All the men are supposed to come in now."

Joe says, grinning, "What are you, the doorman, Dave?"

"Just come," Dave says. "The party's got started."

This party is taking place in the bedroom right off the kitchen on account of there is no dining room in these flats on our block, and everybody eats in the kitchen. You want to throw a party where there's more than four people and you have to take down a bed and move the party into the bedroom, which is what I did this morning before going to work, and Mr. Rauschmidt, the landlord, calls down from upstairs, "What da hell are we doing, moving, at seven o'clock in the morning?"

I notice right off that they got brother Al seated next to Ida, and they got 'em seated pretty close, too, but Al is paying no more attention to her than he is to the roast beef, which is coming out of the kitchen now and looks and smells very good.

"Enjoy yourselves," Mabel beams, and she gives Al and Ida one of those looks. "Would you help Ida, first, Al?"

Al helps Ida first, but he helps himself a close second, and when there's roast beef on the table it's a very close second too. I'll say this, though, for brother Al—he's taken his cap off, and this he don't usually do when he eats at our house.

For a while everybody's pretty busy stowing it away, and we almost forget what this party is about—that is, the men do. The women don't forget that easy, food or no food.

Al is telling a story of a fare he had who looked like Khrushchev.

"He's got a bald head, this guy," Al laughs, "an' he wants to go to the UN Building over in the city, an' in a hurry. I get him over there quick, an' I'm wonderin' if I should call the FBI because maybe this could be that Russian comin' over here to spy on us. He tells me when

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he's gettin' out that he's a big chef in the restaurant, an' he had to be on duty at three o'clock sharp, which is how come he's had to take a hack."

Everybody laughs a little at this, but Ida Bruehoffer gets a laughing fit, and then she gags, and Al has to slap her on the back a few times, and somebody has to bring in water before she comes around.

"Nothin' like a whack on the back," Al says, "when you got somethin' stuck down your throat. Ain't that right, Ida?"

She starts to giggle again, and I'm thinking she's going into it for the second time, and this time Al will knock her out with a whack on the back, but she manages to stop in time.

Al says, as he lights up a cigar and looks around the table, "So it was a good supper. How's about a little pinochle, Manny?"

"Pinochle?" I say, and I look at Joe Armbruster, and I see Mabel giving me the warning signs. "This ain't no night for pinochle, Al," I say. "This is your birthday."

"So I wanna have a good time," Al grins. "Trot out the cards an' we'll go in the front room an' let the ladies clean up the dishes. . . . Ain't that right, Mabel?"

• •

Hint to a Young Man Getting Nowhere

To win her favor try
A change long overdue:
Instead of babbling, "I . . ."
Just whisper softly,
"You. . . ."

Elias Lieberman

• •

Mabel knows it ain't right, and she knows also that Ida Bruehoffer is not going to be in this pinochle game. She also knows that if Al starts to play pinochle with the men he won't even know that Ida is around, and this whole party will be wasted. Not that he's paying too much attention to her now. He's nice to her, but that's not what the ladies had in mind.

All the men are looking a little uncomfortable, also hopeful. Dave Rosenthal is fumbling with some crumbs on the tablecloth in front of him, and his wife, Gertrude, is giving him the fish eye.

"How about it, Dave?" Al whoops, and he gives poor Dave a dig in the ribs, and then he gets him up on his feet, and Dave is looking a little flustered. "Everybody march," Al yells.

So in the men go to the front room, leaving the ladies all giving us the cold eye, and everybody knowing that we're going to be in the doghouse before this night's over.

Joe Armbruster says to me as I'm setting up the bridge table in the front room, "This ain't our fault, but we'll be blamed for it, Manny, so let's enjoy ourselves if we have to sweat for it."

This makes sense to everybody, and we get the card game going. I notice that at the other end of this railroad flat it's kind of quiet. All you can hear are the dishes being done. Our party gets kind of loosened up after we've been playing about an hour. I send out for a few cartons of beer, and that makes everybody even happier. Every once in a while one of the ladies looks in, but this don't bother us any more. We've all taken the bull by the horns, and it's all or nothing now.

"Mabel!" I yell once. "How's about a few ash trays in here?"

I don't get them, but it shows you how I feel. Even Dave Rosenthal, who has the roughest time of any of us at home, says that his wife can go fly a kite for all he cares. He don't say this very loud, but he says it.

Joe Armbruster says once to Al, "Hey, Al, how do you like Ida?"

"Who?" Al wants to know, so you see this party has been a flop from one standpoint if not from the other.

Joe's wife comes in at about ten o'clock and she says evenly, "I think we'll go home, Joe."

"Later," Joe says and he waves his cigar at her. "You go along, you want."

She goes along in a huff, and Mabel says to me, the ice in her voice, "Ida and her mother just left, Manny."

"What do you know," I say. "You hear that, Al? Ida went home."

"What's trump?" Al wants to know.

Dave's wife comes in, and she says grimly, "I've got your hat, Mr. Rosenthal."

"Eat it," Dave says, and Gertrude looks like she's going to faint.

I hear a door slam somewhere, and that's all we hear from the ladies this evening.

Our card game breaks up a little past twelve, and everybody's feeling happy.

"Happy birthday, Al," Joe says.

"Best one I ever had," Al grins. "Hey, where's the ladies?"

"Ida went home," Saul Ruskin smiles.

"Ida?" Al says. "Hey, I ever tell you about this Hilda?"

"She can knock down six highballs in a row without blinkin'," I say.

We all go outside on the stoop and we stand around awhile, smoking cigarettes, just talking a little, with nobody real anxious to go home, and it's not that anybody's worrying. This has been our night. Maybe it took Al Keefe to start us off, but we've taken the bit in our teeth now and we're not letting go.

Al is the first one to go. "Gotta get this hack back to the garage," he says. "Nice party, Manny."

"Don't mention it," I tell him.

The others stroll away soon after, and I hear Dave Rosenthal whistling as he goes down the block. Tomorrow he won't whistle maybe, but tonight is his night to howl.

I go into the house and I open the bedroom door, and Mabel says, "Sleep on the stoop."

"O.K.," I say. "It was my fault Al didn't go for Ida?"

"You didn't help much," she tells me.

"Al Keefe ran this party," I say. "You can't force love."

"Sleep on the stoop."

"Brother Al ain't the marryin' kind," I say.

"You were," she says, "which was my bad luck. Sleep on the stoop."

"Anyway you want to look at it," I say, "it was a good night. The supper was a knockout, and the cake ——"

"And the pinochle game," she tells me. "Of all things!"

"He wasn't lookin' at Ida even before the pinochle game," I say, "except to slap her on the back when she choked."

"He might have looked at her later," Mabel retorts.

"How could he look at anybody else with you around, baby?" I say.

"Oh, shut up," she says, but she don't sound so mad any more.

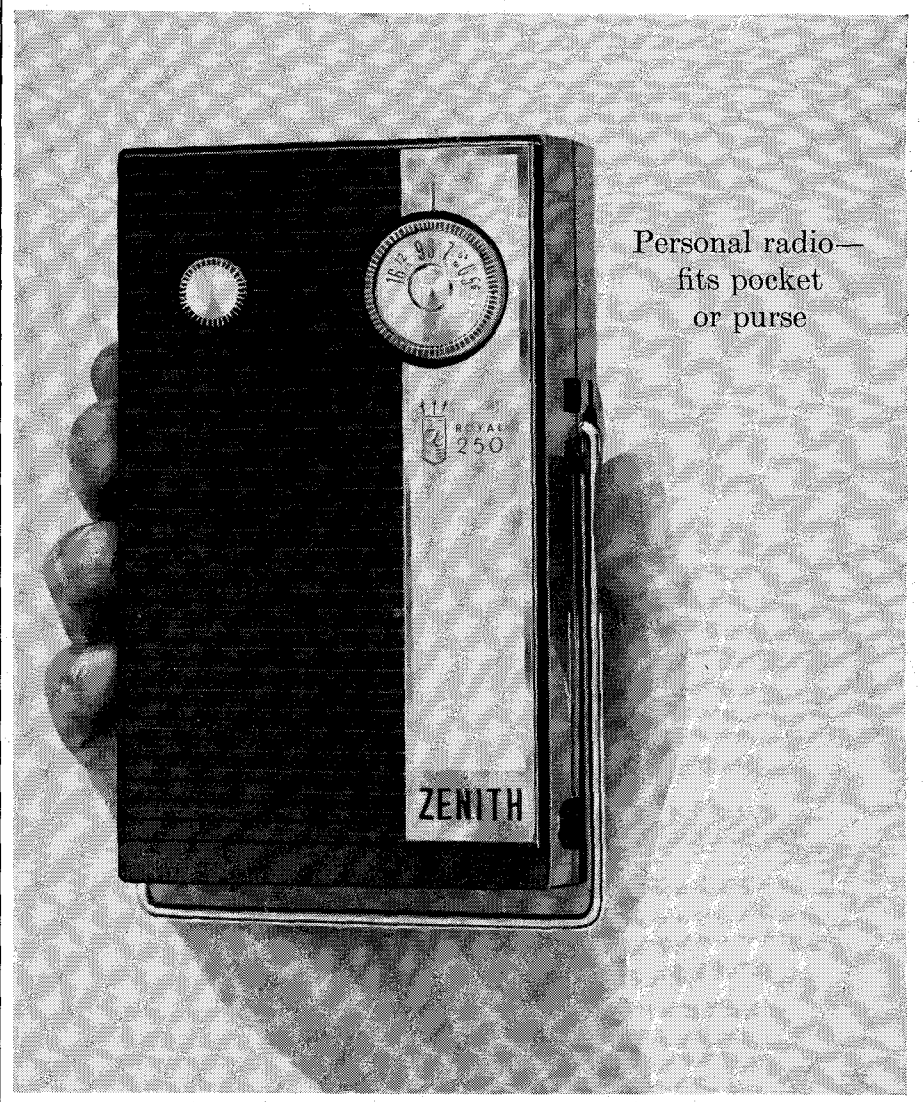
I go out into the kitchen and I finish up the last beer can in the refrigerator, and I smoke a cigarette, and I'm thinking that it really was a good night, and that the guys in the neighborhood still got a little get-up-and-go spirit when they need it, and thanks to brother Al.

Mabel calls after a while, "Manny Keefe, are you going to stay up all night?"

"Not me," I say.

So it was a good night. You know what I mean?

THE END



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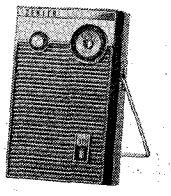

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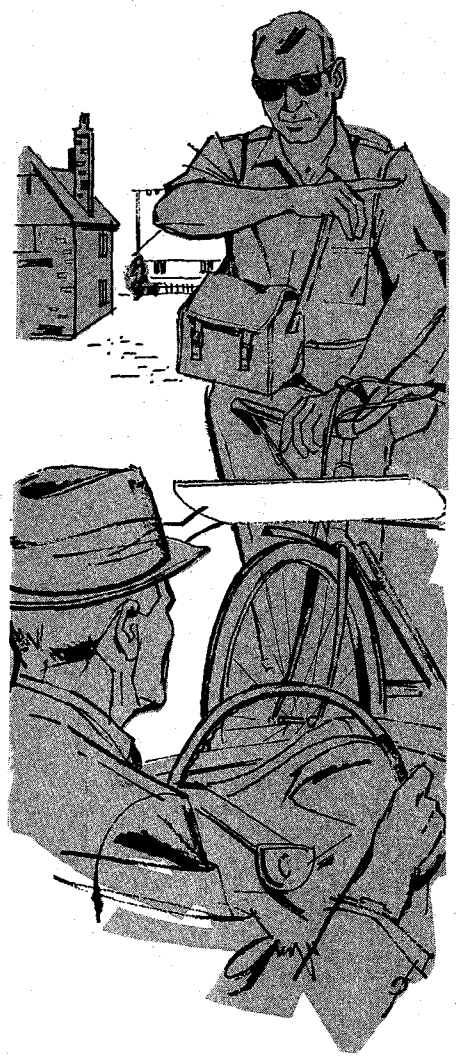

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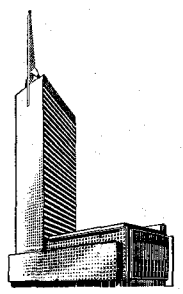

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Neighbors (Continued from Page 31)

and a man and a boy of eighteen or so got out. They climbed the fence and came across the strawberry patch. The man was Branch Wingate; the boy was his older son, Jamie. They stopped beside the tow-headed boy.

"What's the trouble, Johnny?"

Branch Wingate was a big man in size, and the biggest farmer, in acreage, in the valley. He had a broad, kindly face; at the same time everything about his manner suggested he was used to having his way.

"It's Pud," Johnny Wingate gasped. "He's down there."

Wingate dropped to his knees and put his ear to the pipe. He didn't ask questions. When he stood up he looked at his son reassuringly. "Don't worry. We'll get him out." He turned to Jamie. "Take the truck and bring back three or four of the men. Half a dozen shovels, too; and a couple of pickaxes."

Dan Clements rose to his feet and said quietly, "There won't be no digging done."

The Wingates, father and sons, looked at him in astonishment.

"What're you talking about?" Branch Wingate asked finally.

Dan repeated, "There won't be no digging."

Wingate had trouble keeping his voice under control. "Why not?"

Dan looked out across his empty fields. "I don't have water for irrigation and the drought took my crop before the seeds had a chance to sprout." His glance came back to the strawberry patch grimly. "This's all I got left."

Wingate followed his gaze around the small square of plants. The berries were a pale red against the shriveled leaves, and he snorted. "You couldn't get fifty dollars for them—if you could sell them at all. All they're good for is canning."

"They're all I got left," Dan answered simply.

Wingate turned to Jamie again. "Go get the men and shovels," he ordered. "We're only wasting time."

Dan watched the boy dart away and get in the truck and drive off. Then he said for the third time, "There won't be no digging done," and his big hands slowly clenched.

"You mean, you'd let the pup die down there?" Wingate asked incredulously.

Dan's hands unclenched, clenched again. Wingate spat into the dust disgustedly and swung on Johnny.

"Let's see how far down he is," he said and knelt by the hole. "You got any fish-line, son?"

Johnny shook his head.

Wingate looked over his shoulder at Dan. He started to say something, jerked his head toward the barn instead. "See what you can find in there," he directed.

Johnny scrambled to his feet and started toward the barn at a run. Wingate swung all the way around on his heels and scrutinized Dan. "How long you been living here?" he asked curiously.

Dan's lips tightened. "Three years."

Wingate's face registered surprise. "Don't remember ever seeing you in town."

"Don't get to town much," Dan answered shortly.

Wingate frowned. "I've been wondering who bought this place."

"If you'd wanted to find out"—Dan glanced toward the house at his wife, Hester, watching from the porch, and his voice grew bitter—"we've been right here."

Wingate was still scrutinizing him frowningly when Johnny burst around the corner of the house and came running back across the strawberry patch. Out of breath, he stopped beside his father and held out some white string wound around a stick.

"Good boy," Wingate said. He dug in his pocket and took out a heavy pocket knife. It had a loop handle on one end and he tied the string to this. Hunching over the pipe he lowered the knife into the hole, letting the string unwind slowly in his hands. Johnny knelt beside him. He was leaning forward intently, his eyes following every inch of the line as it played out.

Dan stood behind them, tense, rigid. Dan Clements was only thirty, but his weathered face was lined, and drawn in at the cheeks. In his eyes was a squint, the result of years of exposure to sun and trouble.

"There!"

The string had gone slack. At the same moment from the mouth of the pipe came two joyful barks. It was as though the knife touching him told Pud help was coming.

Wingate broke the string, then quickly, hand over hand, drew in the section that was in the pipe. It made a small pile beside him before the knife finally appeared.

"Here." He handed Johnny one end. "Stretch it out on the ground."

Johnny scrambled to obey. When the string lay flat between two rows of strawberry plants Wingate stood up and carefully paced it off. At the other end he turned.

"Down deeper than I thought," he muttered.

"How deep?" Johnny asked anxiously.

"Eleven feet." Wingate bent and, snapping his knife from the string, put it back in his pocket. "We'll have to dig a pretty big hole."

He squatted on the ground and, taking off his low-crowned hat, fanned his face. The sun was directly overhead, and it was hot. What breeze there was was hot too. It had been this way for weeks, and for six months before that there hadn't been enough rain to settle the dust clouding the air into a thin, gray haze.

"That beagle's got a pedigree a mile long," Wingate observed, more to himself than to Dan or Johnny. "Cost me a hundred bucks."

Johnny squatted down beside his father. "D'you think he's hurt?" he asked with fresh anxiety.

Wingate shook his head. "Scratched a little, maybe."

"But that whimpering," Johnny persisted.

"He's just scared," Wingate answered. "It don't sound like a hurt cry. There's a difference."

He rose to his feet as his truck came into sight and pulled off the highway by the fence. One of his Mexican laborers was in the cab with Jamie. Sitting on the floor in the back were two more. They got out and Jamie and the one in front got out. Carrying shovels and pickaxes they climbed over the fence and started across the strawberry patch.

When they drew up before Wingate, looking at him expectantly, he said, "He's down eleven feet. We'll have to dig below that and cut the pipe off with a torch. Run into town, Jamie, and borrow an outfit from one of the garages."

Jamie started back for the truck. A second truck had stopped behind it and a thin, short man was getting out. Jamie said a few words to him before driving off, and the man climbed the fence and came forward. His name was Joe Sayres and he owned the farm adjoining Dan's. He and Dan had never met, and he gave Dan only a brief glance now as he turned to Wingate.

"Need any help?" he asked.

"Grab a shovel," Wingate answered. "We've got a big job here." With his hands he cleared the dirt away from around the mouth of the pipe. "Begin here and dig out and away from it," he directed the Mexicans. "Throw your dirt as far as you can. The ground's soft and will cave if we dig a ditch straight down. We'll have to slant in; maybe from fifteen or twenty feet away."

"Is there someplace I can park him till he's needed?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"You do that and I lose my berries," Dan said.

"Can't be helped," Wingate answered.

Dan's mouth stretched into a white line. He hesitated an instant, then, turning on his heel, strode to the house. He kept his shotgun just inside the door. He broke it open, slipped in two shells, and stepped back out onto the porch. Hester was waiting for him by the railing.

"No, Dan," she pleaded.

Dan looked down into her face. It was thin, and tired, and worried. Hester Clements had known trouble, too; the same trouble that Dan had, but it had been harder on her.

"I've got to." He pressed her gently to one side. "I've got to, Hes."

He started back across the yard. The men in the strawberry patch were digging, but when they saw the shotgun they stood up and watched his approach warily. He came within a dozen yards, stopped with the gun barrel pointing at them.

"The next one to put a shovel in that dirt gets a load of buckshot in the legs," he warned.

"Well, I'll be damned," Wingate said in a flat, disbelieving voice.

Johnny moved close to his father. His eyes were despairing.

"This whole dried-up patch isn't worth what I paid for that pup," Wingate's arm swept a short, angry arc around him. "You mean to stand there and tell me you'd shoot a man for that?"

"I've told you four times," Dan reminded him. "Isn't that enough?"

The blood rose into Wingate's already red and sweating face. "I've met every kind of ornery character in my lifetime, but you, Clements ——"

"Get off my land," Dan interrupted harshly.

Wingate glared at him, the anger and disbelief growing in his eyes. Deliberately he turned his back and, picking up a shovel, began to dig. He dug the dirt away from one side of the pipe. He dug for nearly a minute, then tossed his shovel to Sayres. He motioned his men forward. With nervous glances at Dan the Mexicans spread out around the pipe. When he motioned to them again impatiently they drove their shovels into the soft earth.

Slowly, Dan lowered the shotgun until it was pointing at his feet. He was wet with sweat, yet shivering all through his body. He looked helplessly over his shoulder at Hester, as though to ask her forgiveness.

He stood rigidly and watched his strawberry patch being dug up. The hole Wingate had started grew deeper and broader, and beyond it a ring of dirt soon encircled the workers and covered the remaining plants.

For half an hour the work went on. Jamie returned with the acetylene torch and tanks. Jamie had gotten some gunny sacks out of his truck and soaked them in a bucket of water Hester had given him at the house. He wrapped them around the pipe. Wingate lighted his torch and, pulling the mask down over his face, began cutting.

It was slow, seemingly endless work. Jamie kept the gunny sack wet with water while two of the Mexicans steadied the pipe. Halfway around, Wingate had to stop and take off his mask for a breath of air, then he went at it again. Finally the job was done and the pipe lifted from the hole and laid on the ground. Jamie reached in and pulled out the plug of metal and dirt. He reached in again and gently drew out a squirming bundle of brown-and-white dog. He handed it over to Johnny, kneeling beside him.

With a joyous bark Pud scrambled up Johnny's chest and licked his face. Johnny hugged him, but Pud wriggled and licked him again, from chin to eyes. Laughing happily, Johnny let him.

Then Wingate climbed from the hole. The anger was gone from his face. He walked over to where Dan was standing and, drawing his wallet from his pocket, counted out some bills.

"An hour ago, Clements, I wouldn't have given you a dime for your strawberries, but that's all over now." He held out the bills. "Here's a hundred dollars. It ought to cover the damage."

Dan looked down at the money.

"Take it," Wingate said.

"No," Dan said and shook his head to emphasize the word. "Your boy's dog had to be got out. He couldn't have been left there to die."

Wingate stared at him in surprise. "Then why in blazes did you raise such a ruckus over it?"

Dan returned the big man's stare without answering.

"He won't never tell you," Hester's voice spoke suddenly behind him, "but I don't mind if I do."

Dan didn't turn to look at her. There wasn't any use trying to stop her. He could tell by the determined tone of her voice.

"Our boy, Danny, fell off the shed roof three months ago and hurt himself," Hester went on. "Dan sold all the stock and machinery that wasn't broke down to pay the doctor and hospital bills. This strawberry patch was going to buy Danny a special kind of bed. He's paralyzed and has to be in bed the rest of his life," she finished in a low, strained voice.

"I guess a man wants something so bad sometimes he don't think straight," Dan said, and the same strained, tired note was in *his* voice.

Wingate drew in his breath. He was still holding out the money. "It's yours," he urged.

Dan took Hester by the arm and started back for the house. He walked out of the strawberry patch and across the yard. He walked at a slow, even pace. He walked with his back straight and his head up. He didn't once look back.

Wingate's hand holding the money sank to his side. "He apologized to us—when all the time we should've been apologizing to him!" His face twisted in a grimace.

"For digging up his strawberries?" Sayres asked skeptically.

Wingate shook his head. "I live down the road half a mile, and you live just over the hill there, and in three years neither one of us took the trouble to even find out who lived here. They could've starved to death for all we'd have known—or cared."

He swung around on the Mexicans. "Fill in the hole," he ordered. To Sayres he said flatly, "I'm going to town and get that bed."

"Clements won't accept it," Sayres predicted.

"Dan Clements is one of those proud men who'd never ask for help—but who deserve it," Wingate replied. "He loves his boy. He won't refuse if I make it a present from Johnny." A second thought came to him, and he added, "It might not be a bad idea, either, if tomorrow or the next day our womenfolks paid a call on his wife. I think she could do with some female company."

Sayres stared out across Dan Clements' empty, brown fields. "With all the water I've got we could've easily saved his crops," he murmured.

The two men looked at each other, then looked away quickly, shamefacedly.

THE END

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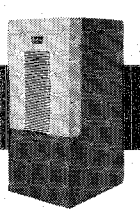

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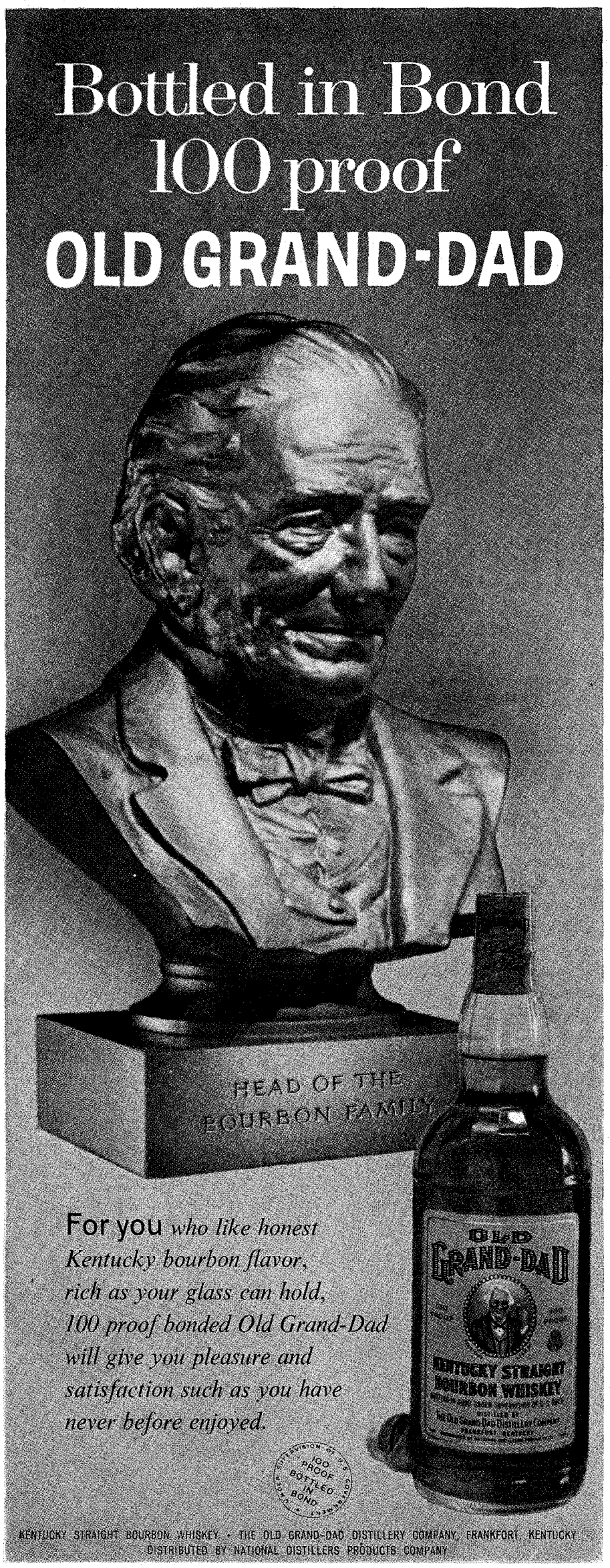
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The Fugitive Grandmothers

(Continued from Page 35)

Laura put in, "And have time to freshen up and change before you go to a nice restaurant for dinner." Laura then kissed Evie and her mother good-by and, without a word to Arthur, left.

"Let's go," Evie muttered, "before Arthur sounds off."

He noticed her stiffness as she climbed in behind the wheel, and asked, "You didn't forget your blood-pressure medicine, mom?"

"It's in my grip," she said shortly.

A wispy little girl came running out of the house in flapping sandals. This was Arthur's Linda, and she thrust a folded paper at Pink. "Pop says you're going to see a celebrity tonight—and this is a page out of my autograph book—and will you get his autograph for me—because my girl friend got one from Van Cliburn?"

Pink took the paper, promised, "I sure will, honey-babe." . . . If ever a kid needed mothering, it was this leggy, little ten-year-old. That chilly Laura!

"Let's go," Evie said again, as though she knew what was coming from her son. Pink knew too.

Judge Jarvis was not only the city's youngest judge but the most ruthless in traffic court. He was waging a dedicated campaign to make a jail sentence mandatory on the third speeding offense. "Judge Jarvis for jailing three-time speeders," ran newspaper headlines.

There was this strange thing about Evie Jarvis. Her own locomotion was labored because of knees that were always swelling. But behind a wheel, her foot kept pressing the gas pedal. She always said, "I'm so slow taking off, I have to race to get there on time."

Nor did her sedate, dark-green, eight-year-old car look like the kind that accumulated speeding tickets. But it had—both in the city and on the highway. "I've paid for those pretty pants the highway patrolmen wear," she admitted to Pink.

As Pink got into the car, Arthur laid an entreating hand on her arm. "Now, Pink, you hold mother down. She's had enough run-ins with the highway patrol—the next one is *it*. I'd hate to see her license taken away—and you know I can't lift a hand to save her from a jail sentence."

"I'll hold her down," Pink promised.

At that point Linda called from the door, "Phone, dad!" and Arthur hurried in to answer it.

"Let's get on our way," Evie muttered again, and lost no time in doing it.

But they didn't head immediately toward the highway and Laramie. They stopped at their favorite drive-in and sat, leisurely drinking root beers and eating peanuts. They took the same perverse satisfaction in defying their children as they once had in defying their parents.

"That ramrod of a Laura," Pink said. "If she just had Arthur and Linda to mother, she wouldn't be worrying so much about bringing me up right."

"As a cook, I'm a washout," Evie grumbled. "No wonder Arthur and Linda look spindly. I wish he'd marry."

Pink summed it up on a sighing giggle, "All this talk about children being burdened by their old parents! And here we are, trying to slough them off so we can live our own lives." They sucked up another sudsy drink, ate more peanuts.

An hour later they wound a tedious way through city streets and on to the new four-lane highway going north. "The petunias are calling," Evie said.

"Begonias," Pink corrected. "Tuberous."

Once as they drove along, Evie lamented not cashing a check someplace; but Pink assured her that she had money—about ten bucks.

The miles ticked off behind them. They were bowling happily northward and Evie, her eyes lowered to the mileage gauge, was just saying, "We're halfway there," when Pink saw the unmistakable white car with the unmistakable one light on its forehead. The highway patrol.

The patrolman, in passing, shot a swift look at them. Then he gave a peremptory toot of horn and motioned with a blue-clad arm out of his window. Pink caught a glimpse of dark glasses under a visored cap, and a nose peeling from sunburn.

"Evie! He motioned to us. I think he meant you to stop."

Evie's aghast eyes sought the mirror. The patrol car hadn't been able to stop or even to slow down because of the string of cars behind it. She kept right on, her hands frozen to the wheel. "He motioned me down! Why, the hairy ape! I wasn't going a bit faster than the car ahead of me. Why didn't he catch *him?*"

Black thoughts swirled in both their minds. License revoked for Eva Jarvis on her third offense. Maybe a jail sentence. But the worst—oh, the worst of all—was what Judge Arthur Jarvis would say.

The highway dipped and, at the foot of the dip, a dirt road led off to the right. Almost without volition, the green car careered off the highway onto it. Unfortunately, the road took a turn and ran almost parellel to and within sight of the highway.

Ahead of them, a huge slatted truck, with a horse trailer attached, was stopped in the road. Like a panicky child running for cover, the green car hurtled up on the lee side of the truck and stopped. Two blond young men lay on the ground working on the trailer hitch while an older man, who looked like Buffalo Bill without a goatee, gave advice. The three turned to the two women, and Pink said shakily, "We're dodging the highway patrol."

Evie added, "I wasn't going a bit faster than the car ahead of me—honest."

The men grasped the situation at once. The young ones wormed out from under the trailer and looked toward the highway. One yelled, "Hey, Uncle Pappy, throw us that tarp off the seat."

They all scrambled to pull the dusty, greasy tarp over the car. Uncle Pappy patted the backs of Evie and Pink and said, "Don't you worry, girlies. We'll protect you from them bloodsuckers."

The five of them peered cautiously around the truck at the highway. "It'll take him a spell to turn around," someone said. And then—they saw the white car with its Cyclopean eye traveling toward Laramie. It didn't even pause at the turnoff.

The fugitives drew a breath of relief. They had escaped.

Their rescuers related their own troubles. They'd bought this gray filly over Fort Collins way and hooked on the trailer, but the hitch on their truck had worked loose. "You wouldn't have a ratchet wrench with you?" they asked.

No, but Evie pointed out the trailer hitch on the back of her car, and one of the young men said, "By dog!—how about us latching the horse trailer onto you? We just live up the road a ways."

The two agreed—they were in no hurry to get to Laramie. And certainly in no hurry to get back on the highway.

The blond brothers were Clyde and Dale, and they explained that they'd gone to town to get a mess of fryers out of the locker. "Dorie'll be fit to be tied because we been gone so long." Dorie, at home,

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was waiting to fry the chicken for the supper and barn dance this evening up the creek a ways at the Johnsons'.

The cavalcade of truck, car and trailer rode into the farm and stopped in front of a red barn. Simultaneously, out of the house darted a young woman with a baby bouncing on her hip and two little blond girls keeping pace with her.

That would be Dorie, and she *was* fit to be tied.

No introductions were made, or were necessary. Dorie aligned the women on her side as she tearfully reproached the menfolks. They *knew* she had promised the Johnsons to be over early to help make potato salad. She had kept the skillets hot for hours to fry the chickens, and she ought to be at the Johnsons' right now, peeling potatoes and onions.

Pink heard herself saying, "I can fry the chickens, if you want to go on, Dorie. And the menfolks can bring them over later."

That would be perfect, Dorie said in relief. "And you two come with them." There was the hubbub of unloading the filly, and loading up salad dressing, pies, folding chairs and the baby, with Dorie. The two little girls could show Pink where things were in the kitchen. Dorie turned in the truck seat to yell back, "The propane is getting low."

In the large kitchen with purring refrigerator, a sink with pump attached, and two skillets waiting on the stove, Pink unwrapped a package of chicken as large as a bundle of laundry. The fryers were well defrosted by now. The men settled themselves at the table. They had to play a few rounds of poker to decide which one was to replace the used-up cylinder of propane with a full one.

"You ladies want to sit in?" they asked.

"I do," Pink said, crowding floured pieces of chicken into skillets. "Haven't played for years, but ——"

"Like milkin' or prayin'—you never forget," she was told.

White, red, blue chips. Nickel, dime, quarter. Five-card stud with a two-bit limit. Evie didn't play, but Uncle Pappy pulled her down beside him. "Sit by me, girlie, and bring me luck."

Pink sat on a high stool close to the stove so she could ease over and turn chicken with a long fork and say from there, "I'll stay," or "I better fold."

The frying and the game went on. Evie and Pink were moved up in Uncle Pappy's estimation from "girlie" to "lovey." He was driving to Texas right after the hoe-down tonight, to pick up a quarter-horse to train for the stock show. "Whyn't you two loveys come along with me?"

"Sweeten the pot," Clyde told him.

Pink's small helper announced, "The propane is out."

Dale, low man, rushed out and returned shortly, redolent of gas, to pant, "Deal me in."

Pink lost her five dollars' worth of chips and bought another stack. The last of the chicken was crowded into a skillet, and Dale reached up to flick on a light in the dusk when Pink, with an ace in the hole, drew another and began bumping every bet. Glancing stoveward, she saw smoke rising from the skillet, and she leaped to her feet and found that the middle pieces were scorched.

"We're waitin' for you, lovey," Uncle Pappy said. "Callin' or hikin'?"

Pink hiked twice and called. Her whole pile of chips was in the pot. Clyde's three fives won it. "Doggone," she said, "if the chicken hadn't burned, I'd have seen your two fives showing, and my aces, back to back, wouldn't have gone to my head."

The telephone was ringing. It was Dorie at the Johnsons' urging them to hurry because the food was being set out, and to bring the ladies right along.

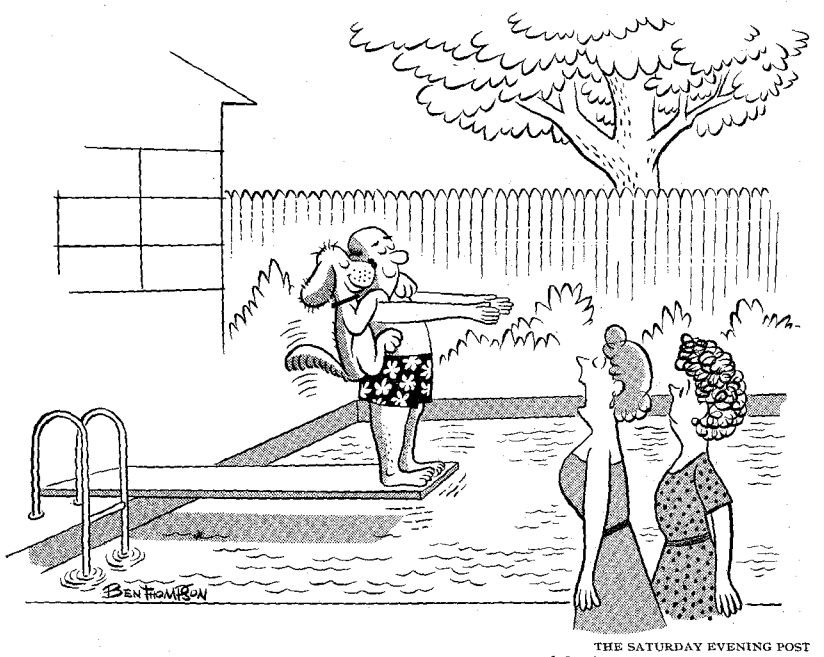
The ladies went right along. They had to eat somewhere and, because of Pink's aces, they couldn't pay for a meal in a restaurant. Besides, Clyde said he'd show them a shortcut from the Johnsons' to the highway that would put them into Laramie before they knew it.

Up the creek a ways was twelve miles. For Pink and Evie it was like moving back into their girlhood—food and children and smiles in carload lots. The children as well as grownups, had red-rimmed mouths from the cherry cider drawn from kegs. The men were getting a stronger brew from the pump house.

The fiddler's tuning up drew the crowd to the barn. It now developed that the piano player would have to be plied with strong coffee before he could sit on the piano bench without falling off.

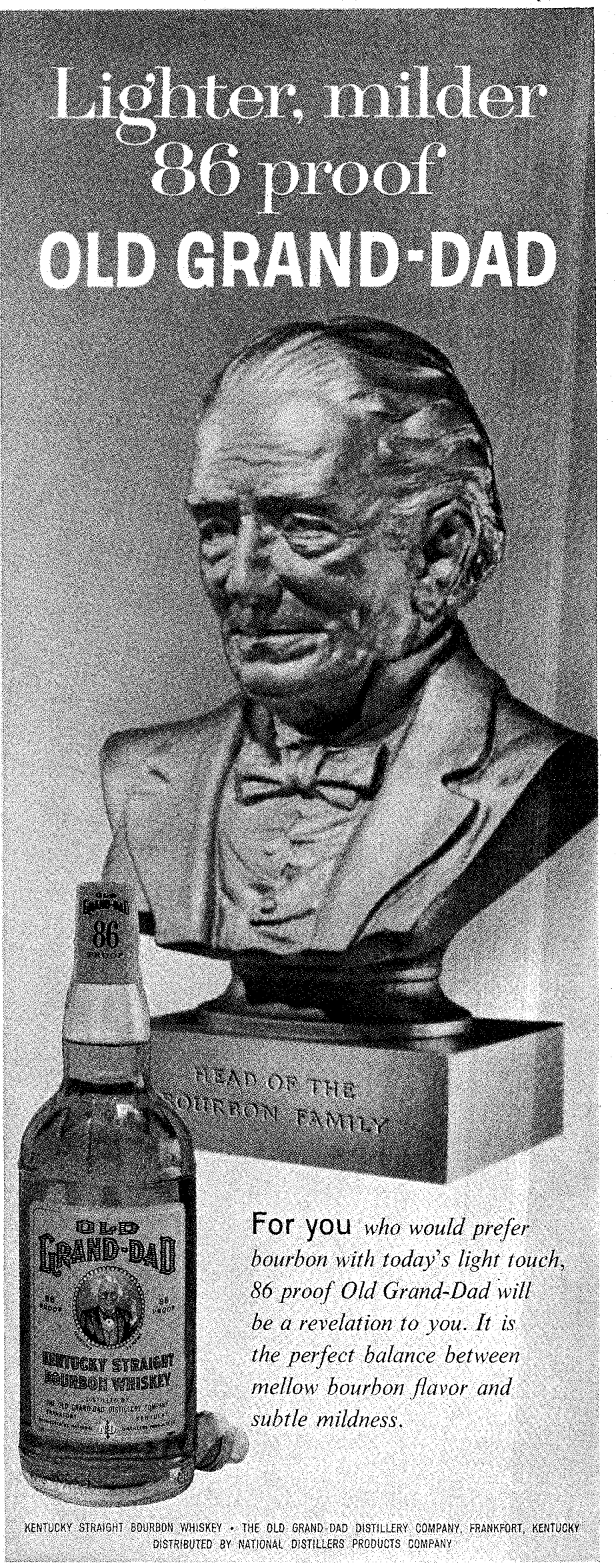
Evie said she'd be glad to play. "Unless," she asked Pink, "you want to hear Bennett Cerf?" Pink giggled, "I could live without it. Just so we get to Laramie in time to water the begonias."

Pink danced. With Clyde and Dale, with anyone who asked her. Merrily she allemande-lefted and was swung on corners. Uncle Pappy, like the piano player, had made so many trips to the pump



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're practically inseparable."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house that he schottisched through a waltz with her, still insisting, "You gotta go to Texas with me, lovey."

The night was well along, and Pink was dancing with a lanky fifteen-year-old when she noticed two things: The soles of her sandals were worn through, and Uncle Pappy was now concentrating his affections on Evie. He was all but crowding her off the piano bench. Evie's round face was flushed. She caught Pink's eye and motioned her over.

Uncle Pappy was urging, "Come on now, petty-doll, we're goin' to Texas."

Evie kept right on thumping the piano and Pink had to bend close to catch her words, "We got to get out of here fast! Get our car on the road and leave the motor running and the door open. I'll make a run for it."

"O.K." Pink whispered.

Pink edged her way through the swarm of children playing hide-and-seek outside the barn. It was a ticklish job, getting the car out from among all those parked around it. She had just managed to do so when she saw Evie hobbling swiftly toward her.

But Evie wasn't fast enough. The swaying Uncle Pappy caught up with her and grabbed her arm. "You can't leave me, honey-bee!" Evie squirmed and twisted in vain—and then a hide-and-seeker ran smack into Uncle Pappy, knocking him flat. Evie was free, but Uncle Pappy's grip had ripped loose her sleeve, so that when she plunked into the driver's seat it hung by only an inch of stitching.

With a snort, the green car took off and raced wildly down a dirt road.

They came to a wider road that must be the short cut to Laramie, and took it. In happy unconcern, they drove for hours—until finally Pink cried out, "Land ahead!" In the distance, truck lights could be seen traveling along what could be only a highway. They came to the highway at last, and Evie turned onto it. "Farewell, Uncle Pappy," she cried. "Doxheimer petunias, here we come!"

"Begonias—tuberous begonias," said Pink.

They couldn't find the paper with the Doxheimer address on it. But Evie remembered Arthur's explaining that the highway going into Laramie was the same as Second Street. The Doxheimers were on Ninth. It would be easy enough just to cruise down Ninth and look for a porch box of petunias—no, tuberous begonias. When it was daylight, that is.

At the edge of town they stopped at a roadside diner for coffee. "Have we got enough money?" Evie asked. They looked into purses. Each had only a spattering of silver.

They sat in a booth and drank coffee. They drank more coffee and had an order of hot cakes each.

They left in the chill daylight and drove until they reached the town proper. Then, following Arthur's directions, they turned right. They counted off seven blocks and, on what had to be Ninth Street, slowed to a crawl, Evie scanning every house on the right and Pink on the left.

"These petunias—what color would they be?"

"I'm not up on my tuberous begonias," Pink said. "They might be —— Lookee!" She pointed excitedly.

There was the only porch box on the whole street, overrun with masses of large, fragile pink blossoms. The Doxheimers' at last. They stopped the car and got out. Evie's feet were so swollen that Pink helped her up the porch steps. Sure enough, the key was under the flower box.

The door opened easily. On the wall facing the door was a most inviting couch. Evie collapsed on it and kicked off her shoes. Her dangling sleeve worried her.

"I'll water the petunia-begonias," Pink announced, "and then we can bed ourselves down for a spell."

In an immaculate kitchen Pink looked about for some utensil to carry water in. She found an ornate silver pitcher in the cupboard. On the table was a pile of papers weighted down by a stapler. She carried it and the pitcher into the living room. "Evie, peel off your dress and let me try stapling the sleeve in."

Evie unzipped it and was bent at right angles, pulling the dress off over her head, when the door was thrust open and a prim, gray-suited little man stepped in—and halted, staring in speechless amazement.

No word was spoken until Evie, sensing an alien presence, flurried her dress back in position. The man took an outraged stance and demanded, "And to what do I owe the honor of this intrusion?"

"Intrusion!" Evie gulped. "My son Arthur phoned you. He said you said for us to come and make ourselves at home after we heard Bennett Cerf."

"I wasn't aware of any such plans," the man snapped. "I drove over last evening to hear Cerf myself." His eyes switched to Pink. "I'll take that Revere pitcher you're holding."

Pink quavered, "I was going to water your petunias—I mean, your begonias."

"Those are not petunias, and not begonias. They are dwarf Lady Marlowes, and the only ones of their kind in all Cheyenne."

In all—*Cheyenne?* Stupidly, Pink and Evie looked at each other. They were in Cheyenne. In their wandering over dirt roads last night they had come upon the wrong highway.

Evie shoved her puffy feet into pumps, and stood up. Despite her dangling sleeve, she spoke with schoolteacher dignity. "I'm very sorry we mistook your house and your petun—flowers for those of our friend. It just happened that the description fitted either one."

"And Arthur said the key would be under the flower box," Pink added.

"I always leave it there while my morning tea steeps and I go for my paper." Miraculously, he unbent. "I can see that you ladies are hopelessly confused. Allow me to call your son for more explicit directions, so that I can escort you there." He reached for the telephone. "What did you say his last name is?"

"We didn't say."

In horrified accord, they snatched up purses and coats and made for the door. His concerned voice followed them onto the porch, "I'll be happy to call your son—so you'll find the right house."

"We found the right house—and the right box of petunias," Evie said. "We just found the wrong town."

They didn't look back. They ran on, bumping against each other drunkenly, their hands cupped over their mouths while they vainly tried to silence their snorts and shrieks. They were too broke to do anything but go back home.

They started on the hundred-mile homeward trek, watching for a gas station at which Evie could use her credit card. Finally, they saw one and drew in.

Evie asked the young attendant if he could cash a small check. He said dubiously that he guessed his father could, but he was out with the tow truck. He walked around to the back of their car and said, "Colorado license, huh? A 1950 green two-door. Did that highway patrol ever catch up with you?"

Alarm made Evie's voice shrill. "What do you mean—catch up with us?"

"I don't know. He just stopped here this morning and asked dad if he'd seen

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a 1950 green two-door sedan with two women and a Colorado license."

"Was his nose peeling from sunburn?" Pink asked.

Yeh, he guessed so.

Evie's fingers shook as she signed for the gas. "Is there any way of going south from here besides the highway?"

Well, if they wanted to backtrack, but that was a lousy road and took them all around Robin Hood's barn. Pink shook out the scanty cash in her purse and gave it to him. "If he comes back, don't say you saw us. Don't tell which road we took."

It seemed a long way back to the cut-off, what with their watching ahead and behind, their hearts turning over at sight of any white car. Pink shared Evie's guilt. She had promised Arthur to hold his mother down to the speed limit. Why hadn't she, instead of laughing and yack-yacking like a giddy fool?

With a great sag of relief, they turned onto the poorer road. "He *couldn't* have got your license number," Pink said. "All he knew was a green car with two women in it. Once we get home, we'll be as safe as in God's hip pocket."

Even so, they drove their circuitous way on and on, through one little town after another, silent, tense—and hungry. It was late afternoon when they reached the city limits and Evie said, "This *is* our city, isn't it?"

They could laugh again, for city streets were not a highway patrolman's bailiwick. They drove on in a lethargy of content. This trip had provided them with paid-up laugh insurance. No matter how tedious and drab a day was, they would have only to hear words like begonia or highway patrol or Bennett Cerf for laughter to bubble through their souls.

They decided to stop at Evie's home so she could change out of her ripped dress. "And I'll go ahead and cook up a meal," Pink said hungrily.

"Do you suppose it'd do any good to ask Laura to come over?" Evie hazarded.

Pink sighed hopelessly over her daughter. "No. That stiff-necked spinster."

She was delving into her purse to see if she might have overlooked a candy bar, when she pulled out a folded and very blank page. The autograph she had promised poor little Linda! She had forgotten it completely.

"Golly," she grieved. "Where could we find a good-natured man we could ask to sign Bennett Cerf's name to this?"

They were startled by the screech of brakes beside them. A white car with that one light on its forehead! This time there was no mistaking the peremptory arm that waved them to the curb. Over the racket of their hearts, they noted every detail of the man who climbed out of it—visored cap, dark glasses, sunburned nose. He was lithe and young—but he was a black vulture shutting out the sunny day and their paid-up laugh insurance. He asked, "Does one of you ladies happen to be Mrs. Jarvis?"

Evie's trapped voice said, "I am."

He rested his arms chummily on the window frame. "Well, if that ain't something! Just when I'm heading to your house to report no luck in finding you, I find you."

His voice went on drumming in their ears. They had no sooner driven off, he said, than Judge Jarvis saw his mother's overnight grip sitting on the curb. He had called the chief of the highway patrol and said that it had her medicine in it, so the chief phoned a stop order ahead on the highway. He had sent him—the peeling-nosed one—to pick up the grip and get it to her.

Evie's dazed eyes turned to Pink. Mrs. Jarvis' overnight grip! They hadn't missed it. Neither one had been to bed the night before, so there had been no occasion to get out their bags.

The patrolman was saying, "I've been fanning that Laramie road ever since. Was just sure I saw you once—and then it was like the highway opened up and swallowed you. I feel terrible about it. Because the chief said your son was worried about you not having your blood-pressure medicine."

Evie rallied with a beautiful smile. "I didn't need it. Did you report to your chief that you didn't find us?"

"No, not yet."

"Then don't. We'll just let everyone think you caught up with us and gave us the grip."

He deposited it in the car and was turning away when Pink said, "Wait just a minute. Will you do something for us? We were supposed to get an autograph for a little girl, and she'll be so disappointed. So would you mind just signing this page? Just say, 'Best Wishes, Bennett Cerf.'"

He turned it over in his mind before he took the ballpoint pen she proffered. "As long as there's no fine print saying, 'I promise to pay,' I guess I can."

He braced the paper against the car, signed it, folded it and handed it to Pink, who dropped it in her purse. He drove off with a flourish. They drove on, shaky and grateful, and stopped in front of the Jarvis house.

Would surprises never end? There on the steps sat Arthur, Laura and little Linda—like a waiting family. Like an irate family they hurried out to meet them. Evie hastily pulled on her polo coat to hide her rent sleeve.

Laura's reproaches rained down. Where had they been? What in the world had happened? Arthur had been so upset about the grip with the medicine that he started calling the Doxheimer number at five-thirty last evening. Then he called Laura and they both worried. . . .

"Every twenty minutes, except for the Cerf lecture, Long Distance reported there was no answer," Arthur said with a wan grin. "And in between I sat by, waiting for some J.P. to call and tell me you were in the poky."

"Why, the very idea!" both women exclaimed. Pink added, "We had a little trouble finding the Doxheimers—so we went someplace else."

Laura, who was wearing an apron and didn't look at all like a chilly touch-me-not, said, "Poor Arthur got a sick headache."

"But not after Laura came over this morning and made us waffles and coffee," Arthur said. His hand dropped on her shoulder, and she beamed up at him.

The two women in the car kicked each other. The kick said, "Imagine that! Their stewing about us pushed them together." It even said, "Now we can start living our own lives—hurray!"

Laura, all housewifely bustle, said, "Arthur, we left the pressure cooker on." They both hurried toward the house, calling back, "We decided we could all stand a hot meal."

As the two climbed happily from the car, Linda clutched at Pink. "Did you get my autograph?"

"I sure did, honey babe." She extracted the page, smoothed out its creases, and her eyes fell on it. "Evie," she gasped, "what was this lecture—that we were supposed to go to—about?"

"American humorists."

Pink said gravely, "Linda lamb, this is a humorous autograph."

"That's nice," the little girl smiled.

The page that would go into her loose-leaf autograph album read, "Best Wishes, Bennett Surf." THE END

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World in Revolution (Continued from Page 33)

collapse of state structures, some derived from Western, others from Soviet political philosophy, and from the two World Wars. The ensuing catastrophes can but unleash still more violent revolutionary movements.

Today, the atomic stalemate resolves itself into an American-Russian equation. It reflects the calculations of two leaderships that, despite ideological differences, are both seasoned wielders of power. Both preside over highly developed industrial societies, and both are therefore vulnerable. Both aim, though for different reasons, to reach their objectives without waging nuclear war. But once the smaller nations achieve nuclear power, current assumptions about the atomic stalemate may have to be drastically revised. Have-nots tend to succumb to extremist leadership. Fanaticism, combined with greed and armed with apocalyptic weapons, will not likely counsel a self-restraint which even the coolly calculating diplomacy of the richest, most self-confident nations finds it difficult to maintain.

The United States and Russia have everything to lose and little to gain by a nuclear war. If this were not so, the recent policies of both would have been senseless. But the nuclear-powered dictator of a have-not country would confront both the United States and Russia with problems not to be solved by their present nuclear equation. An excitable, reckless leader of a people who have been freed from foreign rule, but not from their poverty and feelings of inferiority, would probably attempt nuclear blackmail and, if blackmail failed, might fire his weapons. He would have everything to win, little to lose.

Sociologists are familiar with the phenomenon of the suicidal drive amid social breakdowns. Individuals as well as groups, unhinged by the dissolution of traditional patterns, sometimes seek their own destruction. Thus, a frustrated dictator could be expected to immolate himself, his people, and all mankind. The disintegration of Asian political and social structures provides a climate conducive to such a holocaust.

The collapse of empires, population growth, the disintegration of old cultures, shifts in the balance of power, new weapons—these things have almost always led to revolution and war. Out of conflict there then emerged a universal order in the image and under the domination of one power. Once again the establishment of such a universal order is the sole alternative to chaos. The great question remains—in the image of what power will a universal order prevail?

The term revolution implies profound, rapid change. An old order dissolves, the new emerges. New rulers replace old ones. Men sense the quickening tempo of events, accept, or try to reject the break with the past. And the transition is marked by violence. These were the characteristics of the French and Russian revolutions. Both produced international as well as national revolutions. The two World Wars were revolutionary.

It is easy to identify these milestones of modern revolution. It is more difficult to relate them to a general development, what can be called a systemic revolution, which, in different ways, occurs in all countries, affects all men, and lasts indefinitely. Cycles of history, completed long ago, afford a better insight into this systemic world revolution than specific recent upheavals. One such vast, prolonged cycle transformed the ancient world. It started with the Peloponnesian War and reached its climax in the Roman civil wars which pitted first Pompey against Caesar, then Caesar's heirs against one another. Its focal stages were Athens and Rome, but it was confined to no one city or country. It raged through the entire Mediterranean region—the universe of the ancients. When it had run its course of four centuries, one state had supplanted the sovereignties of many separate states. A new order had been established, not only for Rome and Athens, for Italy and Greece, but for all the Mediterranean peoples. Similarly, the slow decline of the Roman Empire was a revolution that transcended any one clearly identifiable civilization. The evolving system bore little resemblance to the Roman political and moral values. Those the new order submerged. The Renaissance and Reformation in turn recast Europe. The emergent system of nation-states marked a break with feudalism as decisive as that which loosened the Roman imperial grip from the ancient world.

The present generation faces a bewildering and unprecedented paradox. Unlimited resources lie within our reach. We stand at the threshold of a rich universal civilization. Yet our survival is in doubt. So terrible is this dilemma, so pressing the demands of the hour, that we incline to mistake each bend of the road for a historic turning point. In reality our plight is but the current episode of a long epic, whose outcome no man can foretell. We may surmise, however, that destiny has placed us in the midst of a revolutionary epoch, comparable to those which accompanied the passing of the city-state, Roman imperialism and the breakdown of European feudalism.

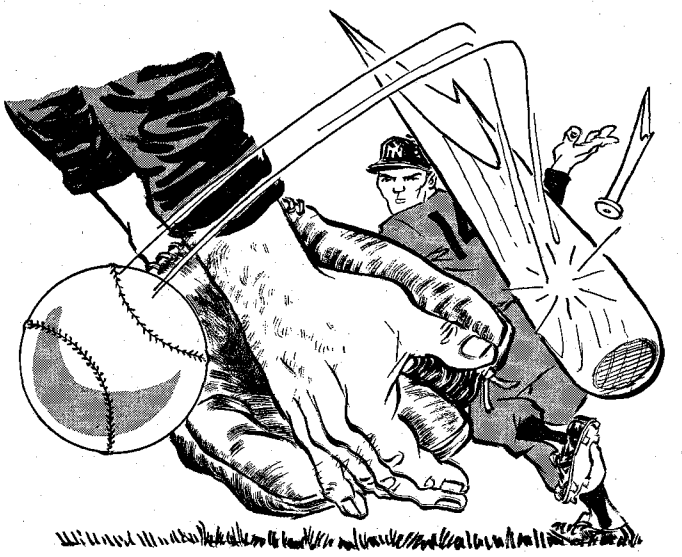
During each of these systemic revolutions, states fought each other. But international war was also civil war, for the disturbance of the system affected all the parts, erasing the distinctions between civil and external, national and international. Each upheaval followed a pattern, baffling to the participants, but meaningful to posterity. The pattern of systemic revolution is woven from the actions of masses of men who may neither understand nor necessarily desire the end result. Thus, to those who had fought in the First World War nothing seemed settled. The world had not been made safer for democracy; the power of Germany had not been broken; and the quarrels among the victors made certain that the great war to end all wars would be followed by a greater war. And it now appears that World War II produced results that few men who fought in it thought it would produce. At the end of a war fought for the liberation of Europe, half of Europe exchanged the yoke of the Nazis for that of the Communists. German and Japanese imperialism had been defeated—only to smooth the path for the more ambitious and insidious imperialism of the Soviets and Communist China. The war settled, once and for all, the fate of the nation-state—the two emergent superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union, now dwarfed a congeries of so-called independent nations actually more or less dependent on them. Historic design exists, but not consciously or rationally. No man or group of men controls it. For those caught in its meshes, this remains an unfathomable riddle.

A paradoxical feature of the systemic revolution has been the decline of the nation-state system in the West, side by side with the rise of the new states in Asia and Africa, each stridently affirming the prerogatives of national sovereignty. In the West, the creative force of nationalism has long been exhausted. It arose from the secularization of European society beginning with the Renaissance and achieved its apotheosis in the French Revolution and the French nation-state. The idea of the nation-state, a French idea, swept Europe. It triggered countermovements that defeated Napoleon's empire and culminated in the unification of Germany and Italy. At the beginning of this century nationalism shattered the last surviving forms of dynastic integration—the empires of the Hapsburgs, the Romanovs and the Ottoman sultans, and spawned the small nation-states of Central and Eastern Europe. The peacemakers of 1919 wrote the concept of national self-determination into the grand settlement of World War I and thus unwittingly put the finishing touches to what has been called the "modern state system." From its inception the arrangement proved neither systematic nor modern. The forces of nationalism turned destructively upon themselves and confounded those trying to establish peaceful order without frustrating national aspirations.

After World War II, a score of independent nations were added to the international community. Several wars for national independence were fought, and some of these still rage today. Yet never has national independence been as much at the mercy of supranational forces as it is today. How then can a universal order be established which will both safeguard the freedom of peoples and maintain peace? As in preceding epochs, systemic change is consummated in a revolutionary conflict encompassing all lands, all peoples, all levels of society. Hence an effective strategy for waging the struggle toward new order must be a revolutionary strategy, one that diverts the forces on the loose in politics, economics, culture, science and technology to the creation of novel political forms. This is the great challenge which the systemic revolution poses to Western statesmanship.

If the nation-state is no longer a viable unit, then only two alternatives remain—empire or federation. The former is hierarchical—one nation dominates. The latter is a voluntary association; no single federating state, however powerful, dominates the others. All are equals under rules mutually agreed upon. The theme of federation recurs in the history of many peoples. It is, however, the Western democracies who have furthest advanced the theory and practice of federation. The key to the problem of the systemic crisis lies in the West's federal experience. If that experience teaches anything, it teaches that there is no one sure formula for federation. There are many, and none is simple, for the basic concept presupposes the reconciliation of many views. To federate is to strike a balance between a high degree of local option and solidarity in the execution of specific tasks. History shows that a federation at its inception must be relatively loose. All successful federations have grown slowly; the way of empire is quick and usually short.

Perhaps the most strikingly new development of the postwar era has been the growth of regional groupings of states and their transformation into permanently functioning treaty organizations, such as the Organization of American States, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and the South East (Continued on Page 66)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Here's a play, based on an actual incident elsewhere, in which the batter wound up with half a bat and the umpire had a full-sized problem.

Say the Yankees and Indians are in a scoreless duel, with the New Yorkers coming to bat in the top of the fifth. Bill Skowron, first up, takes a fierce swipe at the ball. But it hits his bat handle and breaks the bat in two.

The ball bounces slowly down the third-base line. Before it passes third base, the fat end of the bat overtakes the ball in fair territory and thumps it over the foul line. It rebounds into the stands.

This freakish outcome brings the Indian manager onto the field, shouting that the ball is foul. The Yankee manager is equally positive that Skowron is entitled to two bases because the ball landed in the stands.

If you were umpiring, what would you do?

See page 67 for answer.

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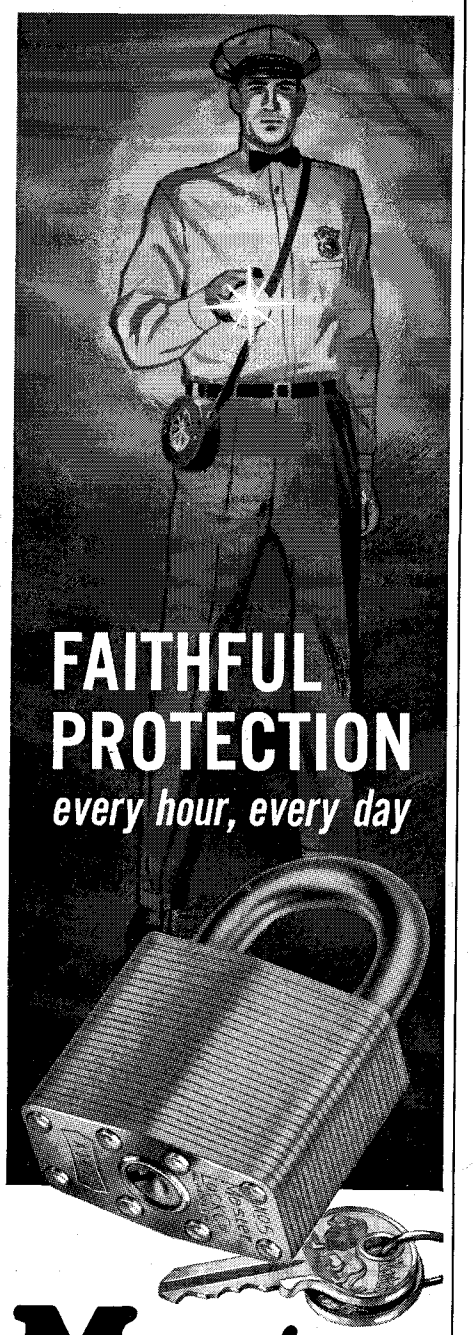

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(*Continued from Page 64*) Asia Treaty Organization. These three owe their existence to American initiative. The Arab League, although it has lately pursued neutralist or forthrightly anti-Western policies, was formed in 1945 with British and American backing. The Soviet Union, by dragooning its satellites into a Communist defense union and calling it the Warsaw Pact, paid the West the compliment of imitation.

Western statesmanship at first limited its federative policies to military matters. Yet defense organizations do not solve most economic and political problems. Here the initiative came from Europe. In 1951 six European states created a novel federal institution, the European Coal and Steel Community. The E.C.S.C. is a new kind of federal state. Its functions are chiefly, but not exclusively, economic. The United States and other countries accredit ambassadors to it. It is based on industry and not on geography. Its members are the steel and coal industries. It exercises jurisdiction over these industries, adjusts tariffs, and regulates production and employment. The federative impulse is alive in other European groupings such as Euratom, proposed by the United States, which presides over the co-operation of the Western European nations in the development of atomic power for peaceful uses, in the European Economic Community and in the Council of Europe, a first essay in political co-operation. Each of these groupings performs functions that were formerly deemed of purely national concern and each limits national sovereignty.

Thus the federative pull has loosened the nation-state system. Many new organizational devices are being tried. As yet no grand design exists, but the embryo of a grand design can be detected in the variety of federative experience around us. The economic interdependence of nations is forcing coalition. The new European organizations for economic co-operation are fusing themselves into a single complex. So are regional alliances. The economic resources of Latin America complement those of the North Atlantic community. O.A.S. strategically backstops N.A.T.O. Since the United States is the kingpin of O.A.S., N.A.T.O. and S.E.A.T.O., these three organizations are in effect linked.

In the midst of systemic revolution we cannot discern the exact shape of the institutions which will finally emerge. The statesman's wisdom lies in recognizing forces stronger than mere politics. His task now is to reconcile the conflicts of forces which the federative surge has released. Perhaps the greatest obstacle he must overcome is the tradition of the nation-state. The indispensable attribute of the nation-state has been geographical. Yet, as in the European Coal and Steel Community, a new kind of federal state—specialized or functional—can be based on production instead of geography.

In historical perspective we can see first alignments of regional alliances; then within these alliances increasing political and economic co-operation; next, the proliferation of functional federations and their association in larger complexes; finally, the coalition of multiple federations, some military-political, some economic-functional. For a long time the system remains loose and untidy. Trial and error precedes formal constitution. The West now leads in ingenuity and variety of federative techniques. But the debris of decaying systems still encumbers the road to a grand design.

There have been recent attempts, of course, to create federative order, though not in the benign image of the democratic West. Both Germany and Japan attempted to create regional federations, the former a system of ideologically coordinated dictatorships, the latter a co-prosperity zone of nationalist and anti-colonial dictatorships. Both failed because they lacked the means. Both launched the attack from a territorial and ideological base too narrow. Neither was able to contrive the community interest without which no federative effort can triumph. To keep their systems from falling apart, they had to use naked power. Yet their functional conceptions did harmonize with historic necessity; that is, creation of regional systems encompassing a number of states. The now existing organizations of European economic integration do not differ greatly in functional design from those planned by Hitler. Undoubtedly the Nazis' loot would have been prodigious. But they perfectly understood the economic interdependence of Europe and the inadequacy of the nation-state.

The eras of the nation-states were also eras of colonial expansion, and the decline of those nation-states has been accompanied by the decline of colonial empires. Yet fragments of empire are still strewn about the globe They obstruct the meeting upon common ground of the Western peoples and the emergent nations of Asia and Africa. The conflict between nationalism and colonialism remains. It troubles the relations between America and her powerful allies. To strengthen the North Atlantic community without driving the revolutionary nationalisms of Asia and Africa into hostile alignments, this is the dilemma of American policy.

Thus far, the United States has tried to resolve the dilemma by maintaining membership in different alliances, including N.A.T.O., S.E.A.T.O., the A.N.Z.U.S. Pact and O.A.S. In many a conflict between the colonial powers, on the one hand, and between colonial and ex-colonial peoples on the other, the United States has assumed the role of mediator. Not surprisingly, American policy sometimes fails to satisfy either side. The American dilemma arises from the diversity of interests within the alliances.

But first things first. The Atlantic alliance is the core of the West's federative powers and its mightiest bulwark against Communist attack. Its maintenance must take precedence. This does not mean that the West, no matter how strong its common bonds, can thrive in isolation, nor that the United States can cold-shoulder its friends in Asia and Africa and renounce making new friends. It does mean that the United States must pursue policies which will ease the gradual liquidation of Europe's colonial holdings, and aid the irresistible systemic revolution. American economic policies—the lowering of tariffs, increased investments abroad—can offer attractive *quid pro quos* for the colonial powers' losses in economic privilege and political prestige.

Although the colonial dilemma plagues United States policy and will continue to do so, it is partly resolving itself. For one thing, the dissolution of empires has proceeded since World War II at an ever-accelerating rate. Both Britain and France have yielded a large part of their colonial possessions and, in those remaining, have conceded diverse forms of self-rule, pointing toward eventual total independence. More important still, the people of the motherlands appear reluctant to bear the burden of colonial maintenance. At the same time, some of the colonial peoples appear, mostly for economic reasons, less anxious to break completely with the motherlands. India and Pakistan still maintain loose ties with the British Commonwealth. Some of the French possessions still adhere to the French Union. Not all Asian and African peoples are anti-Western. The outlook is by no means uniformly bright, but past progress on the road of imperial dissolution presages the end of Europe's colonial epoch.

The device of federation offers a practical alternative to peoples whose real problems the regressive ideology of nationalism can only aggravate. Federative groupings on the model of Europe's economic organizations could team the Western and the Afro-Asian peoples in mutually advantageous undertakings. They could channel energies now wasted on antagonisms into productive work and thus smooth the transition to the new political order. Basically, the residual colonial problems derive from a failure of Western imagination. The task is to create the appropriate organizational framework for collaboration.

To its disadvantage the West has been more an outsider than a participant in the relentless process of systemic revolution. The West, chiefly committed to the political *status quo*, has been buffeted by revolutionary forces on the loose everywhere. Within hardly more than a decade the area of Western influence has vastly shrunk. The West tends to focus upon internal problems, ignoring the great drama of global change. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union has managed to exploit the systemic revolution to its own aggrandizement. Its opponents, bemused by the Marxist myth of revolution, remain blind to the realities of revolutionary strategy.

"Morning is the worst time of day for Harold."

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Many times and in many places the Communists have ridden the wave of the future. Some of the objective facts of the world situation undeniably accord with their theory. That revolutionary change is inevitable, that the conflict, violent or otherwise, is proper, that it is their historic task to "push what is falling," are oversimplifications as arrogant as they are crude. Yet they are close enough to reality—closer certainly than the confused, guilty mutterings of many Western thinkers—to find a response in Asia and Africa, where the leaders of masses seek a formula that will quickly unlock the secrets of political and economic power.

In relation to the less modernized world, then, the Communists occupy a strong position. Wherever men believe that they can cut the Gordian knot, the Communists stand ready to supply the sword. Their secret weapon is their understanding of and temperamental affinity with the process of systemic revolution.

Marxist thought is rooted in a concept of dynamic historical change. Marx foresaw the systemic change which was soon to remake human society. Though he erred in attributing it exclusively to economic forces, he perceived how rapidly modern techniques would quicken its pace and widen its range. This insight, together with his grasp of the potentialities of politico-social conflict, was his greatest legacy to the Soviet Union.

The Russian Communists, saturated with a dynamic philosophy of history and astride a formidable territorial base of operations, saw, as the West did not, that what Winston Churchill called "the august, unchallenged and tranquil glories of the Victorian era," tarnished by World War I, were to depart forever amid the birth pangs of Afro-Asian nationalism. But in their own country they did not create a revolutionary situation. They were the scavengers of a revolution already carried to victory by the Mensheviki, the liberals and the moderate labor leaders against Czarist autocracy. By tortuous intrigue, betrayals, molelike patience and an audacious power grab, the Bolsheviki were able to subvert the infant Russian republic. Far from being revolutionaries in the usual sense, the Russian Communists have continued to capture the nascent revolutionary movements of others. A succession of Soviet rulers has failed to improve upon this strategy. Nowhere has a Communist revolution established a Communist government. Communist power, wherever it controlled a government, had first to impose upon the populace Soviet armed might or the threat of it. Even China was no exception, for the Soviet conquest of Manchuria and the propinquity of Soviet military power made possible Mao Tse-tung's victory. In sum, the Communists have scored their greatest successes where an existing revolutionary situation offered them opportunities for conspiratorial boring from within and military blackmail from without.

No more did the Russian Communists create the revolutionary situation in Asia. That situation had long been taking shape. But they were quick to exploit it. At first hampered by their own ideological preconceptions, they soon adjusted their sights to political realities. Let the colonial peoples forge the political ideas received from the West into instruments for dislodging the West's imperial holdings. The breakdown of the colonial system would be paced by economic and social transformation. But the prospect of a true proletarian revolution held less attraction for the Kremlin than the heavy losses to the West of political prestige, markets and raw-material resources, and its debilitation through colonial wars of attrition.

Communism once seemed the most powerful ally of the historic forces breaking the mold of the nation-state. Its appeal was universal. An ideology evolved from an imposing system of political and economic thought held up a vision of the future in which men of all races and nations could recognize a common destiny. It mattered not that anyone familiar with Marxian dialectic could expose its fallacies. What mattered was that true believers could join hands not only across class lines but national boundaries.

The Soviets nevertheless bungled their main chance just as Hitler did. Victorious in war, vying with the United States for military-technological superiority, Com-

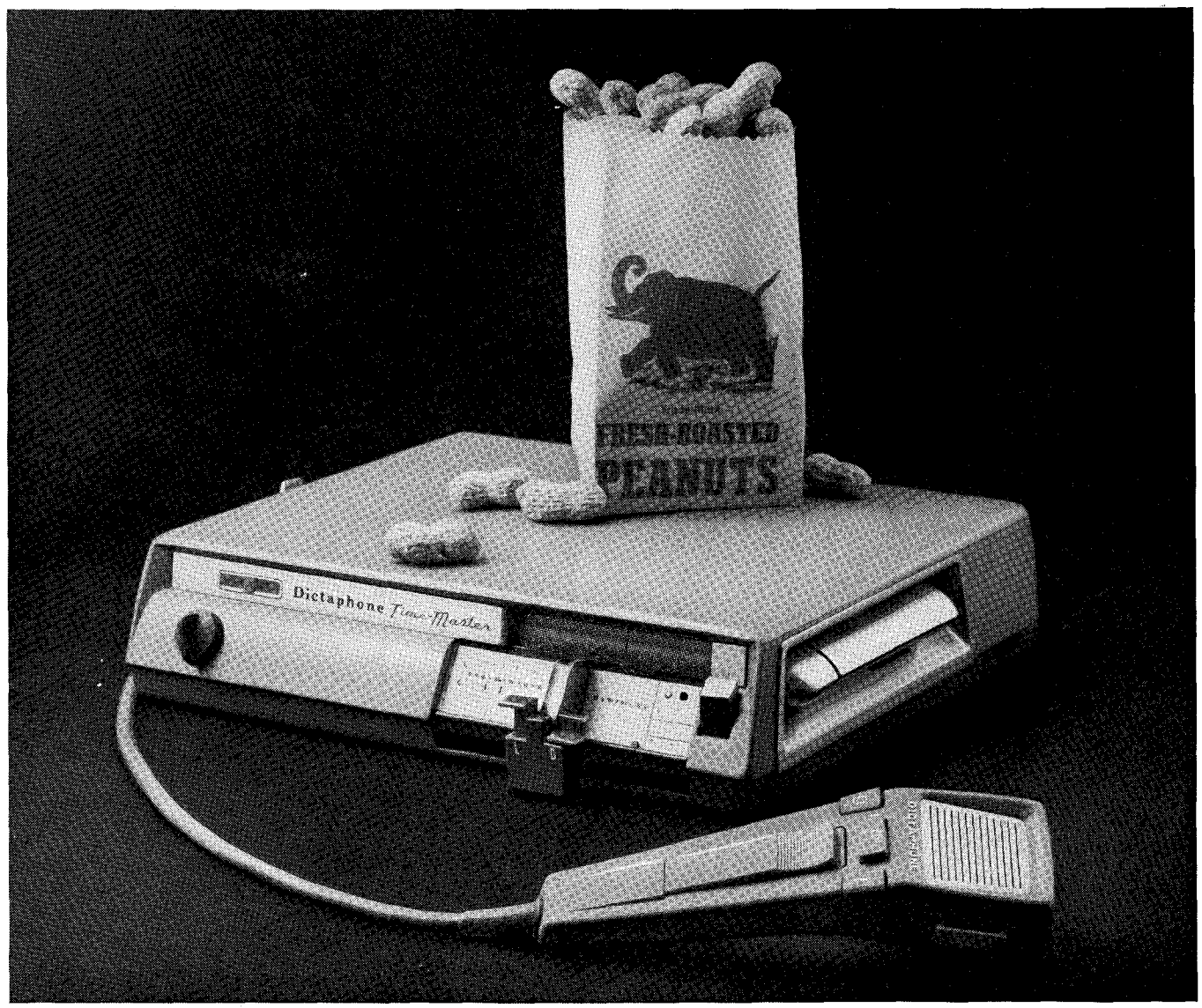
Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 64

Skowron is out. The ball is dead, and no runners may advance.

(Section 6.05h: "The batter is out when after hitting or bunting a fair ball, his bat hits the ball a second time in fair territory. . . .")



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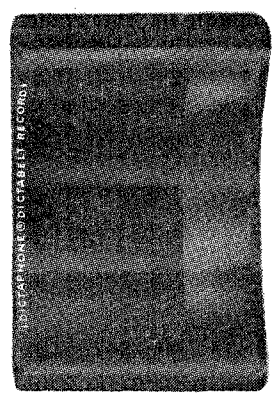

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munism was never more powerfully armed. Yet it has belied its own redemptory message. The stifling weight of Soviet dictatorship at home, the rapacity of its economic exploitation of both satellite states and the Russian people, reliance on brute force in foreign dealings, have disaffected many of the faithful. There remains to the Soviet Union its formidable military power. With that power it can impede the evolution of a new world order, but it can no longer create one.

The gap between the Communist tyranny and American democracy is unbridgeable. From the first the United States has been dedicated to the principles of individual freedom and constitutional order. In the affairs of the republic sometimes one of these principles has been stressed at the expense of the other, yet neither has lost its power. Always a reaction has restored the balance.

The United States is technically a nation, but its nationhood differs from the archetypes of the European nation-state composed of homogeneous peoples. That type of politico-economic unit is recessive. A new type of semicontinental nation has emerged as the dominant force in international politics—Russia, Brazil, China and India, in addition to the United States. Not one of these was originally a true nation. All have grown or been hammered into a political entity within the last century. Americans today are not merely descendants of nineteenth-century Americans but the product of continuous ethnic and cultural transformation. The United States has drawn its prodigious economic vitality from a vast internal market, and it is the American example that challenges the old nations of Europe to establish a broader politico-economic base.

With their short history, with little to forget, with their heterogeneous ethnos and culture, Americans tend to look forward. They are open to the assimilation of the most varied racial and cultural strains. Thus the United States is the very negation of the old determinate, complete, closed nation-state. The very essence of the American system is continuously in the making, incomplete, open, accommodating all men, ideas and things.

To be sure, groups and individuals still remain divided by economic and social barriers. Because so much of the American scene is bright, the shadows of poverty, disease, crime and intolerance seem all the darker. But measured by the slow, grudging pace of the stratified societies of Europe and Asia, its forward thrust has been sure and powerful. Each advance gives rise to new problems. Inequities taken for granted only yesterday, today trouble the public conscience. The American dream has not yet come true, perhaps because it continually changes. But the dream is plausible, more plausible perhaps to other peoples than to the Americans themselves, obsessed as they are with their country's shortcomings and impatient for progress. It is this promise of the future which America places on the scales of the systemic revolution.

Whether they recognize it or not, the United States and the Communist bloc are accelerating that revolution by projecting to all peoples two contrasting images of a future world. Both are striving for mastery over the forces now generating conflict. Each offers a world vision. For Americans the new world must rest upon the consensus of all men. For the Communists, human progress requires the extermination of Communism's foes. The duel resolves itself into a contest between opposing social systems, or rather—since it engages men's hearts as much as their minds—between opposing images of future perfection, imperfect as the contemporary societies involved may be.

In crucial respects the United States is ill-equipped to promote world order. Alone among the great nations, it has never suffered defeat or invasion. Except for the Civil War, no major discord has marred American history. Contemplating the domestic scene, Americans can hardly avoid optimism. The boldest visions of preceding generations have been realized beyond all expectations. The outlook does not foster a sense of the tragic. The Communists, on the other hand, have been able to exploit the age-old agonies of Europe, Asia and Africa, and they have succeeded better than objective analysis of their real power position would justify.

Yet, though current trends favor the Communists, the Western concept of man corresponds more closely to reality than the pseudoscientific residue of nineteenth-century Marxism. Consequently, the United States should prevail, for its social system demonstrably works better for the good of the greatest number. The American ideal, remote yet attainable, beckons to all peoples, including those of the Soviet Union.

Moreover, world order does not require the rule of a world-state. It may be achieved through the evolution of a voluntary federalism whose ultimate form—a global community perhaps of many kinds of federations, both political and economic—is yet shrouded by the storm clouds of the systemic revolution.

The claims of the United Nations are universal. Yet its role in the revolution is unclear. At present it exists as a phenomenon of transition. Its charter is couched in the language of universality, while acknowledging the nation-state as the basic, inviolate unit of world organization. But the nation-state is moribund. Can the United Nations survive the ultimate demise of the nation-state and transform itself into the kind of supernational organization which its charter now prevents? Upon the answer to that question depends the extent to which Western federative power must work within or outside of the United Nations.

During the next ten to fifteen years independent states are unlikely to proliferate as fast as they have since World War II. A number of the apparently sovereign nation-states now composing the United Nations are neither sovereign nor nations nor states, but legal fictions introduced to maintain the balance between Western and Soviet federative power. It is among such ambiguous shadows that the United States must come to terms with the United Nations. In all likelihood Western federative power will create its own forms and symbols, and the United Nations will either be replaced by, or transformed into, a structure that meets the requirements of a universal order standing on a common moral and legal foundation.

Whatever the formal means, the essence of Western policy must be the construction of a universal order in which liberty under law becomes the right of all of mankind, not that of the Western peoples exclusively.

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further, the following books are recommended:

Strausz-Hupé, Robert and H. W. Hazard
The Idea of Colonialism
Praeger
$5.00

Berle, A. A., Jr.
Tides of Crisis
Reynal
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Kennan, George F.
American Diplomacy 1900-1950
Mentor Book
$.50

Kissinger, Henry A.
Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy
Doubleday Anchor Book
$.95

Kohn, Hans
Nationalism
Anvil Book
$1.25

Lefever, Ernest
Ethics and United States Foreign Policy
Meridian Books
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Overstreet, Harry and Bonaro
What We Must Know About Communism
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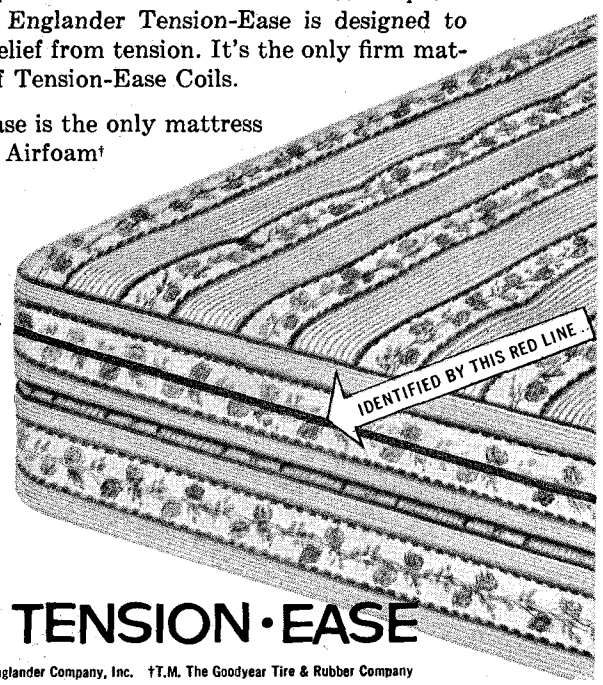

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How I Stumbled Into the Movies

(Continued from Page 27)

since I started balancing two careers. I imagined that because I was not financially dependent on the movies I could avoid the occupational blues that seem to affect so many actors when their box-office ratings aren't climbing. But I imagined wrong. I think of myself altogether too often nowadays. I fret about bad reviews. I worry about parts that weren't offered me, and I cringe when I read a columnist's reference to me as "the matador of Seventh Avenue." I'm not looking for sympathy, mind you. But it means a lot to me to be considered a serious actor by people in the craft, and I often wish I had come to Hollywood without my Seventh Avenue identity.

In Hollywood most actors give me the big-freeze treatment when I walk onto a set. To them I'm a pants manufacturer out for kicks. Looking at my tailor-made, three-piece suit, a director once told me, "You look like an agent, not an actor."

In New York some of my customers imagine that I'm daydreaming about the movies when I should be servicing their $100,000 accounts. Others find my picture activities more fascinating than my product. "What's Ava like?" they want to know. I reply that she's a very fine, very feminine person—and wouldn't she look good in a plaid pattern of these new slacks of ours? I point out that it took us a year and a half to perfect this fabric, that we're very proud of it, and that we believe our customers will do a very nice business with it. Response: "Yes, but is she really that sexy-looking off the screen? Did she flirt with you?"

My Evan-Picone customers are slowly getting adjusted to my Hollywood career, but I have come to realize that I won't be respected in the picture industry until I can unfix the notion that I'm a skirt-and-pants man who considers acting a hobby.

I admit that I contributed to this misimpression during my early contacts with the Hollywood press. I said such foolish things as, "An actor has nothing I don't have, so who needs it?" This was my way of saying I didn't intend to develop career depressions, but I can see now why I haven't become the most beloved figure on Sunset Boulevard.

A number of people thought I didn't deserve my chance. "With so many young hopefuls eager for the big break in the movies," wrote Broadway columnist Louis Sobol, "it seems ironic that a local young man named Bobby Evans, who never acted in his life or ever cared to, should be tapped for the forthcoming Irving Thalberg [role]."

I wanted to call Louis and say, "Hey, what about those seven years I spent as an actor on radio?" I wanted to, but I didn't. Now Louis and I joke about the incident.

My acting career began in New York at age eleven, and what I lacked in talent I made up in nerve. I had convinced myself that one day I would be radio's "Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy." In pursuit of this goal I presented myself at the personnel offices of several networks and local stations and filled out application blanks, stating falsely that I had had thorough coaching in the dramatic arts. Three weeks later, much to my surprise, I got an offer to audition at CBS. Eleanor Kilgallen, then a CBS casting director, thought I had an interesting voice and she decided to give me a try. I never did make the Jack Armstrong show, but for the next six years I worked on everything from *Gang Busters* to *Let's Pretend.*

Shortly after I was graduated from high school, my family and I drove to Florida. One of my lungs collapsed during the trip, and the doctor who took care of me urged that I stay in Florida for a year. As soon as I was on the mend, my parents and my sister Alice returned to New York—dad has a dental practice there—and I landed a part-time job as a disc jockey on radio station WINZ in Miami.

When I returned to New York several months later, I couldn't get any work in radio. I was determined not to spend my life making the rounds of the radio studios, soliciting parts, so I took an apprentice-type job in a clothing firm and signed up for a night course in a textile school.

Two years later I was the West Coast representative of a men's-clothing manufacturer. It was then that my older brother, Charles, and Joe Picone asked me to join the women's-sportswear firm they had established.

They wanted me to start an active-sportswear division, which we named Diva. Evan-Picone prospered, and before long I was the youngest partner in one of the busiest firms in women's better sportswear.

However, I am not a "textillionaire," as one columnist would have you believe. I make a good salary, but I like to live well and I'm not the thrifty type. And—to get back to *Man of a Thousand Faces*—there's no truth to the newspaper story that my check for that film was "promptly turned over to the motion-picture relief fund."

All five of my scenes in *Man of a Thousand Faces* were with Jimmy Cagney, who played Lon Chaney. I had always admired Jimmy's acting, and it struck me as slightly ironic that in the first scene I did with him my lines called on me to tell him how to act. But Jimmy said, "Relax. It's only a movie." I remember feeling a bit uneasy because my scenes were filmed so hurriedly, but I thought, *I guess that's the way it's done.* When my work was over I returned immediately to my job in New York. I wanted to let the studio make the next move. I didn't want a movie career if I wasn't going to do well in it.

I did hire an agent, however, and every so often he would call from Hollywood to tell me that Universal was very hot on me. He confided that they were keeping *Man of a Thousand Faces* under wraps for fear another studio would make me an offer—I was not under contract at the time—and that they were lining up a big part for me opposite Lana Turner and Jeff Chandler. Since then I've learned that what an agent thinks he can do for you and what can be done for you may be two different things. His job is to build up your ego. But I didn't know this at the time, and I was impressed.

I was still in New York in late February of 1957, when I got a call from a friend named Charles Kahn, who was vice-president of a hotel in Las Vegas. He said, "Bob, I've got a great-looking gal to introduce you to tonight. I have a date, and we can double." I started to tell him that I was very busy because this was the season when we were selling our spring and summer lines. But he cut in and said, "Forget your business for once." He gave me the girl's phone number and address and then hung up.

The next thing I knew it was nine o'clock and I was still in my office, feeling very much in need of a shower and some rest. I called Charles to see if he could get me out of the date. He was furious. He said that I was late already and that I shouldn't put myself on a pedestal. I realized he was right and I agreed to call the girl. But my heart wasn't in it.

"How about a quiet dinner somewhere?" I suggested. Her response was that she had been told we were going to El Morocco, and that after waiting half the evening for me she intended to go to El Morocco. End of discussion.

We met at El Morocco at about ten-thirty and were seated near the center of the club. We hadn't been there very long when my date nodded toward a table along the wall and said, "That's Darryl Zanuck." I turned and saw that he was looking our way. In fact, every time I looked his way he seemed to be staring at us. My date was a very striking girl, and I thought, *If I were a producer, I would be looking too.*

By eleven-thirty I was exhausted, and I took the girl home. She was so angry with me for meeting her at ten-thirty—not even picking her up!—and taking her home at eleven-thirty that she wouldn't speak to me in the cab on the way home. Needless to say, she would have nothing to do with me after that evening.

Two days later I got a call from a Mr. Joe Pincus, head casting director at the 20th Century-Fox offices in New York. I assumed my agent had given him my number. He wanted to know if I could come in to see him the next day, and I said, "I'm afraid not, because I'm going to be out of the country on a business deal. But I'll be back next Tuesday."

He was persistent. He said, "No, you must come in tonight then. I'll wait for you. It's very important."

Finally I agreed to be in his office at six-thirty.

Almost as soon as I got there he asked if I was an actor. I said, "No, not really, but I just finished making a picture." Then I related what had happened.

"Ah, yes," he said and told me he had read something about it in the papers. Then an incredulous, this-could-only-happen-in-the-movies expression spread across his face, and he said, "At nine yesterday morning Darryl Zanuck came into the office. 'Joe,' he told me, 'I have the name of a kid I saw in El Morocco last night. His name is Bob Evans. Find him. I don't know where he is or what he

NEXT WEEK

WE RECOVERED THE SPACE MONKEYS

By Lt. (j.g.) R. Edward Foy, USNR

THE SECRETS OF LONG LIFE

By Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill

PART II:

How Tobacco, Alcohol and Exercise Affect Longevity

WE TELL OUR CHILDREN . . .

By CARL T. ROWAN

A Negro Father Answers His Youngsters' Questions About Race

REBIRTH OF A CATHEDRAL

Coventry, England, Replaces Her Destroyed Landmark

THE U-19'S LAST KILL

By Jack Finney

A New Serial About Twentieth-Century Pirates

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In *Man of a Thousand Faces*, Robert Evans (above, left, with James Cagney) portrayed Hollywood producer Irving Thalberg. Evans was chosen because Thalberg's widow, Norma Shearer, said he reminded her of her late husband (right, as he looked in 1936).

Evans was paid $10,000 for playing the matador in *The Sun Also Rises*, "as flashy a part as a young actor could dream of."

As the fiend in *The Fiend Who Walked the West*, Evans was so badly roughed up by the hero that he spent a week in the hospital.

does, but whatever it is, find him.' I made a lot of calls and, through some people who know you, I got your business address."

Finally he said, "Tell me, how would you like to costar in a picture with Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer and Eddie Albert?"

At first I thought this was a gag. Three months ago, 3000 miles from here, this same thing had happened to me. I knew Mr. Zanuck couldn't have seen me on film because my one picture had been made by a competing studio, and as yet I hadn't been able to see it myself.

When I had collected my wits, Mr. Pincus told me that the part they wanted me to test for was that of Pedro Romero, the bullfighter in *The Sun Also Rises*. He said it was the last part to be cast. They had tested matadors in Spain, Mexico and South America. The matadors who looked like matadors couldn't act, just couldn't get the words out. And those who could act didn't look like matadors. Then they tested Spanish actors and French actors and Italian actors, and still they weren't satisfied. They had reached a point where Henry King, the director, was not unnerved at the prospect of testing a garment manufacturer who had never seen a bull ring—but had manufactured women's toreador pants.

My agent negotiated a favorable contract, contingent on the test, for two pictures a year over a five-year period. I was to be the only actor under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck. The deal allowed me to continue my work in New York and to be under studio auspices only sixteen weeks a year. It also allowed me to make at least one picture a year for another producer or studio. I was to get $10,000 for *The Sun Also Rises* and progressively more for succeeding pictures. This was an unusually good contract for a neophyte. I'm sure my security in another field was a plus factor when the contracts were negotiated.

I canceled my proposed business trip and flew to California the following evening. After a couple of days of intensive preparation, four other actors and I were tested. The tests were flown to Darryl Zanuck, who was in London at the time. I was told later that he got them at eleven o'clock one morning, and by noon he had cabled back instructions to sign Evans for the part.

"You should be a very happy boy," my ever-ebullient agent informed me. "This is a great, great break for you." He was right. The Romero role was as flashy a part as a young actor could dream of, and I was very happy to have it.

This was early March, and I had to report back to the studio at the end of the month, which meant I would be away from New York at the very busiest time, when I was getting my fall line ready. (Women's slacks sell best in the fall.) In the little time I had left for Evan-Picone, I worked seven days a week setting up my styles. On my last day in New York, a Sunday, Charles and Joe and I had an all-day conference. We quit at six, and Charles decided that because this was something of an occasion we should go to Lüchow's for a dinner with the trimmings.

Upstairs at Lüchow's, 300 persons were waiting for me. "Surprise!" My family was there, and most of the people I knew well, and many friends from the entertainment world. My brother and a business friend named Stanley Garfinkel had arranged the party, and comedian Joey Adams was master of ceremonies. To assure that success didn't go to my head, Joey put me on the griddle for an hour and awarded me an "Irving," which was supposed to indicate that I was the best actor in the garment business. That was precisely the reputation I didn't want—but the gag must have been a good one, for everyone laughed.

That night at Lüchow's I was on top of the world, but the sensation lasted only a few days. I flew to California to be fitted for costumes, and then on to Morelia, Mexico, to join the rest of the cast.

Morelia was hot—110 degrees in the bull ring—but my reception definitely was on the chilly side. Even those members of the company who knew I had been in *Thousand Faces* thought of me as an outsider, and they resented my filling a part they thought should have gone to a real matador or an experienced actor. The only member of the cast who was in my corner from the start was Errol Flynn. "Sport," he told me, "you're going to make the other matadors look like pants manufacturers."

My one close friend in Morelia was Alfredo Leal, the matador assigned to coach me. Alfredo spent two and a half weeks in the ring with me, teaching me *quites* and *veronicas*, how to run backward gracefully and how to assume the characteristic arrogance of a matador. After two weeks of workouts in the sun, my weight had dropped from 163 to 144. Still, no one ever came to see how I was progressing, and I was sure I would be replaced.

Then Mr. Zanuck sent word that he wanted to see me in the ring. He watched me closely as I went through my paces. When I had finished, I thought I was really finished. To my surprise he said simply, "You look good, kid. You're a matador!"

Not long thereafter, a rather flippant remark of mine managed to break the ice with Ava. On the day of the thaw she was wearing a pair of black slacks, and I approached her with, "Miss Gardner, you're wearing my pants!" Before she had a chance to make an appropriate reply, I explained that I had manufactured the pants. She smiled, and we began to chat. It turned out that the only brand of slacks that fitted her to her satisfaction was ours, and that she owned at least 120 pairs. The thought of playing love scenes opposite a pants manufacturer apparently becomes less distasteful if the pants in question are your favorite brand. We became good friends.

The others in the cast soon followed Ava's lead. If they still thought I was going to ruin their picture, they were resigned to it. So it happened that one day I teamed up with Eddie Albert in a game of *frontón* tennis—a variation of *jai alai*—in Morelia. Let me give you a tip: when you play *frontón* tennis, keep your eye on the ball. I ignored that rule for a moment—and when I woke up I had a sliced lip and two very loose teeth. The accident almost ruined my face for the picture, but Mr. Zanuck didn't look at the incident as an excuse to find a quick replacement for me. Instead he said, "It'll give you more guts for the part." He arranged to shoot around me until the make-up man was able to camouflage my wound.

I managed to get through the role without further incident, thanks to the megaphone of the director, Henry King. More than once he had to remind the Mexicans in the stands that they were being paid to cheer me, not to boo me. A real matador, Juan Silveti, had to do the actual close-ups with the bull, and he got all the unrehearsed applause. I'm afraid the *aficionados* in the stands never did accept matador Evans as a *torero*.

My matador role created quite a stir of interest in Hollywood, and my option was snapped (*Continued on Page 72*)

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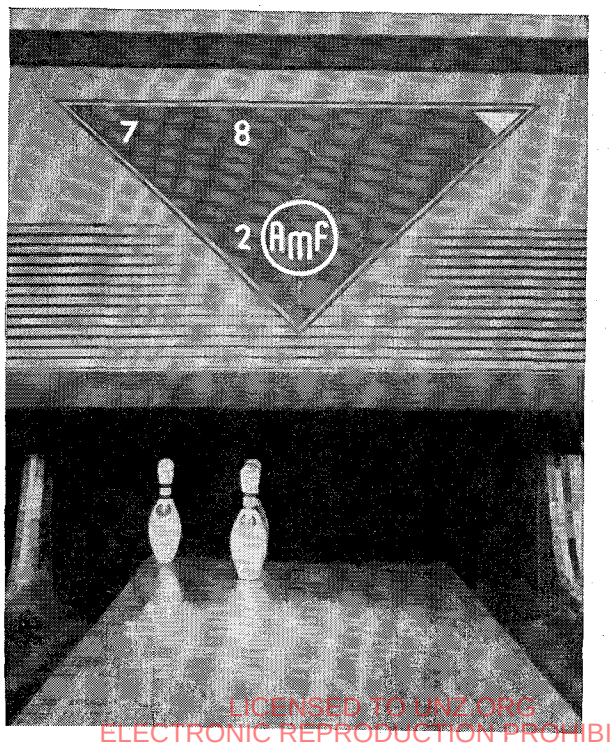

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(*Continued from Page 70*) up in a hurry. I decided that I should be cautious about my next couple of parts because I had been assured that countless choice roles would be mine for the asking. Well, I did have a choice. I was offered matador roles in Mexican pictures, as well as a couple of Spanish parts in American pictures. But no one wanted me for a straight part. The studio executives were so unaware of my real identity that one producer asked me, in all seriousness, when I next would be fighting in Tijuana.

I hadn't been back in New York very long when a fellow named Gary Stevens called and told me he had arranged with RCA Victor records for me to make a record called *The Matador Sings*, or something like that. I was to sing Spanish music to guitar accompaniment. Gary met me for lunch at Sardi's and told me very excitedly about his plans for the record. He had sketched the jacket design and already had worked out the store promotions. When he finished talking, I said, "Gary, there's just one hitch: I can't sing."

"Forget it," he said. "You speak well; you can sing well." I guess I still looked doubtful because he said, "Listen. Sal Mineo sings. Tab Hunter sings. Tony Perkins sings. A couple of years ago they couldn't sing either. Believe me, you can sing."

Everything was arranged. I was to go to a voice coach named Bernie Thal and get all the lessons I needed. I reported to Bernie and promptly warned him that he had a tough job ahead of him. He advised me to drive such defeatist notions out of my mind. Then he sat down at a piano, and we went to work. After a while he admitted that I wasn't another Mario Lanza, but he stubbornly insisted he could make a singer of me. "We can even fake it," he said. "We can put you in a voice chamber, and with the echoes we get we can fake it—just so I can get you to carry a tune."

I worked with Bernie for a couple of weeks. After about the eighth lesson he looked at me and shook his head sadly. "Bob," he said, "with you I can't even fake it."

Shortly after Bernie's revelation that I wasn't destined to become a singing sensation, *Man of a Thousand Faces* premièred at the Palace Theater in New York. It was a festive, black-tie affair, and a lot of dignitaries were on hand. But for me the spell was broken as soon as I appeared on the screen. I was aghast at my portrayal of Thalberg and I instinctively slouched down in my seat. Was I as insipid as I seemed, I wondered, or do all actors react that way when they first see themselves on the screen?

When the screening was over, my brother appraised my performance quite succinctly: "You weren't good. You weren't bad." I then turned to my mother and dad for their verdicts. I could tell by my dad's face that he hadn't been impressed. But my mother, trying to save the situation, summoned a few generous words about her youngest son: "You did look very handsome, Bob."

I tried to shrug off my disappointment. After all, I was only sixth in the cast of characters and I certainly hadn't ruined the picture. There was no reason for me to spoil the after-theater party Charles had planned. As it turned out, my performance at the party wasn't much better than my performance in the picture. I was too keyed up to have fun; so while the party still was in full swing, I went around the corner to a newsstand to see the reviews in the early morning papers.

The two tabloids gave me all the mention I had hoped for—that also in the cast was an interesting newcomer named Robert J. Evans. I then turned to the review in the *Times*, and I was pleased when I read, "Thanks to a dandy performance by James Cagney in the role of the great silent-film star, Lon Chaney, there is drama and personality in *Man of a Thousand Faces* which opened at the Palace last night." I scanned the review, looking for my name, and toward the end I came to this:

Robert J. Evans as Irving Thalberg, the famous producer, is unspeakably poor. It is, indeed, an irony that one of the most professional persons ever to work in Hollywood should be played so amateurishly as Thalberg is by this monotonous actor.

I returned to the party just long enough to inform my family that, from this moment on, my acting career could only improve.

Surprisingly I got very little razzing at the office the next morning. Almost everyone seemed embarrassed for me. Actress Terry Moore came into the showroom to visit—she gets a kick out of seeing the new styles in advance—and she reminded me that the biggest stars often get the worst reviews. I was considerably consoled when my secretary brought me a photocopy of a scathing review of Clark Gable in his first major performance.

The Sun Also Rises opened in New York a week after *Man of a Thousand Faces*, and I winced at the prospect of being clobbered again. What else could the *Times* say just a week after labeling me a "monotonous amateur"? Not much, I figured, and I made up my mind not to read the reviews. But my brother insisted that I look at one of them. "I think you'll get a kick out of this," he said. It was a clip from the *Times* and it contained this line: "Romero [was] perfectly personified by Robert J. Evans."

Had the *Times* forgotten my performance with Jimmy Cagney? Not at all, for the reviewer went on to suggest, "Let's forget his Irving Thalberg in *Man of a Thousand Faces*."

The *Times*' reprieve cheered me considerably, and I was anxious to have another go at picture making—particularly after the readers of *Photoplay* voted me a gold medal for overnight impact on movie audiences. I began studying with drama coach Stella Adler in New York. Acting became a challenge.

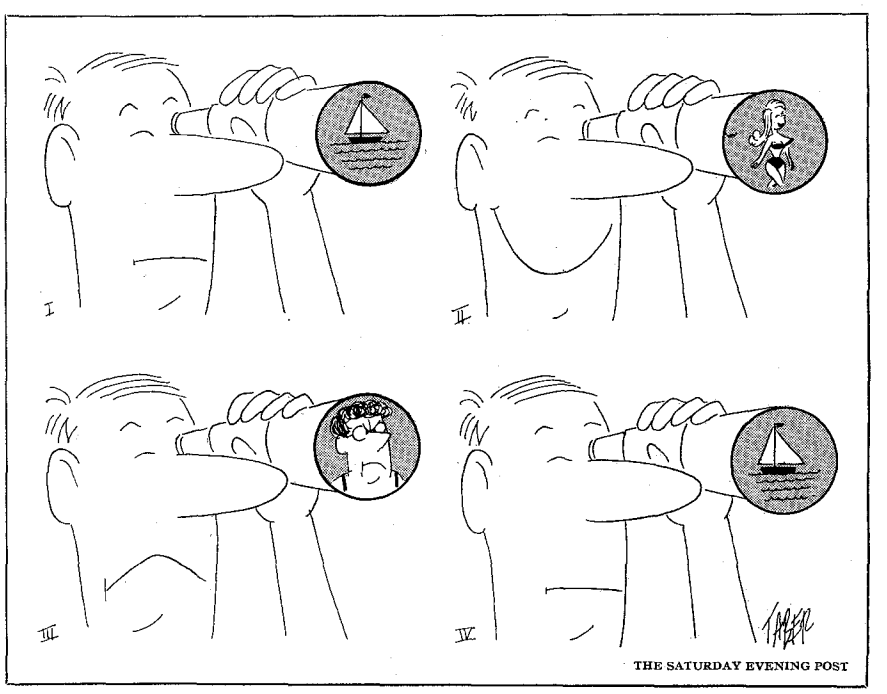
When ten months had passed after I finished working on *Sun*, it seemed pretty obvious that I wasn't going to be discovered a third time. I knew I was "hooked" as an actor because the paucity of parts sent my way began to bother me. I decided it was up to me to convince the studio that I was something more than a pants manufacturer with the profile of a matador; so I set my sights on a part in a Fox picture titled *Rope Law*, which was to be a Westernized remake of a 1947 chiller called *Kiss of Death*. In the original version Richard Widmark played a psychopathic killer who cackled gleefully as he shoved a crippled old lady down a long flight of stairs in her wheelchair. The role made Widmark famous overnight, and I thought it might do the same for me. The studio had intended to give Elvis Presley the part, but the Army changed those plans, and the part went up for grabs. I didn't consider myself another Elvis, but I thought the role had great possibilities and I told my agent to go after it.

One Thursday I got a long-distance call at my office from a friend at Fox who thought the role was going to someone else. He said if I wanted it I had better get out there on the double. I was in Hollywood the next morning. The director, Gordon Douglas, wasn't too impressed with my ability, but he arranged to give me a test the following Tuesday and, at my request, agreed to work with me over the weekend.

We spent Saturday and Sunday in Gordon's home in Beverly Hills. He would climb around the furniture and point at me and say, "I don't even want you to look at the script. First I want to see if I can get something out of you." He got me to talk with my eyes and to develop a lisp, and after a while he said, "That's it! Now don't lose it. That's how I want you to stay. Now look at the script."

I made the test, and after three weeks I was told the part was mine. I was quite excited about it. I knew this was no $10,000,000 epic, but I also knew that if it had been, the producer would have signed a Burt Lancaster or a Gregory Peck for my part.

During the five weeks the picture was in production I worked with Gordon almost every night. I was supposed to "live the part," and this was a bit of a strain because the character I played was pretty wacko. I polished off seven victims with such assorted weapons as shotgun, ground glass and bow and arrow. Instead of pushing the old lady down a flight of stairs, I put an arrow through her heart. I was killing people so fast and with so little provocation that we were afraid it might turn out to be comical. Thanks to Gordon, it didn't. He would curse at me on the set, yell that I couldn't act, that I was ruining my lines, that I was delaying production. But in the end he felt he got what he wanted out of me



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and he was pleased when he saw the reviews. A particularly amusing appraisal was written by the *Chicago Tribune's* Mae Tinee, who said the role "was revoltingly well played by Robert Evans."

Anyone who thinks the stand-in does all the dirty work in a Western doesn't know the business. To make this picture comply with the production code, the good guy—Hugh O'Brian, TV's Wyatt Earp—had to see to it that I paid a price for my transgressions. His manhandling of me was so realistic that I needed a massage every night. After several takes of a particularly violent scene, I collapsed and lost consciousness. I was more dead than alive for thirty-six hours, and I spent the next week in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Then I went back to the lot, against my doctor's advice, to get slapped around some more. Even Hugh ended up in the infirmary. He had grabbed me so often that his wrists were badly swollen. Someone on the set suggested advertising that the film had been made "in glorious black and blue."

I felt pretty good about my performance, and both Gordon and I expected that the picture would do a lot for me. To take advantage of all the good scripts we thought would be offered me between Zanuck films, Gordon and I formed our own producing company, Barrington Productions.

Unfortunately, *Rope Law* didn't take off like a rocket, and Barrington Productions has yet to produce a picture. We have a couple of alibis. First, because of a musicians' strike, the picture wasn't scored. Second, it was retitled *The Fiend Who Walked the West* and, although it made money, the title didn't exactly signify an artistic achievement. It's most important to an actor that his pictures be seen by the hundred or so top-stratum directors, producers and executives on what's known as "the Bel Air circuit." Most of these men have screens in their homes and they view the new pictures that sound promising. I'm afraid *The Fiend* was not booked solid on the Bel Air circuit.

While *The Fiend* didn't make me the busiest actor in Hollywood, it convinced a lot of people that I was. The title was changed so often before the picture was released that some people thought I was working in several Westerns simultaneously. First the title was *Rope Law;* then it was *Enough Rope;* then, *The Hell-Bent Kid;* then, *Quick Draw at Fort Smith;* then, *Quick Draw;* and finally, *The Fiend Who Walked the West.*

"Boy, is he making pictures!" my friends were saying.

I agonized through my death scene in *The Fiend* in May, 1958. When Ed Murrow asked to visit me in my New York apartment via his *Person to Person* show a few weeks later, I hoped I was beginning to achieve some recognition as an actor. It didn't even disturb me that a news-syndicate preview of the Murrow show trumpeted my appearance with this line: "For some reason, we'll stop off at the apartment of a minor movie actor, Bob Evans." At least they called me an actor.

Frankly I'd like to devote all my energies to picture making. But I wouldn't consider giving up my business until good parts begin coming my way with some degree of regularity. Until that time comes, I'll be quite active in ladies' active sportswear.

Some months ago I was flattered to learn that Rona Jaffe wanted me for a part in the screen version of her novel, *The Best of Everything.* I met Rona through producer Jerry Wald in New York, and she told me that she hoped I would be in the film because she had had me in mind when she created the character named Dexter Key. She hadn't met me, but had molded this fellow to resemble the image she had got of me through the newspaper columns. A few hours after our meeting, I began to read Rona's book. Dexter Key turned out to be a fast-talking, wealthy playboy with a penchant for speedy cars and innocent girls.

Despite Rona's endorsement of my alleged qualifications, I had to test for the part. I got it—but I'll probably have to take many more screen tests before I can establish that picture making is my chosen craft, not a means of relieving boredom and meeting shapely starlets.

Perhaps, if I'm patient, a producer will call me into his office one day, throw a brotherly arm around me and say, "My director here says he's seen your other pictures and he thinks you're the man he wants for the lead role in our big picture of the year. You've proved yourself to be a serious actor, and we're willing to forget that you also make ladies' pedal pushers."

That'll be the day.

Clams Can Be Wonderful (Continued from Page 30)

to keep alive. It literally sticks out its "neck," a tiny hose pipe with inflowing and outflowing tubes, and brings as much as a half barrel of water a day circulating through its small body. Millions of tiny feelers inside the clam filter out water-borne plankton upon which most small marine life depends for food. This ingenious siphon-filter system picks up other things too. When radioactive substances are present, it absorbs them in measurable quantities and enables atomic scientists to check ocean fall-outs where their electronic devices are useless. When eating a clam, then, one is dining upon a scientific instrument—but with much more pleasure than munching other laboratory devices.

There are, of course, clams and clams—hundreds of varieties over the world, ranging from fingernail size to so-called man-eaters with shells bigger than babies' bassinets. But this guide to appreciation and proper eating of clams (without once terming them "succulent bivalves") is patriotically limited to the ones most used and abused in American kitchens. These are the oval, soft-shell clam and two kinds of roundish, hard-shell clams. Unlike other gifts of American (and as yet unclaimed Russian) origin such as tobacco, green corn, chewing gum, cola and supermarkets, they have not been transplanted elsewhere.

Hard-shell clams are found in North Atlantic waters from near polar to near tropical, but they are commonest from Cape Cod to Hatteras. Quahogs, the best-known variety, are found on beaches a few feet below the low-tide level. As littlenecks and cherry stones, they are served on the half-shell on plates of crushed ice and with cocktail sauce. Sea clams, or "hen clams," are slightly larger cousins of the quahog, dredged from deeper water or found along the shore after storms. In the old days, folks along the Maine coast used to feed them to their hens, and they had a low opinion of quahogs too.

A press association recently described quahogs as "the only clams used in making the traditional Boston clam chowder and other classic New England dishes," which to a down-Easter is as big a fabrication as ever was dished out in Moscow or Peiping. The scientific name of the northern quahog is *Venus mercenaria,* and many old-time State-of-Mainers would say "amen" to that designation. But the Latin label does not indicate, as they might infer, a greedy beauty no better than she should be, but refers to one of the quahog's early uses. The Indians rubbed and pierced pieces of quahog shells into beads which became wampum, or what economists describe as "a circulating medium of exchange." The Indians were smarter than we. They gathered quahogs to eat, then converted the shells into a form of money—an example of both having one's cake and eating it.

Mya arenaria, the soft-shell, long-neck, or steamer clam, may be found from Greenland to Virginia. North of Boston it is known simply as "The Clam," whereas "clam" in New York is the quahog. After the gold rush, it followed Yankee fortune hunters to California. A few seed clams attached to eastern oysters shipped on ice across the continent were discarded on tidal silts of San Francisco Bay, where they increased to marketable quantities. In recent years, big harvests of steamer clams have been churned up by suction dredges in Chesapeake Bay. But the spiritual home of the soft-shell clam is between high and low water in mudflats of tidal inlets of the Gulf of Maine, the body of water between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia.

The men who dig and shuck clams make up to twenty-five dollars a day. But you rarely see a fat clam digger, for the same reason that a waistline may be streamlined, if heart and sacroiliac permit, by repeatedly tossing a deck of cards on the floor and picking them up one by one. Armed with a short-handled clam hoe, which has long tines like a farmer's hay fork bent at an angle, a clammer spreads his feet and bends almost horizontally from the waist to dig a mess of clams. After two or three hours of this, he confesses to being "kinda ty-ard."

Experience convinces me that clam diggers well earn their pay. When I was a boy, I dug clams, though not professionally. After maturing to nearly 200 pounds, I've been clamming only once. Had I used the regular clam hoe I might have been embedded in the clam flat unless rescued by block and tackle; instead I had a stout long-handled garden fork, capable of excavating both clams and me. When I had dug all clams within reach, I was immobilized with both feet, encased in heavy rubber sea boots, deep in the silt. I shifted my weight to my right foot and pried the left foot loose with the garden fork. Shifting my heft to left foot, I applied the fork under my right foot, but the previously liberated left foot had sunk in the mud again. Inch by inch, by alternate left-right-left-foot leverage, I freed myself, but captured no more clams.

Clam diggers were once the untouchables of Brahmin New England. In the social scale of a supposed classless society, they were on the same level as inmates of the town poor farm or the county jail, where during cold weather many took either voluntary or required residence. Not necessarily alone or choosy about their companions, they lived in dismal little shacks down by the marshes.

But today most clammers have moved away from the marshes and have shed their once rugged but shiftless individualism. Having assumed such conventional responsibilities as payments on hard-tops, TV sets and automatic washers, they are accepted members of their communities and aren't afraid to speak up in the March town meeting.

Although digging soft-shell clams keeps a waistline narrow, eating them widens it. Most of the nearly 15,000,000 pounds dug each year are shucked with their necks cut for fried clams; and when fried in deep, hot fat the calorie count at least doubles. You can take the fried clam or, as is sometimes more desirable, leave it, but loss of the soft-shell clam would leave an unhappy gap in down-East seaside cookery.

Some State-of-Mainers would fight to the death to uphold their belief that "The Clam" is superior eating to hard-shell varieties, and I think so, too, although I wouldn't care to face a firing squad to support my stand. All clams are good, but the soft-shells are excellent because they have more tang. However, the quahog and sea clam can be used in every Yankee clam "receet" except that calling for steamed clams. Most of the canned "New England clam chowder" and minced clams put up in Maine are quahogs and sea clams shipped from Long Island and New Jersey 300 miles away, the reason being that a gallon of shucked hard clams costs almost five dollars less than one of soft-shell clams.

Steamed clams are fixtures on New England shore dinners which used to cost a dollar, lobsters included, but which now spoil a five-dollar bill. At Chicago's Pump Room and New York's Colony Restaurant, they would be as out of place as tan shoes and a four-in-hand tie with a dinner coat. Piled on a soup plate with side dishes of melted butter and clam broth, steamed clams never look like anything but steamed clams.

A pathetic spectacle in a down-East shore-dinner establishment is the bewilderment of uninitiated visitors from the corn belt over whether to attack a mess of steamed clams with knife and fork.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

The easiest way to live within your income is before taxes.

Any man who always feels at home should relax and enjoy himself for a change.

Perhaps the most fortunate thing about small boys is that they are washable.

People who give you ideas off the top of their head are apt to be talking through their hat.

When a wife makes a long story short, it's probably by interrupting.

What the weatherman saves for a rainy day is probably a disguise.

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Books of etiquette are usually precise about what table silver to use with each course; they may warn against holding a fork like a screwdriver; they may even advise how to strip and eat an artichoke; but no guide to polite table behavior covers steamed clams because their eating does not constitute polite table behavior. One must be deft, but cannot be dainty. Simply open a clam shell with the fingers and yank out the critter by its neck, from which you remove its membranelike covering. Then, using the neck as a handle, douse the clam first in the clam broth to remove whatever sand may be left, next in the melted butter, and flip into the mouth. (A careless flip butters one's chin or clothing.) Bite off the neck, which cooking has toughened, and eat the rest. Some persons who should know better eat the neck. They may do so if they choose. It's still a free country.

Clam broth may be taken during or after the session with the clam shells, or it may be considered too good to waste with the steamers. Shaken cold with Worcestershire sauce and tomato juice, it is said to be a good morning pick-me-up; although neither prescribed nor discouraged by specialists in alcoholism, its usefulness may be its surprising and jolting difference from what one had the night before. A clear clam broth strained through cheesecloth and served in a cup with a blob of whipped cream on top is a nice way to begin a hearty dinner.

In many eating places there is such a hurry to get steamers to the customers, that those preparing the clams don't bother to scrub them. Some clams retain in their stomachs enough sand to set one's teeth on edge. At our seaside home we forestall such annoyance. We sprinkle layers of clams with corn meal and leave them in a bucket overnight while they take the meal into their stomachs and expel the sand. Then we put only about a half cupful of water in the bottom of the steamer; the clams will provide the rest of the liquor. Never steam clams too long, merely until the shells open. Researchers spent years and millions to develop artificial rubber; they never thought of overcooked clams. Except at a clambake, clams shouldn't be cooked more than three minutes.

"Clambake" has the same meaning in the American language as the later vernacularism, "wingding." Unless you are in the mood figuratively to let down your hair and literally to let out your belt, you won't enjoy the affair any more than the finicky lady who found Niagara Falls "uncouth." About once a season is enough. It is not a festivity for hermits, but demands the attendance of from a mere dozen to a multitude of 5000, who, in turn, attract swarms of gnats, mosquitoes, sand fleas and green-bottle flies.

Original clambake procedure calls for a wood fire in a circular pit lined with stones. When the stones become red hot, rake out the fire and replace with a layer of fresh rockweed. On this, a layer of clams, then another layer of seaweed, then subsequent layers of lobsters, unshocked green corn, and potatoes in their jackets, with more seaweed in between and a good layer on top. Place over this and batten down a canvas tarpaulin about the size of a Friendship sloop's tops'l, then wait an hour for steam from the hot rocks to permeate through the pile. Remove the tarpaulin, pitch the seaweed aside and deal out the vittles into individual metal wash basins. The bake may include frankfurters, split chickens and fish and sweet potatoes—depending on the bake master's fancy. Obviously, such a combination and surroundings are thirst-provoking, against which there should be the usual restoratives.

That, with minor geographical differences, is a traditional clambake in which Rhode Island has long claimed superiority. Nearly a century ago a Rhode Island Sunday-school teacher told her class about forlorn children in Illinois who had never experienced the delights of a clambake, and her young pupils were so moved that they gave up all their pennies for the poor little prairie sufferers. This on the authority of a seventy-five-year-old report of what was then the United States Fisheries Commission.

With deadpan seriousness, the same report cited a visiting Prussian professor's hypothesis that the eating of shellfish produces emotional insanity. "While I was in America," the professor said, "I saw the excitements caused by immoderate indulgence in shellfish violently illustrated. They have a sort of political assembly called a clambake, where speeches and music and songs are interspersed with profuse feasts upon a species of oyster called the clam. Vast crowds attend these celebrations, and no sooner are they gorged with the insidious comestible than they become full of excitement and furors; swear themselves away in fealty to the most worthless of demagogues; sing, fight, dance, gouge out one another's eyes and conduct themselves like madmen in a conflagration."

This seems a bit too pat and suspiciously like leg-pulling—either by some fisheries-commission joker of long ago or of the professor, if he existed. The clambake has competition from political barbecues and back-yard cookery, but it's still a favorite for college reunions, lodge picnics and employee outings. A few bake masters stick to the primitive hot-stone-and-seaweed technique, but most professionals save time and labor by steaming their bakes in big boilers over bonfires. For the do-it-yourself trade even 2000 miles away, enterprising State-of-Mainers ship the iced ingredients in metal containers, and all that a fresh-air Escoffier need do is to punch holes in the top of the container and put the thing on his outdoor grill.

Almost as hearty as a clambake, but more decorous, is a country-church supper where a standby is an excellent, economical and too-often neglected New England clam dish. Along with thick slices of cold baked ham, big crocks of pork and beans, and great platters of potato salad, are generous dishes of escalloped clams. For some reason, minced clams can take more cooking punishment than whole ones, and next to steamed clams, 'scalloped clams are easy to prepare: just crackers and clams ground and baked with the help of an egg, a bit of butter and milk. And they needn't be cooked in church-supper quantity. In our kitchen, we make them this way:

Two cups of chopped shucked clams
or two cans of minced clams
and juice.
Six or seven common crackers.
Four tablespoons of butter.
One beaten egg.
A half cup of rich milk.

Put the crackers through a grinder, or roll them out with a rolling pin. Then put them in a fry pan with the butter, and brown the crumbs to a light yellow. When cool, add the clams with their juice, the beaten egg and most of the milk and mix, adding salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Put the mixture in a greased glass baking dish and top with some spots of butter. (A glass dish is preferred because you can watch the bottom for moisture.) Next pour the rest of the milk over the mixture and pierce with a fork to assure seepage until the bottom is barely covered. Then, since there is nothing worse than a dry cracker mixture, wait two hours for the milk to be absorbed, adding more if necessary until the casserole looks moist throughout. Bake in a 350-degree oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

This will serve four at a cost of under seventy cents. I'll merely mention clam hash and clam fritters, which I've eaten and like. Also clamburgers, which are better than they sound. Then there is clam pie, once popular on Cape Cod, where there is a tendency to make a pie out of anything.

The clam's noblest contribution to New England seaside cookery is real clam chowder—by which I do not mean the soup known as Manhattan clam chowder. Unfortunately, even in New England, tourists rarely get a real chowder in restaurants. In deference to dyspeptics, onions are omitted. Pork scraps are left out in deference to Orthodox Jews and Arabs and to Catholics and very high-church Episcopalians who eschew meat on Fridays. And the stinginess of the meanest man in town is outdone by the cook who skimps on clams, splurges on potatoes and, instead of honest rich milk or part cream, feloniously thickens the liquid with flour.

Most old-timers along the Maine coast could hand, reef and steer while they were still boys. When older they either turned out a chowder themselves or held strong ideas how their womenfolk should make it. "Father was particularly fond of clam chowder," an old lady from Maine recalls, "but it had to be made just so or he'd growl. Once we visited some folks in another town, and they gave us a clam chowder. The potatoes were diced, and the chowder was served in bowls lined with crackers. Being a guest, father minded his manners, but on the way home he spoke his mind. 'You'd think Maine people would know enough to make a decent clam chowder!' he said. ''T was all I could do to eat it.'"

Controversy used to be as sharp in Maine over proper clam chowder as it is between Virginians and Kentuckians over mint juleps. According to some, anyone who dices instead of slices potatoes is bound for hell in a pung. According to others, perdition is the future home of potato slicers. Take the weighty issue of crackers. Pilot bread, chain-store substitutions, or the old-fashioned hard, water crackers which split longways in the middle? Predestination, infant baptism, and states of grace haven't been argued so determinedly as the question of whether to put split crackers at the bottom of each bowl before ladling out the chowder, or to set 'em a-skimmin' on the top. Actually, the choice depends largely upon the state of State-of-Maine dentures.

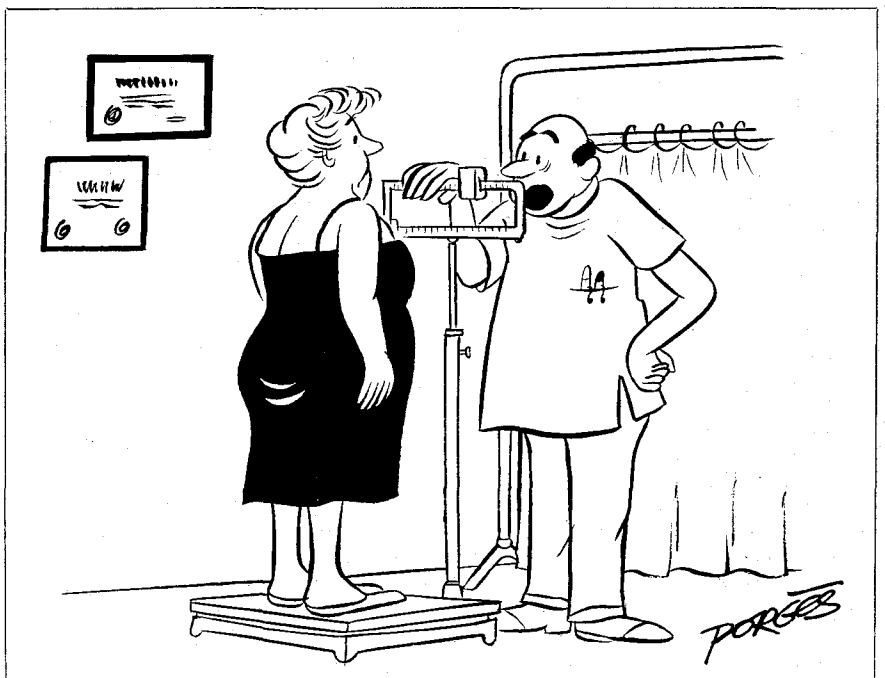
The best way to appreciate what a clam chowder should be is to make one yourself. This is the way we make it:

One quart of shucked clams.
One third pound of diced salt pork.
Three medium-large onions, sliced thin.
Two medium-large potatoes, peeled and
sliced, with slices cut in half.
Six cups of rich milk, or half milk and
half light cream.

Cut off the clam necks and put them through a meat grinder. Try out the salt pork, remove and save the scraps, and in the remaining fat fry the onions until they are transparent but not brown. Barely cover the chopped clam necks and potatoes with water, add half the strained pork fat if you wish, cover and boil for about ten minutes or until the potatoes are nearly cooked. Then add the rest of the clams and continue boiling for not more than three minutes. Add the milk with a teaspoon and a half of salt, heat to the boiling point and remove the kettle from the stove. When cooled, put the chowder in the refrigerator and leave for a day—even two days. This aging is important; an indifferently made chowder, aged and reheated, is nearly as tasty as a carefully prepared one which has been rushed straight from the stove to the table. The quantities in our "receet" should be enough to satisfy four hungry sailors. When ready to serve, the chowder is taken from the refrigerator, heated good and hot but not boiling, and ladled into bowls, and the pork scraps are set sail on top. On the side are common crackers or pilot bread; those who wish may crumble and dunk.

Of course, shucked soft-shell clams are hard, if not impossible, to get any distance from the Gulf of Maine. In that case, you must use canned minced clams, which are quahogs and sea clams, and may be bought almost anywhere in the country. The result won't be perfection, but at least you'll have a chowder you won't be ashamed of and which you aren't likely to get in any public eating place. But no matter how you make it, some folks will always sing out, "'Tain't the way *I* make *my* chowdy."

You're now qualified to say the same about theirs. THE END



"Holy smokes!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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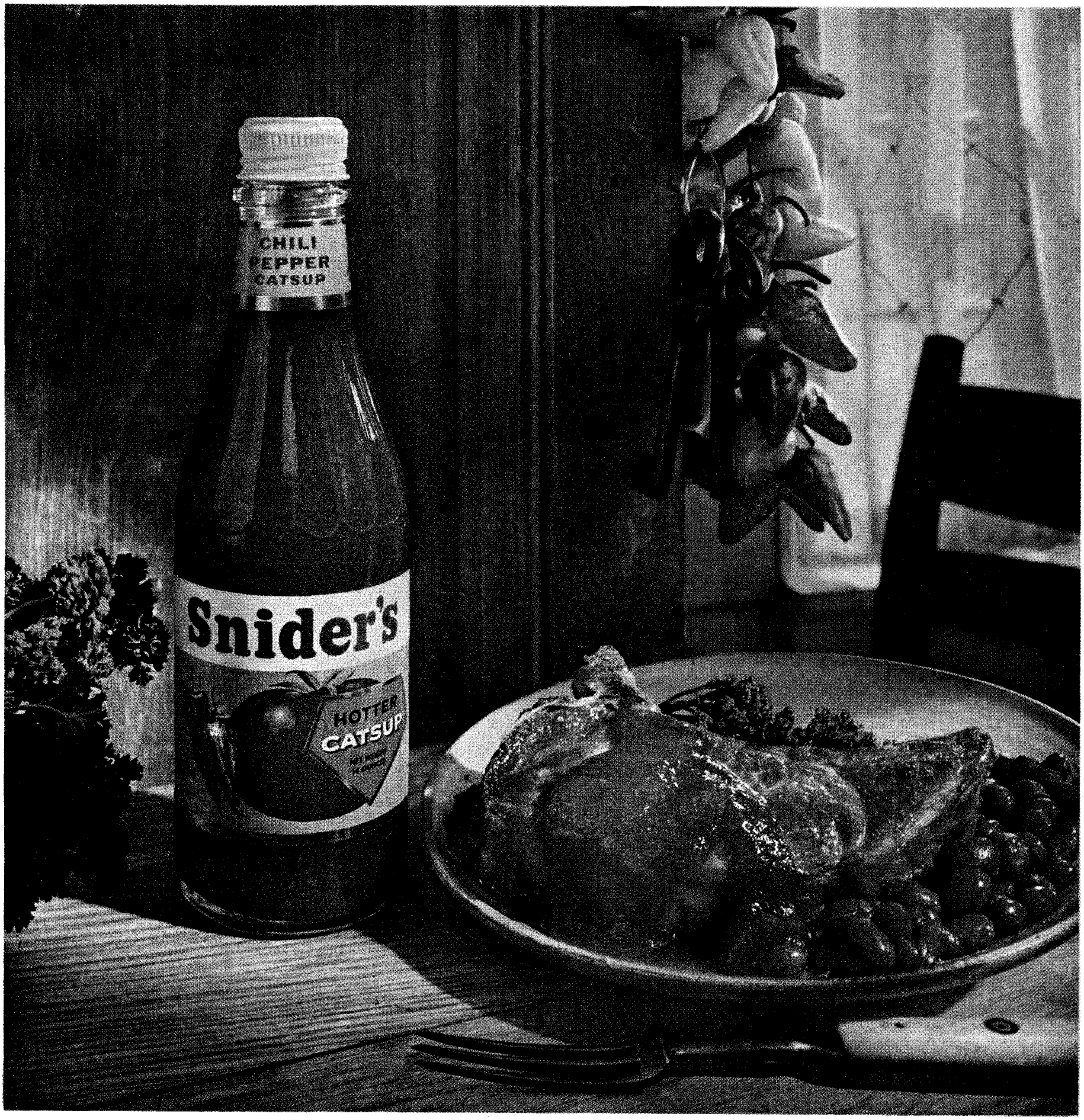

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the chili pepper catsup

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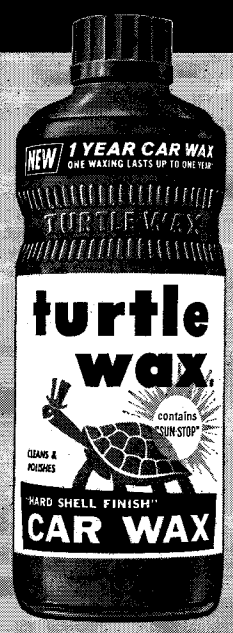

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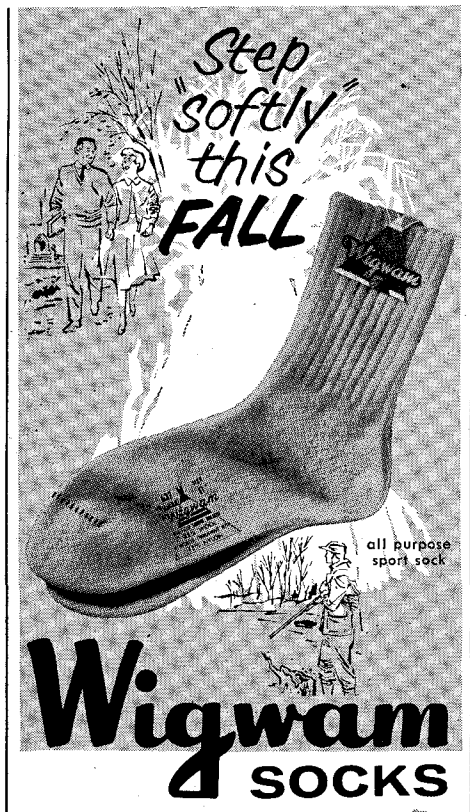

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His Business Is Ruins

(Continued from Page 23)

pearl-button suits to match his gray Western hat, Alcorn is at once the town's most dashing and controversial figure.

Of itself, this isn't too puzzling. Alamos still is off the beaten path, thirty-two miles inland of Mexico's west coast highway, and its 3000 inhabitants still live *mañana* lives. Alcorn, on the other hand, is a man of direct and vigorous action. He "discovered" Alamos twelve years ago, pictured it as a restored Shangri-La for leisure-loving Americans, and proceeded with characteristic dispatch. Today he owns half the buildings on the plaza, including the proud old Almada mansion—Hotel Los Portales—and controls real estate worth maybe a million dollars on a booming Alamos market. He's the man to see if you would buy a ruin.

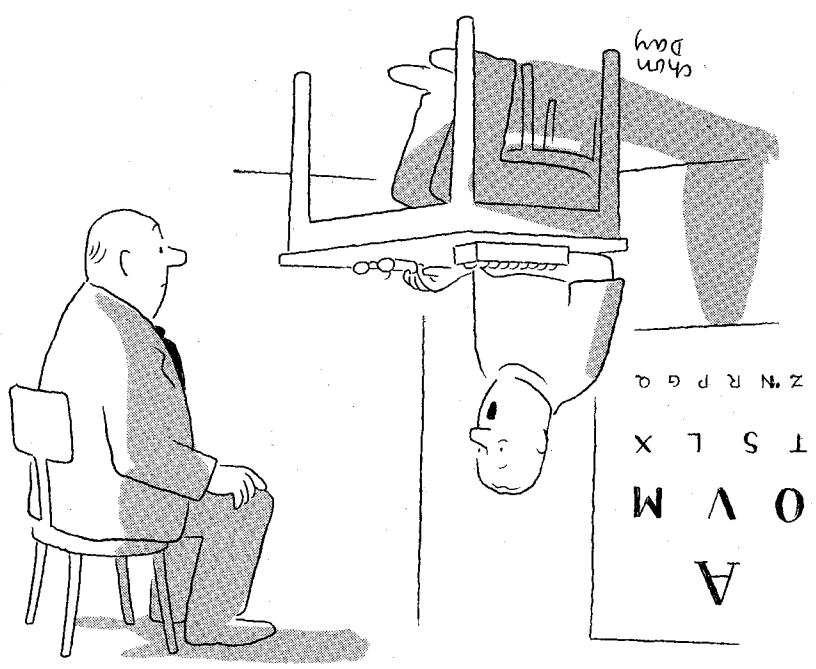
Such an investment, the *señor* contends, has both spiritual and financial values. "There was a doctor from California," he recalls, "who was feeling old and run-down himself when he came here a few years ago. He wanted something to restore, from dirt floors to door latches. I happened to have a fine old pile—only the brick arches of windows and doors still were standing." The doctor took it for $400 and spent another $400 to cart off the rubble. The next three years, between trips around the world, he spent in happy reconstruction. He built new adobe walls, installed flush plumbing, a tile kitchen and electricity, then let the place go for $13,000 to a Winfield, Kansas, oilman and felt much better. The new owner tore out some walls and invested $3000 in cedar doors and a swimming pool. He, too, felt better after his labors, and the pile is up for sale again. "I'll have no trouble getting $18,000 for it," says Alcorn.

Ninety Americans now have Alamos properties, and others are coming daily. Alvin Gordon and his wife, Darley, from San Francisco and Hollywood, bought and renovated the old Bishop's Palace—occupied by famed Padre Quiros from 1787 to 1837—and converted it into Hotel Casa de los Tesoros, introducing more Americans to the town. Some, lulled by the hot, dry climate and balm of *mañana*, hire Alcorn to make their haciendas habitable; this he does with crews of peons who are paid one peso per day per peon—about eight cents each, American, at the current rate of exchange—taking a 10 per cent commission on labor and materials. Other Americans tackle their own restorations as long-term do-it-yourself projects.

Harold Miles, for example, a slim, white-haired artist who created sets for Hollywood movies like Bambi and Snow White, gave $1600 for the bare walls of a tumbledown house. It was on a rocky lane shared with the pigs and goats of his Mexican neighbors. Now Miles has spent $12,000 in improvements, including his own wrought-iron lamps, and plans to invest another $5000 before he's done. Paul Robinson, a trailer manufacturer from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, bought a block-square building which housed a short-lived Japanese silk factory; he dug the deepest swimming pool in town and trailered in a cabin cruiser for fishing trips on the Gulf of California.

Ten years ago La Hacienda was a roofless rubble overrun with iguana lizards; now it is the $30,000 retirement palace of William Fabian Walsh, a New York trial lawyer. Walsh hadn't heard of Alamos until a year ago; while motoring to California with his wife Dolly, he detoured south. They came under Alcorn's spell and soon were moving their Fifth Avenue apartment—rugs, paintings, a huge Dresden chandelier and their French poodle—to Mexico. Loath to leave during even the hot summer months, they've installed air conditioning. Each morning they rise early for a horseback ride over the desert; each evening, with cocktails in hand, they watch flocks of wild parakeets swoop in over the patio wall. At the other end of the scale is the man who took a room above the movie house, drove nails in the walls for his clothes, hung a Mexican calendar picture and, having done all the renovating he had in mind, sent out for a case of relaxing tequila.

All this activity naturally has created civic problems. The Mexican Government had to dig two new wells to supply the Americans' plumbing and built a power plant that provides electricity from six P.M. to midnight. Nothing as yet, however, has changed the basic Mexican nature. The boys sometimes forget to order fuel for the municipal diesels, and hostesses who've planned dinner and an evening of bridge find they must suddenly pack up the hors d'oeuvres and move to a home with its own light plant. One night the lights failed as some Americans were sitting down to a dinner party at Los Portales. One of the men volunteered to run



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now then—what seems to be your trouble?"

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home for candles. Grabbing the first ones he found, he set them in saucers and returned with them to the party; they gave a nice, flickering, romantic light. The next day he was inquiring how to get back in the good graces of his household servants. He had unwittingly grabbed sacred candles blessed by the priest.

The townspeople are slowly learning to adjust to the American pace. One Alamosan has learned to strain oil-drum gasoline through an old felt hat to supply Yanqui autos; and the Chaco brothers, with only a few basic hand tools, have developed a brisk business repairing everything from the ancient church clock to liquid-gas refrigerators. A little girl skips down Calle Juárez with laundry balanced on her head; soon her brother returns with hangers of crisp white shirts. From behind a fresh-plastered ten-foot wall—with wrought-iron doorknobs from Guadalajara, far to the south—comes the unmistakable chug of a diesel engine and the strains of Missouri Waltz on a grand piano.

Actually, Alamos has always faced incongruities. On the square there's a faded poster advertising the movie Viva Villa. Alamosans remember Pancho Villa—not as the good-natured oaf portrayed by Wallace Beery but as an angry brigand who came with his men and took the silver bells from the church. The town was poor then; the replacement bell clangs tinnily. High on the church walls are bright china dinner plates—brought from home cupboards to adorn the scarred adobe after another sacking. From time to time a tourist car discharges shouting American girls in slacks and shorts, and immediately the grilled windows on the square fill with dark, questioning eyes. A thoughtless American woman once entered the church wearing a play suit, with nothing covering her head. "Always something," the Alamosans say.

And now it's fifty-four-year-old Señor Alcorn, an alert and lifelong seeker after the greener grass beyond the fence. As a boy at Waterford, Pennsylvania, he tended his grandfather's cows, the first purebred Holstein herd in Erie County. He went to Cornell University, took a degree in husbandry, then came back to help with the farm, marry and start a family of three sons and two daughters. However, he found the 1500-acre home ranch painfully confining and in 1928 he contracted to haul neighbors' milk to Erie and Saegertown. He started with one truck and built to a fleet of five. In 1935, when George H. Earle interrupted forty years of Republican rule by winning the Pennsylvania governorship, Alcorn, whose family had been Democrats for several generations, was made junior state dairy agent. The next election restored the Republicans and he had to resign. He joined the Federal Farm Security Administration and stayed on for seven dull years, farming on the side. Cow values, rising from seventy-five dollars to $425 during World War II years, improved his fortunes, but Alcorn by then was thoroughly weary of bovine faces. When, in 1946, an udder infection reached his herd, he sold out.

Up to then, if he had thought of Mexico at all, it was only as a faraway place where people ate indigestible dishes whose names he couldn't even pronounce. Then he and his wife took a trip south of the border. Alcorn was entranced; his wife was not. Indeed, Gladys Alcorn made it quite clear that she would never live in Mexico, and she never has. When he continued to dream and make further trips, he went alone. In 1947 he got a line on a cattle ranch in Durango and headed south by jeep—the international highway being then scarcely a rut through the cactus. Stopping for dinner one evening in Navojoa, he met Alberto Maas, a former Associated Press correspondent turned prospector who had married a Mexican girl and was living regally in Alamos. Maas sketched a fascinating picture of the "lost city of *portales*," and that night when Alcorn wandered in the ancient ruins, he found what he had sought all his life.

The old Almada home—at the time a government troop barracks commanded by a general—took his eye. Almost a block in size and one-storied, its rooms faced on a tropical courtyard with its own well and bright tile murals. The owner, *Doña* Angelina, lived in Guadalajara; her asking price was $3500. Alcorn offered $2000; she countered with $2500, for which she would throw in Carriage House. Alcorn was about to mosey on to Durango when he got into conversation with an Ohio couple who'd motored from Guaymas for the day. If there were only a hotel, they said, they'd stay a month. Alcorn forgot Durango in that moment. He wired acceptance of *Doña* Angelina's terms, and she persuaded the Mexican general—her cousin—to break camp. Alcorn had peon crews at work the next day creating the Hotel Los Portales.

In Mexico, however, transactions do not always proceed apace. Some Alamosans wanted no gringos in town, and Alcorn had much to learn, including the language. As a foreigner, he couldn't even take title in his own name. His *mozo*, or houseman, José Barba, tried to help, as did Alberto Maas. Unknown to them, Alamos' famous "Jumping Bean King," Juan Hernandez, also wanted the Almada property. Months passed. There were innumerable documents to be filed and fees to be paid; one delay followed another, but finally Alcorn concluded the purchase, registering the property in José Barba's name and giving him Carriage House as commission. Out of this association, Barba was himself to become a prosperous Alamos contractor.

Now Alcorn took options on scores of old ruins. He registered them in the name of Barba or Anna Maria Castro, his pretty twenty-one-year-old secretary; it was an expedient move if not exactly *legitimo*. At one point he had more than $200,000 in her name and cringed when anyone looked at her. "If she had died, gone crazy or—worse—got married," he admits, "I could have been wiped out." He lived in this state of anxiety for a full five years.

As an alien, he could be listed only as general manager of the hotel. Anna Maria had to write the federal government in Mexico City each year stating that his services were indispensable. "Mexicans," he points out, "are very sensitive people. American farmers are apt to be brusque. I learned to be angelic. If she refused to write that letter, I was out." Finally in 1953 he was granted "*imigrado*" status, whereby—without renouncing his American citizenship—he had the same property rights as Mexicans.

But a man could still founder in red tape. There were no facilities at Mexican banks for mortgages as they're known Stateside. Alcorn was reluctant to carry a lot of property in his own name; his

Former St. Louis policeman George Houssong and his wife have spent the past five winters at their villa in Alamos, Mexico. They can pick papayas off their own roof.

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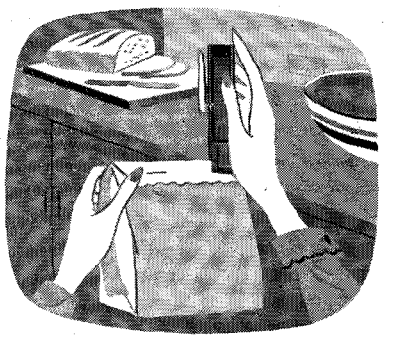

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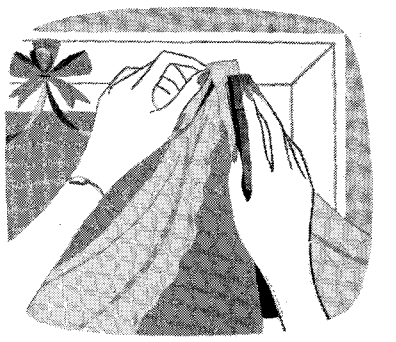

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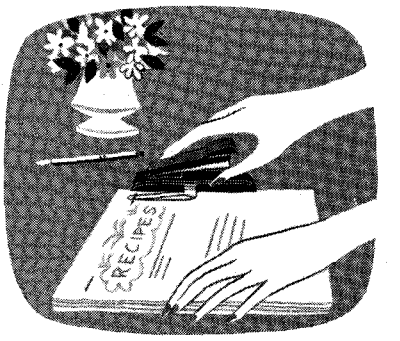

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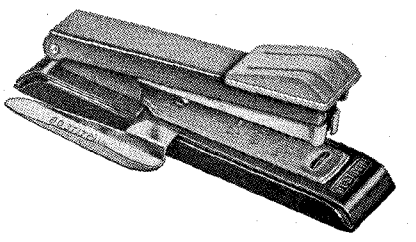

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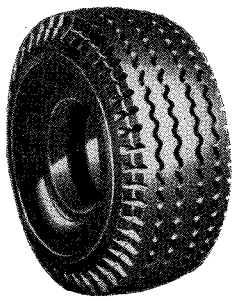

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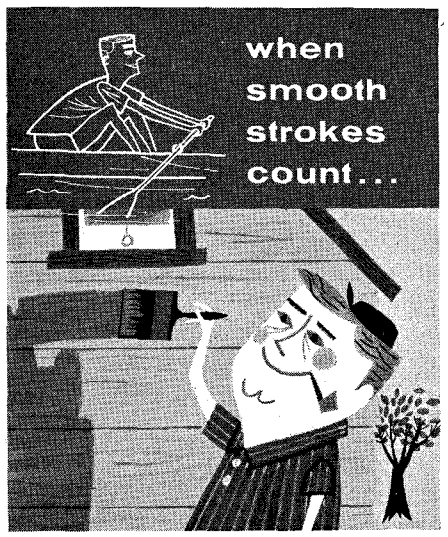

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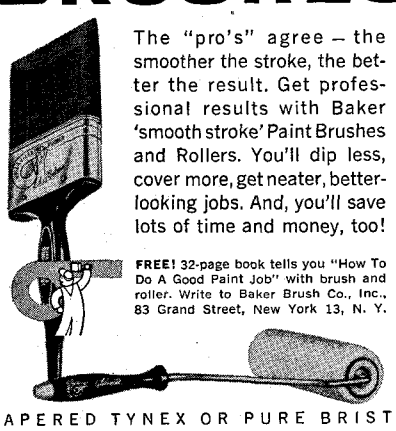

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American clients expected him to recommend "safe" Mexicans to hold titles for them.

Eventually he learned of an old law which permits foreigners to organize companies for buying, selling or renting properties, except in certain restricted zones on the sea coast and borders. With trusted Mexicans he formed Los Portales, S.A. (Sociedad Anonymous). "The company is licensed for fifty years," he tells clients. "It will hold your title, and I will give you a private agreement of sale. But it's a trust company—you trust Alcorn—and this being Mexico, we can all lose our shirts by morning."

So far, fortunately, no one has, but it's a gamble. As the United States Department of Commerce warns in a bulletin issued by its World Trade Information Service:

> The Mexican Constitution of 1917 provides [that] only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican corporations have the right to acquire ownership of lands, waters and their appurtenances . . . in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to aliens, provided they agree before the Ministry of Foreign Relations to consider themselves as Mexicans in respect to such property, and bind themselves not to invoke the protection of their Governments . . . under penalty, in case of noncompliance, of forfeiture to the nation of the property. . . .

The bulletin adds that "the property of aliens, like the property of Mexicans, is subject to the constitutional provision (Article 27) that 'private property shall not be expropriated except for reasons of public utility and by means of indemnification.'" Those close to the situation, continues the bulletin, "are generally inclined to rate expropriation low on the list of investment hazards." Some Americans, however, still are trying to cash bonds received years ago as "indemnification" for lands so taken.

Shortly after I returned from Sonora, the biggest ranch there—owned by Americans—was expropriated. "Owning" lands in Mexico can be risky, Alcorn admits. It might better be termed leasing, in fact, with a landlord who at times is most whimsical.

Not everyone, of course, finds his personal paradise there. "Either they think it's enchanting," Alcorn says, "or they ask, 'Who in hell would live here?'" There was one young man who sank hundreds of dollars in a ruin as a surprise for his wife. She arrived with their four children—the youngest a babe in arms and colicky—in the hot season. She knew no Spanish and wasn't about to learn. To her, Mexicans who stopped everything at midday for their two-hour siesta were downright lazy. She disliked *tortillas*, detested frijoles, was frightened by the harmless iguana lizards, and shuddered at the white-necked vultures which do the town's scavenging. After a month of it, she told her husband to make his choice: Alamos or her. Alcorn barely had the heart to charge his 5-per-cent commission for reselling the house.

Leslie and Renee Baynham, on the other hand, feel that life itself was restored to them in Alamos. Baynham had owned citrus groves in Southern California until a heart condition forced his retirement. Young Mrs. Baynham had had surgery for cancer, and the prognosis wasn't good. "Our values were cold and stark when we got here," she confesses. "Then something about the people, especially the happy Mexican children, got to us. Spanking their bottoms, teaching them English and learning to love them, I suddenly felt good. Sometimes now I sit out in the courtyard all night listening to my nocturnal symphony—church bells, wandering musicians, a child's laugh, the bray of burros, a woman crying out in childbirth—they have them the old way here, down on their knees and hurting—and then, at dawn, the roosters calling a new day. It's primitive, but it's life with its basic values."

A similar attitude attracted Albert and Martha Haywood, of New Canaan, Connecticut. After thirty years in the hardwood-flooring business in Manhattan, they read all they could find on three "cheap retirement places"—Guaymas, Alamos and a third one they no longer remember. Visiting Alamos, they talked with Billy Alcorn, the *señor*'s Air Force veteran son, who now runs the hotel.

"We went back to New England," Haywood told me, "and suddenly it was cold and depressing. Sunny, romantic

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Contemplative Blossom

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Sitting in silence for an hour,
I watched the petals of a flower
Unfold, the fragile tissue slowly
Opening till the heart lay wholly
Golden and perfect in the light.
Perhaps instructed by the sight,
Within my mind a bud of thought
Loosened and from a hard green knot
Uncurled in consciousness, full-blown—
A latent truth I long had known.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Alamos kept tugging." Alcorn, on learning that Billy had let such prospects escape, hopped in his old jeep and trailed them across the continent. When he left New Canaan, he had a $5000 down payment on Rancho La Colorado. The 535-acre estate, named for its red soil, included a tumbledown villa, orchards and the town's original well. Buying it in Anna Maria's name, the Haywoods put peon labor together with Yankee plans and created a place which would have dazzled the old Almadas. It has, among other things, the town's first hardwood floor, walnut squares from Kentucky on which Haywood paid 25 per cent Mexican duty. "We live like kings for two hundred fifty dollars a month," he says, "with three servants, an American automobile and a trip home every six months." Taxes on his *rancho grande* are only $7.80 a year.

Even with inflation, which is reaching mañana-land, the living is good in subtropical Alamos. Meat sells for thirty cents a pound at the little open-air market, vegetables for about three cents, and mangoes, papayas, avocados, pineapples, lemons, oranges and bananas are nearly as cheap as air. Boys bring wood to the door for three pesos a burro load. Huarachos, the comfortable Mexican sandals which sell for fifteen pesos—about $1.20—soon replace shoes.

Most of the seventy-five Americans in regular residence at Alamos contrive to be as busy as jumping beans. As they learn the language and get acquainted, the women find fabulous antique hunting in homes which hadn't been opened in forty years. The men hunt doves, ducks and tigers in the nearby Sierra Madre, prospect for gold and silver or take fishing trips to the gulf. At least once a week someone organizes a shopping trip to Navojoa, thirty-two miles by dirt road through the cactus, where they may also catch commercial airliners to the States. There's an endless pageantry of weddings and *fiestas*. Alcorn plays host at Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts with turkey cooked by a murderer paroled to him from the jail on Guadalupe Hill. For the Fourth of July he even furnishes firecrackers.

Recently, the *señor* has been active in community works; it's good public relations. He contributed bedding and money and served on a committee to start a little hospital, Casa de Maternidad, where Mexican women may have up-to-date obstetrical care and where Americans may get emergency treatment, and vice versa. The one local telephone line connects Alcorn's hotel with Dr. Guerra Flores. Alcorn freighted 600 books from his Pennsylvania farm to start a library in Palacio Municipal; the gesture prompted Alamosans—among them an Almada grandson—to donate old Spanish volumes. The new Banco de Comercio del Yaqui y Mayo, in Alamos, which Alcorn inspired, now has 1,500,000 pesos on deposit; this includes accounts of the Quintara Mine, newly reopened under Canadian management and producing 200 tons of silver ore daily.

Probably the sorriest ruin when Alcorn came to town was the plaza. The bandstand tilted shabbily over unkempt paths and flower beds, the ancient paintings in its ceiling were all but gone. Gladys Drake, widow of Joseph Drake, onetime vice-president of the Hupmobile company, and an artist in her own right, shared Alcorn's unhappiness over the square. Together they contributed a new tin roof for the kiosk. Then Alcorn paid a Mexican artist 8000 pesos to restore the paintings. Now traveling musicians play concerts for the town and the guests on Alcorn's veranda. With the archbishop's approval, the *señor* strung lights to the top of the church tower to give his guests a better view of the nightly promenade. Immediately the current generation of lovers wailed, "It's not the Plaza de las Armas any longer—it's Alcorn's Court."

One day he was summoned to a meeting with the Sonora state architect, the governor's secretary and the head of the state museum. "What you have done here is remarkable," they told him, "but, frankly, Mexicans can't help resenting their old homes' being transformed into Yankee palaces. Something must be done to preserve Alamos' ancient glory." They were surprised to learn that Alcorn had anticipated them and had a plan in mind. As a result, Alamos has been designated a Mexican national monument under a law which regulates all buildings within a kilometer and a half of the bandstand. The outward appearance of no structure may be altered, except for new paint; there may be no picture windows or peaked roofs, absolutely no gas stations, neon signs, motels or trailer courts.

Alamos still seems very old, unspoiled and romantic, but somehow to the sunny *señor* the grass seems not so green any more. "I'm about out of ruins here," Alcorn told me. "Pretty soon I'll have to find another ghost town—perhaps that lost city of Baroyeca you were hunting. There's treasure in the old walls, all right—you get it by rebuilding them." This, he contends, is much more romantic—even if a gamble—than tugging milk from black-and-white cows.

THE END

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Set Up for Murder (Continued from Page 37)

expected a little delay at the newspaper switchboard, but there was none. As soon as he gave his name the operator cut him off, and a new voice, a man's voice, came on almost immediately.

"This is Martin Fallon," Fallon said. "I heard radio reports that I'd run, or that—something had happened to me. That isn't true. I was sent up here by the police."

"Where?"

"It's a town called Pearl Valley."

"Oh, no."

The feeling was that of sitting down in a chair that suddenly was not there, of stepping in darkness and finding no stair tread. Fallon said slowly, "That means what?"

"You're the fifth in three hours," the voice said; "all claiming to be Martin Fallon and wanting to know, please, are we interested in taking pictures and writing up a life story. Particularly pictures."

"But ——"

"But you're the first," the voice said, "who's dreamed up an out-of-town location. Come on in and tell us about it and we'll see what we can do. Ask for me at the reception desk."

"I can't come in."

"Why not?" And then, "Every cop in town is looking for you, if you're Fallon."

"That's the reason," Fallon said. "They, the police ——"

"Oh, brother. You've got it bad, haven't you?"

Fallon hung up then and let himself out of the little booth. The druggist still stood by the prescription counter, and his eyes watched Fallon carefully. Fallon opened the door and stepped over the rubber mat and out to the sidewalk. He began to walk again, compulsively, helplessly, as in a nightmare.

Johnny drove, up one road and down the next, winding in among the trees, seeing houses, big and little, all shapes and sizes and unlikely locations, looking, always looking for the girl's car.

Mark said, "You know something?"

Johnny was feeling the tension again building within him. The village was larger than he had thought, and the country roads were confusing. Still, if they took their time and were careful, they were bound to win. And the night was young yet. "O.K.," he said; "what do I know?"

Mark said, "I bet that dame keeps her car in a garage. Then we'll never find it. You thought of that?"

The girl was in the kitchen of the little house, and the two cats claimed that they were hungry again. They protested that they were famished. "I'm sorry," the girl said. "I forgot." She put more food in their bowls and bent to stroke them while they took the first, greedy gulps. Then she left them and walked out to the quiet living room and sat down.

The fear was gone now, or almost, a more or less momentary thing, springing from surprise. It was still hard to believe that she had actually seen one of the men, that he was real, that he existed—and she glanced at the sketches Fallon had drawn, lying there on the table. She wondered where Fallon was now, with his sunburned face that could be believed and his incredulity that she had shared, and shared no longer.

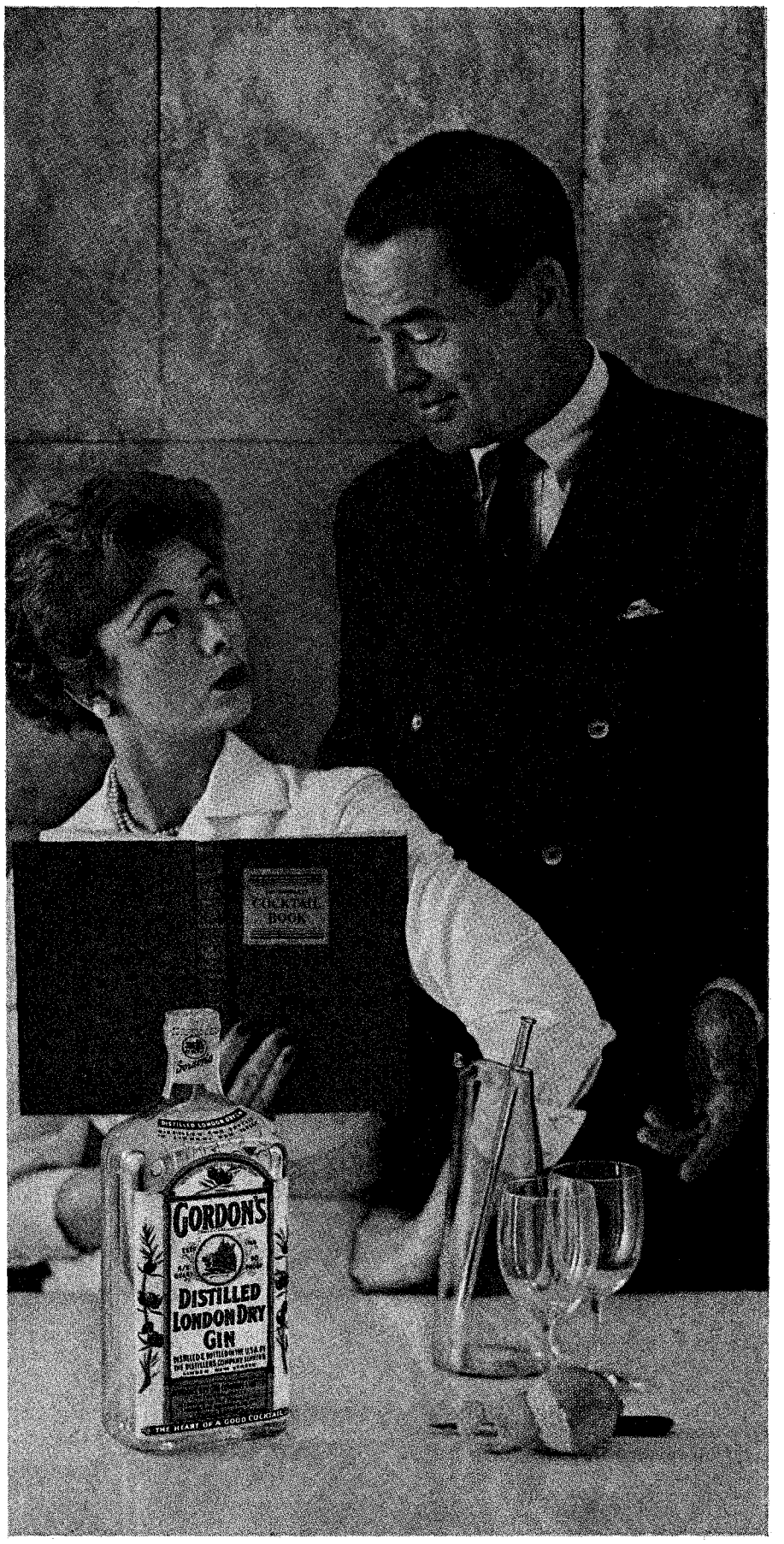
He would be all right. She told herself this, tried to make herself believe it. And she told herself, too, that it was strange, even a trifle ridiculous, that she should find herself caring much what happened to him. She found both assurances shaky if not downright false.

They had met on the train by accident. She had given him one ride, they had talked a little, and then she had given him another ride. That was all. That was not all. Ships that pass in the night, that trite phrase—but this was different, because they had shared something, an emotion, fear if there was no other word, and after that kind of sharing they were strangers no longer, even though the sharing was past and gone.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They all rang at once!"

SHE: The book says 3 to 1
HE: The boys say 10 to 1



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She stood up suddenly, finding inactivity intolerable. She walked to the door and threw it wide, stood looking out at the night. The air was pleasant, fresh, cool. Her car stood between the two great plane trees where she had left it in her haste to get inside, to wrap the familiarity of the little house around her—as Fallon had said he had wanted to do with the city after four years of absence. No matter. The car could sit out. The night air wouldn't hurt it. It was too much of an effort to put it away in the garage. Funny, how tired she was. She thought how tired Fallon must be after a whole day of—running.

Standing there, her hand on the door, looking out at the night, she said, "Please. Be careful. Take care of yourself." It was like a prayer.

In the police station Captain Johns, the big, sleepy man, sat behind his desk, and his thumb rubbed idly at the empty pipe bowl. Willie Long, in his dark suit and his foulard tie, said, "I can make some allowances, but not many." He spoke directly to Carnevan, as if they were only two in the little office. "You got yourself shot up, and that takes something out of a man."

"Once upon a time," Carnevan said, and the phrase, coming out that way, in this connection, shook him a little, but he went on, "I believed in you. I thought you were a good cop, one of the best. I was proud to work with you, for you." He paused then. "You're scum, Willie. You're worse than scum. You're a good cop turned rotten."

Nothing changed in Willie Long's face. "I said I'd make allowances. I am. Maybe, in a way, it was my fault in giving you the case when I knew that you'd lost something in the hospital. That changes a man. He's never the same again. He has nothing to stand on any longer. He begins to look for the easy way."

Carnevan said, "You're a liar, Willie. You know it, and I know it. You set Fallon up. Did you set up the other one too? Six months ago? In a hotel room nobody knew anything about, where we had Morris on ice, where I slept with the guy and watched him brush his teeth and held his hand when the shakes began? Did you sell out that time, too, Willie? Set him up? Set me up too? How long has the rot gone on? How did it start?"

"I expected this," Willie Long said. He looked at Johns. He spread his hands.

Johns said, in his slow, mild way, "He"—he nodded at Carnevan—"knew Fallon was up here because he'd sent him. Mind telling me ——"

"How I knew?" Willie Long said, quick and sharp and smooth. "Of course not. I don't blame you for asking, captain. We got a tip about a package delivered to Carnevan's apartment, and what was in the package—ten thousand dollars." He nodded. "It's true. His wife had the money, and hysterics. She told us where he'd gone, and why. So ——"

It was, all at once, like the breaking of a dam in Carnevan's mind, and the flood was something more than anger, it was rage. His voice shook. "If you touched her, Willie, if you even raised a finger to her ——" He backed away, stood beside the doorway. "So help me, I'll kill you. When I'm done here, I'll find you wherever you are ——"

Johns said, "Simmer down, son."

"No." Carnevan shook his head. "I can't match him in words. I'm just a cop, maybe stupid. There's a man out here somewhere. I'll find him ——"

Willie Long said, "You've gone crazy, Jim. You've ——"

"I'm leaving," Carnevan said. "I'm going to find a man." He paused, looking at them both. "You're going to try to stop me?"

Willie Long looked at Johns. Johns' thumb rubbed imperturbably at the pipe bowl. He said, "It's not a very big village, son. There aren't many places to hide, if you want to hide." He paused. "But suit yourself."

Carnevan was gone. They heard the front door slam. Willie Long said, "You'll have him picked up, captain?"

"No rush," Johns said.

"If he finds Fallon ——"

"You know about needles?" Johns said. "And haystacks? We haven't even got a starting point. Neither has he."

"He's a good cop," Willie Long said. "He's a smart cop, captain. Don't underrate him." He paused. "I'd be a lot happier if you picked him up. Now." There was an edge to his voice, faint, but there.

"Would you?" Johns said mildly. His thumb rubbed slowly at the pipe bowl. "But you're a little out of your territory, aren't you, son? I'm kind of used to making the decisions up here."

Fallon had left the drugstore well behind. He still walked aimlessly, compulsively, but he had managed to shake a little of the nightmare feeling. Carnevan was here. And the two men in the car were here too. Why did he assume that? They might have gone anywhere. And something began to move around in the back of his mind, and he groped for it, but it was gone. No matter.

He began over. Carnevan was here. The two men were—anywhere. The city, as of now, then, was at least as safe and probably safer than this little village. Carnevan himself had said it. "A city is a fine place to drop out of sight. If you have friends."

He no longer walked aimlessly. A bus or a taxi across the bridge, the girl had said, standing there on the station platform. And somewhere, just recently, he had seen, and not really noticed, a bus schedule posted in a window, a lighted window, one of the places he had walked past—the luncheonette, the first lighted window above The Inn. He began to walk faster.

The newspaper offered sanctuary now, although back in that stifling phone booth, feeling only the shattering disappointment, he had not seen the possibility. Now he did. He crossed the main street almost boldly, and walked straight to the luncheonette window. The schedule was there. It had a pencil line drawn through it, underlining the times of this stop. There were no more buses until morning. He stood quite still, and made himself breathe slowly, evenly. And then he opened the door and walked in.

A jukebox was playing a rock-and-roll song, and the same three boys he had seen before, sitting at the counter, bobbed their heads in rhythm. To the waitress Fallon said, "Can you tell me, please, where the taxis are?"

One of the boys sniggered, but none of them looked around. "One taxi," the waitress said. "This isn't the city, mister. Not after dark. The taxi shack is around the corner on the side street."

One of the boys sniggered again pointlessly as Fallon walked out, but he did not look back. No one followed him around the corner. The shack was there, and an old man sitting on a kitchen chair in front of a microphone, reading a newspaper. He listened to Fallon. "Pretty expensive across the bridge, son. We charge six dollars, have to ——"

"I'll pay."

"Two of you go, it's only three apiece."

"I'll pay the whole fare."

"Won't have to," the old man said. "You're lucky." He picked up the microphone, spoke into it. "Where you at, Joe? Fellow here wants across the bridge. Pick up Mrs. Chambers first. She's been waiting."

On the speaker a voice said, "I'll get her. Fifteen minutes."

The old man leaned back in his chair. "There you are, son. Big-city service."

"I'll wait outside," Fallon said. He felt better, much better. Standing in the darkness, almost calm now, he figured at last he had it made.

Carnevan was in his car, and the rage had settled down, steadied itself. He had driven around one block and back onto the main street where he could keep an eye on the police station. No one had come out yet, but he figured it would not be long before Willie stirred the big, sleepy police captain into action, and orders went out to pick Carnevan up. Carnevan knew how Willie's mind worked, and he had seen Willie operate before. What Willie wanted, Willie got, whether it was wheedling, or needling, or just plain violence it took.

And while he sat there, that inner cop's mind of his kept grinding away at the work it knew best, sifting and sorting, snuffling here and there among piles of maybe unrelated facts.

Fallon was here, right? That was the starting place. It had to be. O.K. The two hoods had been waiting at The Inn, right? They had left, and the cops had come running in, right? Some woman had phoned the local cops. That was why the cops had gone to The Inn, because the woman had said the two hoods were there. O.K. What did that add up to?

The woman—he had no idea who she was and neither did the cops—had to know who the hoods were before she phoned the cops, didn't she? Why else would she have phoned? Right? He was unaware that his hands were moving softly on the steering wheel, that his shoulders were beginning to hunch a little, all of this in tune with the probing, snuffling thoughts. The woman somehow knew Fallon, and that was how she recognized the hoods. O.K.

She saw them at the hotel, right? His hands were moving a little faster now on the smooth plastic of the steering wheel. His shoulders hunched a trifle farther. O.K. She wants to phone the cops. Where does she phone? Not the hotel; the pay phone was right in the lobby, and if she knew who the hoods were she wouldn't dare use that phone, right? So where does she go? And he turned his head only slightly and looked in the rear-view mirror back down the main street in the direction of The Inn. Four, five places open, showing lights. How many had phones? She'd pick one close, wanting to get the call in before the hoods changed their minds and walked out of The Inn? Wouldn't she?

His hands had changed their rhythm now, and their movements. His left hand let off the parking brake; his right put the car in gear. He made a U turn there in the middle of the block, headed for the first lighted place above The Inn. If the woman was local, maybe somebody saw her when she came in, recognized her, would remember. It was a long shot. But what else was there to try?

The first place was the luncheonette. Carnevan ignored the three boys at the counter. To the waitress he said, "A woman come in here, not too long ago, make a phone call, go right out again?"

The waitress said, "What do you think I do here, anyway, mister ——" And there was something in Carnevan's face that stopped the rest of it. At the counter all three boys turned and looked, and no one sniggered.

"Well?" Carnevan said. "I'm asking."

"I didn't see anybody," the waitress said.

Carnevan swung his head at the three boys. There was silence. Then one of the boys said, "We've been here an hour or so, mister. No woman's come in."

"O.K.," Carnevan said. He walked out. Automatically he looked far up the street. Two cars, the police car and Willie's, still stood in the no-parking area. He drove to the next place. It was a newsstand. The pay phone was out of order. Scratch the newsstand. The two cars still stood in front of the police station, and it passed through Carnevan's mind that (*Continued on Page 82*)

"Talk about luck."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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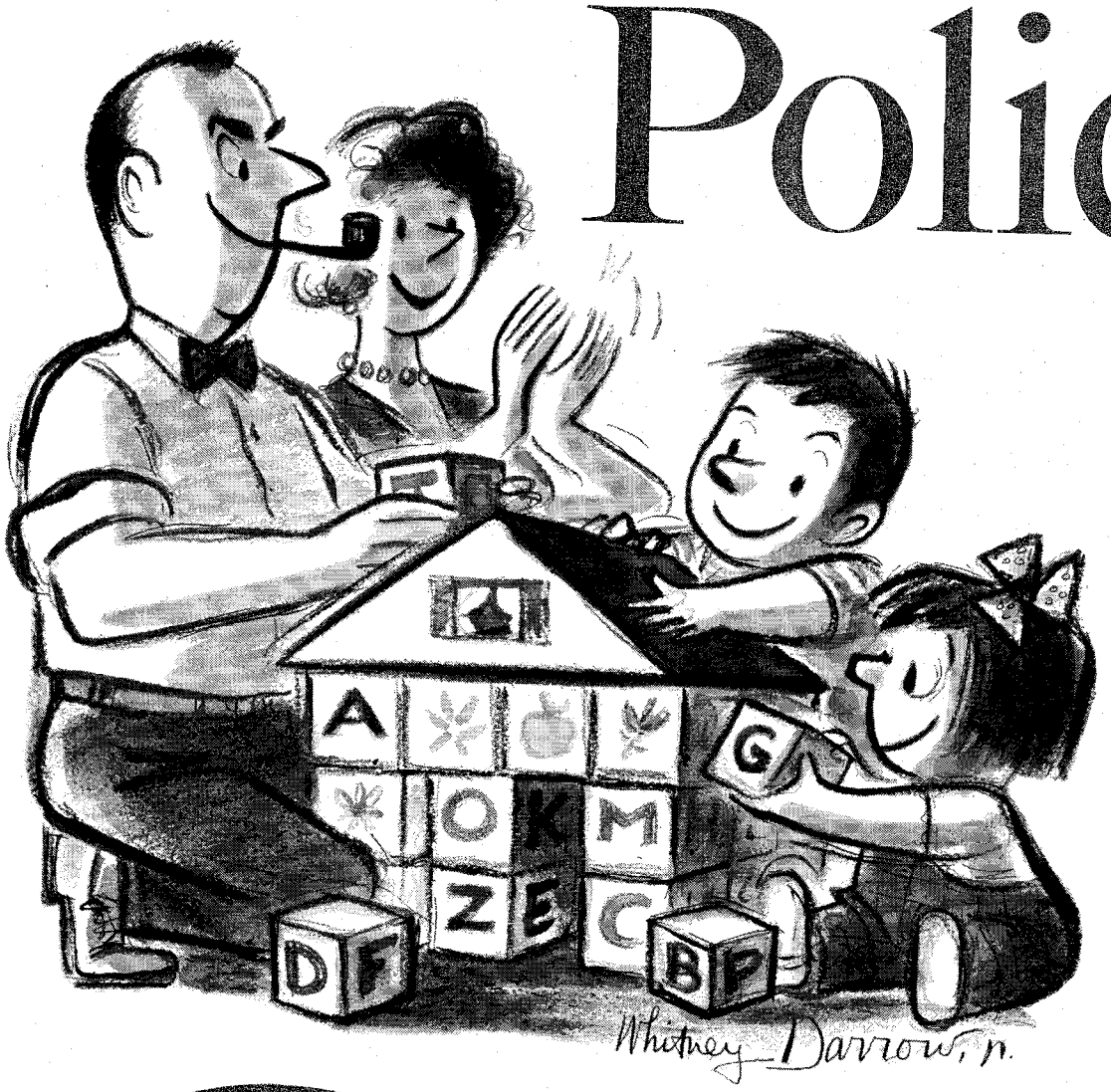
Simplified Security... at a saving

INA's new wonderful Homeowners Policy



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(*Continued from Page 80*) maybe the big sleepy cop wasn't quite the hick he made himself out to be if Willie hadn't managed to get him moving yet. No matter. The next stop was the drugstore. Impatience was pushing at him, and his rage, like a banked fire, was smoldering hotly.

Fallon still stood outside the taxi shack in the darkness, still almost calm, but in his mind beginning to urge Joe, who drove the taxi, to hurry, drop his fare, pick up Mrs. Chambers and get down here. And the beginnings of this impatience puzzled him. Carnevan was here. And the two men were ——

This time the thoughts stopped right there, and the thing that had been running around in his mind came out in the open where he could examine it. The two men were not just anywhere. They were somewhere very definite. He made himself reason it out step by step, because he had to be sure.

He had seen them crossing the street from The Inn. Why had they come out? Girl drives past, two men come out, police car arrives—*How do you add that up, Fallon? They saw her drive past, and for some reason that made them leave The Inn. Then when the police car came, what would they think, what could they think, except that the girl had called for the police? What else? And if they saw her drive past, they saw her car.* He closed his eyes, opened them again. No matter how he put it together, it came out only one way: *They aren't looking for you, Fallon. They're looking for her car.*

The little house and the two plane trees—the girl had left the car there in plain sight. Maybe she didn't always, but she had once, and she might again, and ——

A telephone was his first thought; his second: *I don't even know her name, so I can't telephone.* He fumbled in his pocket, got out a five-dollar bill, stuck his head into the shack and tossed the bill on the old man's table. "My share of the ride," he said. "I'm not going." And then he began to run, off into the darkness, hoping he could remember the roads.

Carnevan stepped on the rubber welcome mat just inside the drugstore door. He heard the chime. He stepped off the mat and back on again, and the chime sounded the second time. The hunch in his shoulders was pronounced when he turned to watch the druggist come out from behind the glass partition. "A woman," Carnevan said. "Came in here not long ago, used the phone?"

"Why," the druggist said, "I wouldn't necessarily notice. There were two or three women, and a man ——"

"Anybody comes in here," Carnevan said, "he steps on that mat, right? And you pop out to see who it is, right? If she was here, you saw her." He was reduced to his essence now, everything else wiped away—singleminded, tough, and all cop. "Well?"

"Well," the druggist said, "I don't ——" And then, "Yes. One woman did just phone. I remember."

"Better," Carnevan said. "And if she's local, you'd know her, right?"

"I've seen her. She's been in before. But her name ——" He spread his hands. "Why do you ——"

There was no hesitation in Carnevan. "You fill prescriptions, right? You keep names, records. O.K. You ever fill a prescription for her, this woman?"

It was like watching a coin drop into a slot. There was a little pause while wheels turned, levers moved. The druggist smiled. "You know, I think I did. This summer sometime. The ragweed was bad and she had a prescription for one of the antihistamines ——"

"Find it," Carnevan said. And he stood there, hunched, waiting, nothing in his mind but this, the banked fire of his rage smoldering steadily.

From behind the partition the druggist's voice said, "Here it is, just as I remembered it—Chlor-Trimeton ——"

"Stop yakking," Carnevan said, "and bring it out."

Captain Johns sighed. He got up from his desk, dropped the empty pipe into his pocket. "You're a persistent fellow, son. You tend to wear a man down."

"O.K.," Willie Long said almost wearily. "You'll pick him up? He can't have gone far. I'll prefer charges, and I'll make them stick. He's ——"

"I heard you the first two, three times," Johns said. "I just wanted to study on it a bit." He paused. "You'd better come along, hadn't you, son? He's kind of your responsibility, isn't he?"

"Why?" Willie said. And then, quickly, "Sure. He's my baby."

They walked together out to the police car. Johns looked both ways on the main street. Carnevan's car was pulling away from the curb in front of the drugstore. "Well, well," Johns said. "Isn't it funny how things work out sometimes? He looks as if he's got the bit in his teeth."

"Let's go," Willie Long said.

The girl was curled up in her big chair when the knock came at the door. The cat jumped down from her lap and ran to the kitchen, and the girl smiled after it. "Silly." She walked to the door.

The momentary fear was long gone, and she knew no reason now to be afraid. She was new to the village and she did not know many people, but from time to time someone, usually a woman, came at night to collect donations for this or that—the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, the Cub Scouts, the local church, that kind of thing, one dollar, two.

She opened the door without hesitation. And then she just stood there, and it seemed that the life drained out of her body, and her mind.

"Back up, sister," Johnny said. He held a gun loose in his hand, pointing at her stomach. Behind him Mark wore his secret smile, and his hands cradled the submachine gun as if it were a precious thing. They moved into the room, and she retreated before them.

Mark kicked the door shut. He looked around the room. He walked past Johnny and the girl and into the kitchen. From beneath the sink one of the cats growled, but that was the only sound. Mark came back in. Johnny said, "The bedroom. And don't forget the bathroom, the shower." He did not take his eyes from the girl. "Sit down, sister."

The girl retreated until the sofa touched the backs of her legs. Then she let herself go down, and merely sat there, staring. "What do you want?"

Johnny said nothing. He looked at Mark coming back.

"No guy," Mark said. They both looked at the girl.

Slowly she shook her head. "I don't know—anything at all. I mean, I don't know why you're ——"

"Cut the jive," Johnny said. "You drove past the hotel. You drove back again. Three, four minutes later here come the coppers running like Boy Scouts. You knew what we look like, sister. And there's only one way you could have known. So where is he?"

"Please," the girl said. "I don't know. I don't know anything."

Mark said, "Hey. Look at this." He picked up the paper with Fallon's sketches on its back. He held it out for Johnny's inspection. "Not bad, huh?" Mark said. "The guy's an artist. How about that?"

"Real funny," Johnny said, and he was looking at the girl again.

"I don't know where he is."

"He was here, right here."

"Yes."

"Keep talking."

It could do no harm now, she told herself. Fallon was gone, and she did not know where, and it was he the two men were after, not she. They would believe her, they would have to believe her. "I drove him to the village. Then he left. I haven't seen him. I don't know where he was going."

"You phoned the cops," Johnny said. "He ask you to do that?"

"Does it matter?" And then, "No. It was my idea."

"So he'd told you all about us," Johnny said. His voice was soft now, and bitter. "A real big-mouth. He even drew funny pictures for you. That's too bad, sister."

"But I don't know where he is."

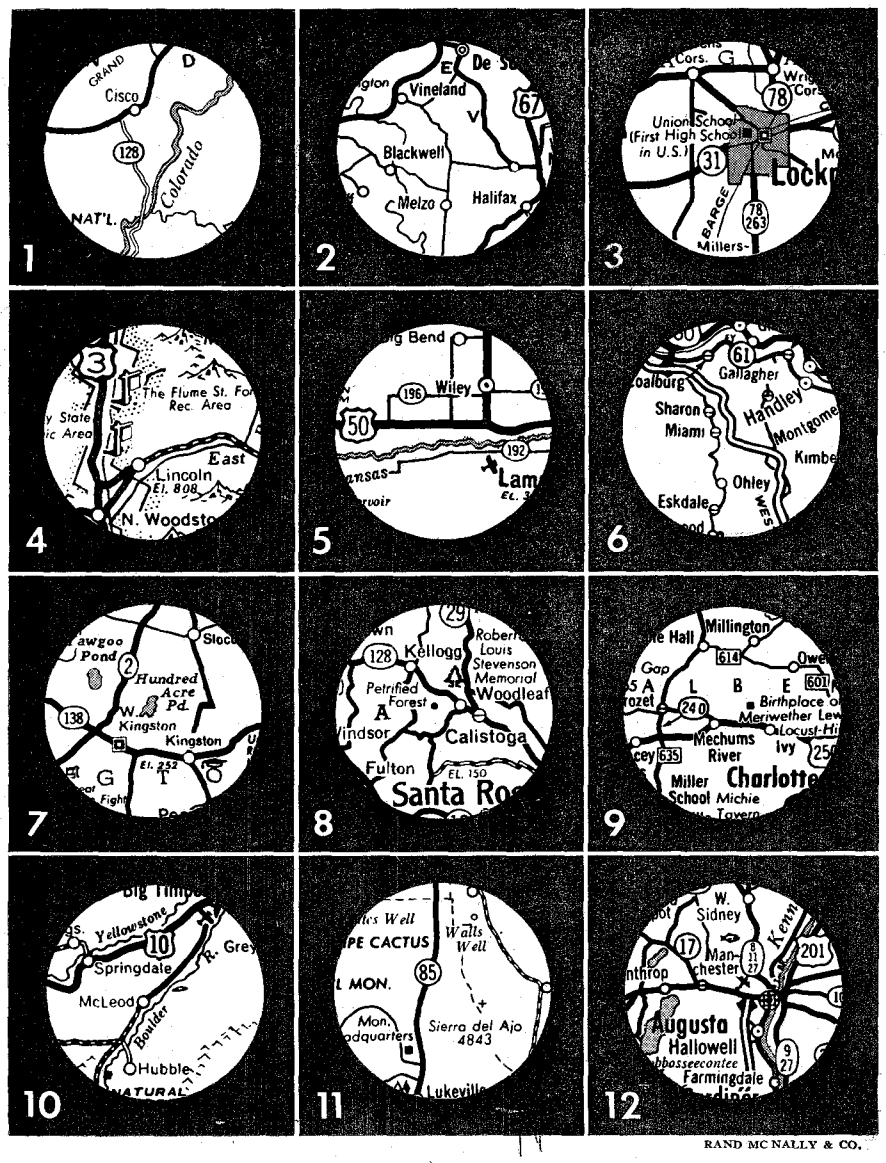
"That's still too bad," Johnny said. "You should have kept your nose out of it. All the way out." And then, almost petulantly, "Why do squares like you and him have to get in the way? Answer me that, sister."

It was the right road, Fallon was pretty sure. He and the girl had come this way in the car, yes, past this white fence gleaming in the darkness. He was alternately walking and trotting, sort of a scout's pace, keeping up the best speed he could. It wasn't far now, if he remembered right, and with an engineer's eye for land and distance he was confident. There was a sharp blind turn just before her house, a hedgerow of evergreens—and there they were. He picked up his speed, rounded the blind curve.

He could see the girl's car beneath the two great plane trees. And then he saw the second car, parked a little distance away, and he slowed, stopped, and this time it was panic rising, sharp and bitter, in his throat. He pressed himself against the shelter of the evergreen hedge, and he swallowed once, twice, three times before the tightness in his throat would ease. The bitter taste remained.

The car seemed empty, but he looked at it for long moments before he could force himself away from the hedge. He walked slowly, hesitantly up to the car. It was empty. He stood there looking at the house for a long time, feeling some quality draining out of his mind, leaving him weak, spent.

He didn't even know the girl. She had given him a ride, no more than that. And a thinking place. And another ride. That was the sum total, the entire debtor side of the ledger. And it was she who had



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 84*)

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called the police, not he, and if the police car had not come to The Inn, the girl would never have been suspect, so she had only herself to blame. He had told her to stay out of it, hadn't he? Hadn't he?

He owed her nothing, really, certainly not—futile heroics. He had come to warn her, but he was too late, and it was too bad, but there it was. He had seen the two men in action, watched their professional thoroughness, their efficiency. There was nothing he could do, except run and hide and hope that they would not find him too. He stood by the empty car, thinking these thoughts through to their logical conclusion.

But logic had no place. The nightmare quality was strong, too strong. And a part of his mind even refused to believe it when he moved away from the car and toward the house, keeping in the shadows, automatically doing this, crouching and rushing silently from shelter to shelter as, once upon a time, he had been taught.

And then he could see into the small living room. The girl was on the sofa, Johnny standing, and, as he watched, Mark came back in, the submachine gun cradled in his hands.

Fallon was still watching when Mark picked up the paper and smiled at it and handed it to Johnny; and it was strange then, the fear remained, strong and bitter in his throat, clutching at his chest, but the fear no longer seemed the important thing.

He was the one they wanted, not the girl. He, Fallon, was the root and cause of everything, drawn in by no fault of his own, but, once in, no longer able to walk away. There was even a kind of calmness in his mind, overriding the fear, stifling it. He looked at the door. He took a deep breath, and straightened, and started for it. And then he stopped. There was maybe a better way. He couldn't know, he couldn't tell what good it would do—but knowing, telling, were no longer important. There was only trying left.

He dodged back from the house. There was a woodpile; in the lights of the girl's car he had seen it. He found it now in the dark, felt along the even row, chose a club. He hoped the wood was sound. As he turned and ran for the girl's car, his fingers searched the club and found a loose splinter, tore it free. He leaned in through the car window and found the wheel, the horn ring, the crack around the horn button itself. He pushed the ring hard, and the horn blatted. He worked almost feverishly, driving the splinter into the crack, wedging the button in its off-center position. The horn blared on. Crouching, he ran back toward the house. Still the horn blared, loud in the country quiet, jarring.

The little house was suddenly black. There was no sound but that of the horn. Fallon thought he could see the front door opening, something appearing, the white of a face or of a shirt front. And he took a deep breath, and raised his voice in a shout, "I'm here! If you want me, come and get me!"

And he heard the girl's voice raised in a scream, "No! No!"

He was already jumping for cover, crouching, the club firm in his hand, when the submachine gun sprayed a burst, was silent, sprayed another, its chatter loud, vicious. "Not that way!" Fallon shouted. "You'll have to come and get me!" The horn blared on, echoing and reverberating among the trees.

Carnevan drove fast. He was aware of the car behind him, its red light winking, but he ignored it, hunched over the wheel, the banked rage pushing at him.

Willie Long had got to him with those cracks about a man losing something and never being the same man again. Willie had seen too deep, right down into the doubts and uncertainties. Even now, despite the rage, Carnevan could feel the hollowness inside himself, legacy of those helpless months spent just lying and waiting, with nothing to do but think, and learn what fear really meant. Once it had been tough Carnevan, and he had been proud of that toughness. Now, nothing to stand on, Willie had said. Willie had got to him all right. No matter. Find the girl, and through her find Fallon, and what happened after that did not bear thinking about. And then he heard the horn, up ahead, blaring senselessly with an almost hysterical note. It did not stop.

The red light winked behind him, well behind. His own lights picked out an evergreen hedge, dense, impenetrable, and a curve that disappeared around the hedge.

... ...

Baby Sitter

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Beside the sofa where I sit,
She drops her doll, grown
tired of it
And, climbing on a
hassock hill,
She doles me out a candy
pill;
Then, pink of cheek and
bright of eye,
She soothes me with a
lullaby,
And wraps her doll quilt
round my frame
And, though I try to dodge
the game,
Until her bedtime comes at
eight,
I don't know how to duck
my fate,
Or who's the real doll in
the room,
Or who is baby-sitting
whom.

... ...

And the horn blared on. He heard a voice raised, but the words were indistinguishable. And then he heard the first burst of shots, and the pause, and the second burst.

His foot came off the throttle. Under compression the car slowed, the sound of its engine dropped to a mere whisper. The horn blared on, and the voice was raised again, Fallon's voice, recognizable, "Not that way! You'll have to come and get me!"

Right up to you, Carnevan, onetime tough cop. How about it? You were lucky once; it was only bandages and plaster and a mummylike stillness, a waiting, thinking, fearing instead of a box lowered into the ground with what had once been a man in it, and the worms patiently moving in. O.K. Now how about it? Can you be lucky again? That lucky? Or will the phone call to Clara this time be different, final? If you try, if you take the chance. Clara didn't want you to come, remember? Think of Clara. Think of everything. How about it, Carnevan?

Ahead, around the hedge, there was only the horn blaring on; for the rest, silence. The red light behind had slowed, but Carnevan was not aware of this. He was aware of nothing but himself, and it was as if he were back in the apartment again, just roused from his nap, standing there in the bottoms of his pajamas and looking down and seeing the ugly red-purple scars on the front of him and knowing that the one behind was worse, uglier, larger, where one of the bullets had come out. *How about it, Carnevan?* Sitting there, sweating now. *How about it? You were a man once.*

He opened his mouth and sucked in a great gulp of air. The horn stopped suddenly, and the silence was loud. "Baby," Carnevan said. It was a whisper, a prayer. And then again, "Baby." His foot bore down hard on the throttle, and the engine lifted its voice to a roar and the car jumped, shot toward the hedge, around the turn, and in the glare of the headlights the entire scene was plain as Carnevan opened his door and threw himself out, landed stiffly, running, the gun in his hand.

There were three figures there on the lawn and gravel beneath the plane trees. Mark was by the girl's car, crouched, swinging, the submachine gun tight in his big hands, with that secret smile fixed on the heaviness of his face. Beyond him, near the woodpile, Johnny and Fallon were caught in a strange tableau, the club raised and swinging in Fallon's hand, but Carnevan had no eyes for them. Mark was the important one, Mark and the chopper in his hands, a sight to turn a man's stomach to lead.

Carnevan snapped off his first shot, still moving, too fast. He snapped off the second as the submachine gun began to buck and jerk and its chattering roar filled the world with sound. Carnevan got off a third shot, stumbled, and fell on his side, his hand crushed under him. And then slowly, in the sudden silence, he struggled to his feet and just stood there watching.

The submachine gun was still in Mark's hands, and he stood, his legs widespread, swaying only a little. His mouth was open, destroying the smile, and his eyes in the glare of the headlights were wide, shining. The gun dropped from his hands, clattered at his feet, and still he stood. And then slowly, gathering momentum as a tree does when it falls, he went down, all in one piece, forward. His head did not turn when his face hit the gravel. His heels came up a little, but that was the only movement he made.

Carnevan looked at Fallon, who still held the club in one hand, and now Johnny's gun in the other, facing Carnevan. Johnny stirred feebly at Fallon's feet. Carnevan's lips were dry, and there was a pain beginning in his arm, his left arm, spreading into his shoulder. He licked his lips and swallowed away the tightness in his throat. His voice came out not quite steady. "You don't need the gun," he said to Fallon. "It's all over." He could feel the blood running down his arm, creeping warmly across the back of his hand. It didn't seem to matter.

Fallon hesitated. He said nothing. He turned away then and walked steadily, purposefully, up to the house. The girl stood in the doorway. "You're all right?" Fallon said. It was a strange voice, tight, somehow warm.

The girl merely nodded.

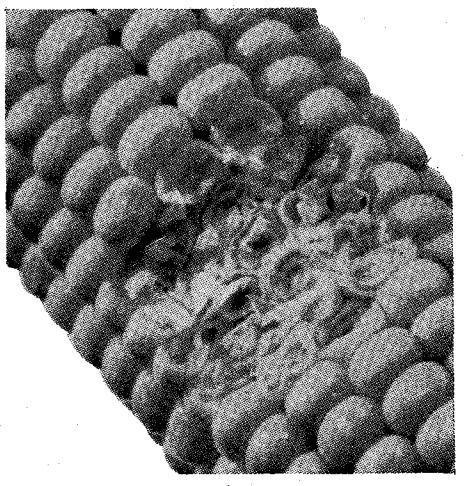
"Thank God," Fallon said. And then, strangely, incongruously, "I don't even know your name."

The girl's eyes grew wide, round, open-seeming as if their depths were exposed. Her lips moved, lifted faintly, somehow lighting the whole of her strong face. "Is that—important?"

"No," Fallon said, "not important at all." He continued to walk toward her. He dropped the gun and the club.

Behind Carnevan, Captain Johns' voice came, slow, mild. "I'd say you're right, son, or nearly. It's almost over."

EAT ANYTHING!



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Carnevan turned then. He put his gun away. With his right hand he seized his coat sleeve, twisted it hard and held it so, as a kind of tourniquet. He looked, not at Johns, but at Willie Long, still dapper in the dark suit, the foulard tie. Willie's face showed nothing. "You're in trouble," Carnevan said, "aren't you, Willie? Whoever got to you, paid you, owns you, isn't going to like this, is he? There'll be others like these." He nodded at Mark, at Johnny, who was sitting up slowly now, one hand to his head. "They'll have your name on the list, because it'll look like you crossed them up." But he was only talking, accomplishing nothing, because the frame was still tight, unchanged. *Heads, he wins; tails, I lose.* It was a helpless, hopeless thought.

Willie said merely, speaking to Johns, "You'll lock him up, captain? Hold him for me? I'll set the wheels in motion to have him brought back to the city. There'll be a departmental hearing, but there'll be a criminal trial, too, on the bribery count." His face was calm. His voice was almost sad. "It will give the department a black eye, but it can't be helped."

"Scum," Carnevan said. "Worse than scum, Willie." He turned around and walked up to the house and inside. He paid no heed to Fallon and the girl, who just sat, at opposite ends of the sofa, looking at each other. Carnevan found the phone, and used it, letting the blood drip as it liked while he dialed.

He almost held his breath until Clara's voice, tense, breathless, afraid, said, "Hello?"

"Baby," Carnevan said.

"Oh, thank God. You're all right?"

"I'm well, baby. Can you understand that? I'm all well." And then, "They've been there? They've ——"

"Nobody, Carnevan. Not a soul."

He let his breath out in a long sigh. So Willie had merely been improvising for Johns' benefit. But nothing was changed, nothing. "I'll see you."

"I'll be waiting."

He stood up. He walked back out into the yard to face what he had to face. Johns, large and sleepy-looking, had the empty pipe in his hands. He rubbed at its bowl with his thumb. Willie looked a trifle less dapper, and Carnevan stared at him, wondering at this. Johns said, to Willie, and in the mild voice, "Ever read the Bible, son?" On the ground, sitting straight now, and tense, Johnny watched and listened.

Willie Long said, "Talk sense. What's the Bible ——"

"Fellow named Solomon," Johns said, in that slow way. "Figured things out pretty good. Two women both claimed a baby. Solomon sent for a sword, said to cut the baby in half and give each woman a piece."

Willie's face was a study now. Carnevan watched, uncomprehending.

"One woman," Johns said, "thought only about the baby. She was willing to give it up to save its life. She was the mother."

"Very interesting," Willie Long said, "but I've heard the story ——"

"Two of you," Johns said, still in the mild voice. "Each one says the other is crooked, set Fallon up to get himself killed. One of you, him"—he pointed with the empty pipe at Carnevan—"spraddles himself trying to keep Fallon alive." He paused. "The other one, you, spends his time sitting arguing with me about Carnevan. You didn't even give a thought to Fallon, son, or what might be happening to him. I gave you all the time in the world, but you didn't give it a thought."

"In a hick town," Willie Long said, "you're probably considered quite a sage, captain. But don't try moving up into the big leagues."

"Not through yet, son." The thumb rubbed imperturbably at the pipe. "Our friend here"—he glanced down at Johnny sitting tense and tight—"rightly belongs to you people. I'll turn him over to you." He looked down at Johnny. "Two of them," he said. "You'll ride back to town with one. I'll give you your choice, even though I'm not sure you deserve it. Take your time. Think about it. If you ride back with one of them, though, you might not get there. The whole frame's kind of blown up, and a man with a reputation wouldn't want to leave loose ends around, and it's always possible to shoot a man who's trying to escape."

Johnny's face was beginning to lose its sharp outlines. It seemed to be coming apart like a photograph overenlarged. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out.

"Take your pick," Johns said. And Carnevan stood stiff and still, scarcely breathing, disbelieving, really, that Willie Long could be outmaneuvered so.

Willie Long said angrily, "Hick-town tricks. You'll take him in, Jim. And ——"

"Kind of changing your tune, aren't you?" Johns said. "A moment ago you wanted me to lock Carnevan up." He looked down at Johnny again. "I haven't heard your choice, yet." He paused. "Or maybe you just don't care, one way or the other. Maybe you figure you've lived long enough. Suit yourself." Slow, calm, pitiless.

Johnny's tongue came out between his lips. It retreated. "Smart, copper, aren't you?" But the defiance just wasn't there. He took a deep breath. He looked straight at Willie Long. "You're a rat," he said. "And they'll get you. They'll have your name on a list. Your fault, all the way ——"

Willie Long turned away suddenly. Nobody spoke or tried to halt him. He walked away, just like that, unreal, impossible. And then he was gone, beyond the glare of the headlights, into the dark, and there was only silence.

Johns looked at Carnevan. Nothing in his voice had changed. "I guess that's about all, son. We'll get that arm looked at. And then"—there was the merest hint of a smile in the sleepy eyes, in the calm face—"you can head back to town with our friend here." He paused. "Shouldn't wonder if somebody's waiting for you?"

Carnevan stood there, holding the twisted coat sleeve in his hand, feeling the dull pain of the arm, but not minding it a bit, hunting for words to say to the big, calm, slow man, and finding nothing but a wonder, growing, spreading in his mind. But there was something else, too, faint, but there—a sense of wholeness, and confidence, and release like a warm comfort. Still Johns watched him, waiting. Carnevan nodded slowly. "Somebody's waiting," he said, and that was all.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 82

1. Utah	2. Mo.	3. N.Y.
4. N.H.	5. Colo.	6. W.Va.
7. R.I.	8. Calif.	9. Va.
10. Mont.	11. Ariz.	12. Me.

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Floors

THEY SING WITH BEAUTY

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Playboy's Choice (Continued from Page 21)

he had snatched his garments haphazardly from a dark closet—his jacket was an ancient tweed with leather patches on the elbows, and his slacks were baggy flannels. No rings adorned his fingers, which were long and slim.

"I suppose," he went on as she sat at her dressing table tracing with lipstick the rich curves of her mouth, "you've heard this a thousand times before, but I was wondering —— I mean, this is sort of a special occasion for me, and I was wondering if you'd care to help me celebrate."

"Know what time it is?" Linda said, meeting his eyes in the mirror.

"I don't mean tonight," Mark Everson said, uncoiling his length from the battered sofa. "I was thinking, tomorrow being Sunday, you might like to take a drive somewhere in the country."

"I don't ——" Linda began, and stopped, thinking of the bleak Sundays she had spent alone the past two months; thinking, too, how beautiful the country must be this time of the year, the hills green and the orchards bright with blossoms. It had been a long time. Without realizing it, she had grown sick of the city, of solitude, of dining on sandwiches and warmed-over coffee in her kitchen.

"All right," she said, rising.

"Good," said Mark Everson. Then, as she started toward the door: "My car's outside. May I drive you home?"

Again she hesitated, wondering if perhaps his appearance had deceived her and that he was in fact like all the rest. Had he pressed the point, or even smiled, she would have turned him down. But he did neither, and his eyes were free of guile.

The air, as they went out, was cool and moist. The rich smell of the Embarcadero, a combination of coffee, hemp, oil, fish and the iodine tang of the sea, was like a tonic after the almost palpable atmosphere of the Brass Monkey. At the curb sat a long, low, open car of expensive make, with seats for two. Silently Mark Everson opened the door. Just as silently, forbearing to ask how anyone starving to death could afford so rich a toy, Linda entered it. The silence was broken only once on the way to her apartment.

"I've been to the Brass Monkey every night since you opened," Mark Everson said, stopping for a red light on California Street. "I think you're wonderful."

Outside, the sky darkened imperceptibly from gold to red and then suddenly, dramatically, to utter blackness. On the television screen a fat comedian was being heckled by his wife. Mark, his long frame comfortably arranged in the armchair Tom had always used, and which still bore the imprint of his big body, chuckled as the comedian faced the camera and raised his shoulders in a gesture of frustration.

Linda, on the sofa, roused herself briefly to see the fat man occupy a chair which promptly collapsed under him. Before the studio laughter had reached its crest she was back again with her thoughts—pleasant ones, for the first time in two months.

It had been, she told herself, a delightful day, though she felt guilty for having enjoyed herself so much. True to his promise last night, Mark had rung her bell promptly at eight—it had seemed like dawn to her—and had driven her in his extraordinary car to a ghost town, Whiskey Flat, high in the Sierra.

Sitting on the sagging porch of what once had been an assay office, with only the specters of bearded miners for company, they had lunched magnificently on cold chicken and a bottle of Moselle, and Mark had made her laugh—for the first time in weeks—with songs he had learned, he said, from an old Frenchwoman.

The poplars swayed in the breeze, the pale undersides of their leaves glittering like sequins in the sun. Linda, holding out her empty glass as Mark extended the bottle, said, "Tell me about her."

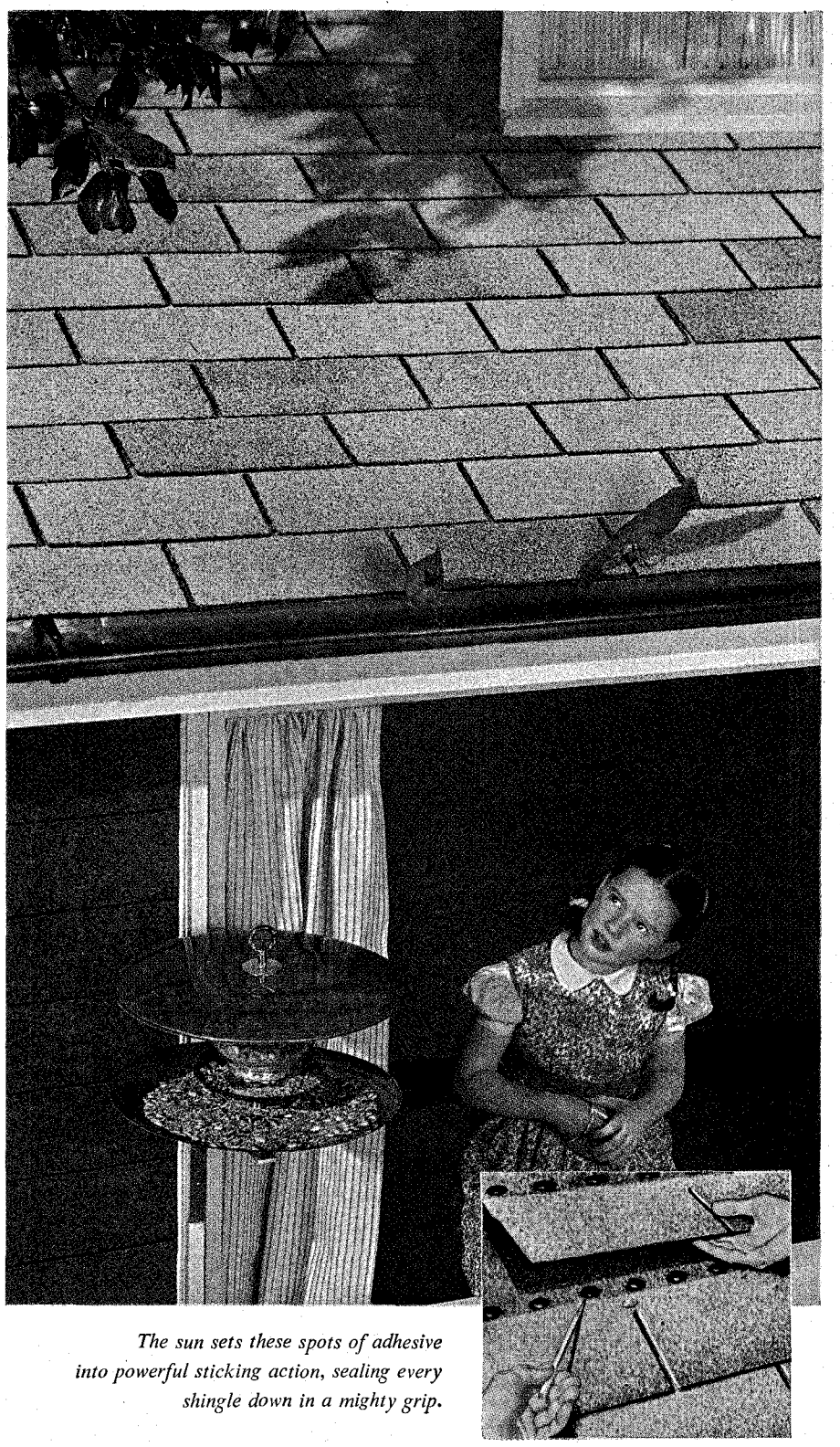
"Who?"

"The old Frenchwoman. I have an idea she was young and pretty."

Mark whooped with laughter. "She was seventy if she was a day," he said, clasping slim hands over his knees. "She was my governess—and my mother's governess before me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Stirrups too short?"



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Roofs

THEY LIVE A LONG LIFE

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"I see," Linda said, leaning back against the sun-warmed stones of the building.

Many of the men she had known in the old days, before she had met Tom, had been rich, but none, so far as she knew, had ever had a governess. The word, for her, evoked an immediate picture of the usual appurtenances of inherited leisure—mansions, yachts, trips to Europe, private tutors.

Looking at the beautiful car, she thought of her own childhood in the crowded tenements of the region in San Francisco known as South of Market. No one there had actually gone hungry, but it was a far cry from those cold-water apartments and teeming walks to the exalted atmosphere in which Mark Everson apparently had been raised.

"Tell me about yourself," she said, curious, all at once, to know more about him.

Mark rammed the cork back into the empty bottle. To look at him, she thought, you would think he was an instructor in some back-water college, or an assistant editor in a small and not very prosperous publishing house. Plaid shirt, frayed at the neck and cuffs, much-laundered blue denims—the whole outfit, new, could not have cost more than eight dollars. Yet he wore it, shabby as it was, with an effect of elegance.

"Nothing much to tell," he said, running his fingers through his dark, close-cropped hair. "I was born in Pasadena twenty-seven years ago. Went east to college for two years, became disillusioned, traveled, got interested in photography in Europe, came back. Been trying my hand at free-lancing the past eight months. Nothing doing till last week, when I talked the West Coast office of Arena into giving me an assignment on San Francisco after dark."

"It costs money to eat," Linda said, "not to mention driving a car like that. How do you make ends meet?"

"I could give you a brave answer," Mark said, grinning, "but the fact is I'm a leech. I get a check from my father every month. Mother gave me the car last year."

"I see," Linda said again, wondering why she did not feel indignant.

In the small, utterly respectable world in which she had grown up, a calloused hand was a badge of honor, and the man who took money without giving something in return was looked upon with scorn. There had been no debts to plague her when her parents had died six years ago in the wreckage of their decrepit car. Even the undertaker had been paid—years before, in small monthly installments painfully squeezed from the family budget. Yet her father had been only a route man for a laundry, with an income that never seemed quite big enough to meet expenses.

"You're thinking," Mark said after a long silence, "what a fix I'd be in if I didn't have my parents to support me."

"How'd you guess?"

"I read minds," he said, grinning. "Actually it doesn't cost dad a dime—he has a battery of legal beagles who sit up nights dreaming up ways to charge off such expenses. But that's beside the point. Actually he wants to help—so who am I to stop him?"

"He must be a wonderful man."

"The best," Mark said warmly. "He and mother are the finest parents in the world. Not that they're perfect—they throw their weight around like other parents, but by and large they're tops."

"How do they throw their weight around?"

"They keep trying to get me back to Pasadena, for one. There's a nice rich girl down there they want me to marry—we've known each other since we were kids. Also, dad would like me to go into business with him—he's chairman of the board of Polar Bear, the frozen-foods outfit. I can just see myself behind a desk."

"Don't you want to be a success?"

"Not at selling frozen peas."

"I'm going to have to run you out," she said now as the fat comedian blew kisses at the camera. "Thank you for a lovely day."

"I'm the one to be thankful." Pausing at the door, he went on, "See you tomorrow at the Monkey?"

"I'll be there, if that's what you mean."

"That's not what I mean."

"Good night, Mark."

Later, lying in the darkness, staring dry-eyed at the luminous ceiling, she asked herself what there was about Mark Everson that set him apart from other men. Probably, she thought, it was his attitude toward life—one which casually assumed the whole world was his oyster. In any other man it would have been insufferable; in Mark, for some reason, it came close to being amusing.

Children, she told herself, had the same lack of responsibility, the same amorality. How different he was from Tom, to whom each day had been an adversary to be fought and conquered.

Turning on the bedside light, she picked up the small, ebony-framed photograph beside it. Tom's wide-spaced eyes probed hers; his mouth, its seriousness accented by a small vertical crease in the middle of his forehead, seemed about to ask a question. Linda replaced the photograph and turned out the light. After a while the tears came, and, much later, sleep.

It rained the next Sunday. Mark, arriving at noon, said, "We can grit our teeth and chance it, but the radio says this is just the start of a three-day storm."

Last night, driving her home as usual from the Brass Monkey, he had proposed a trip across the bay to the top of Mount Diablo, followed by dinner at a famous old hotel in nearby Danville. He had been astonished when Linda had confessed that though she had been born and raised in the Bay Area she had never visited Diablo. She had not thought it necessary to add that though she had often suggested going there to Tom, he had always found something better to do in San Francisco. A city man, Tom had liked the creature comforts—smart clothes, thick steaks in fancy restaurants, big cars. He loathed picnics, excursions of any kind; the relaxed pace of the country made him nervous. Had he had the money he so often yearned for he would have liked nothing better than to live permanently in some large hotel, surrounded by eager lackeys.

Instead of Diablo, then, Linda and Mark had gone to his apartment on Russian Hill and spent a lazy afternoon and evening listening to Sibelius and Stravinsky on a high-fidelity player that must have cost as much as his car.

The apartment was small but beautifully furnished, with a breath-taking view of the bay. The walls were covered with photographs ranging in subject from the surf at Point Lobos to the vast inferno of a steel mill, and they were very good.

"Yes," said Mark, when she asked if he had taken them himself. Then, grinning: "Still think I ought to peddle frozen foods?"

For supper, which he prepared himself in the miniature kitchen, they had an enormous crab salad, hot garlic bread, and a dark, delightfully bitter beer from Denmark. Afterward he lit a fire in the fireplace and joined her on the sofa.

"The perfect combination," he said, sighing with pleasure. "A rainy night, an open fire, a pretty girl—and a man panting with desire."

"Silly."

"This makes the eighth day, or night, we've been together," he went on, tracing the vestige of a crease in his well-worn slacks. "At risk of sounding corny I'd like to state I've never spent a happier eight days in my life."

From the record player came the strains of an old lullaby. The logs chuckled to themselves in the fireplace. Linda turned toward Mark, saw the look in his eyes, tried—and failed—to turn away in time.

When he kissed her it was as if all the lights went out. In her ears was a kind of humming silence. A small part of her protested, but the humming suddenly became a roar, and her protests faded.

"I've been wanting to do that for some time," he said when he let her go. In the flickering light his face was pale and drawn. "I've messed things up I guess, but I couldn't help it. I love you, Linda."

"Please," she said unsteadily. "Don't try to explain, Mark. I'm not angry. Let's not have it happen again, though."

"If you only knew ——"

"I want to talk to you."

"About us?"

"About Tom. You've been wondering about him, I know—wondering what kind of man he was to make me act like this. Let me tell you how he died—maybe then you'll understand."

It was as if it had happened yesterday. Once again she saw the moths dancing in the headlights of the three cars at the curb—two prowl cars and the shiny blue coupé she and Tom had bought only the month before. She could hear her voice calling him as he inched his way down the alley to his death.

"We were on our way home from a movie," she said to Mark. "It was late—past midnight. We were passing a supermarket out on Geary when Tom suddenly slammed on the brakes. Two police cars were at the curb. People were hanging out of windows."

Tom jumped out and identified himself to the four policemen on the walk. Three had pistols in their hands. The fourth, swearing softly, was clutching his left arm. An armed killer, Harold Jessup, had escaped from San Quentin, they told him, and had been surprised only a few minutes ago trying to break into the market. When the first police car came, in answer to a telephone call from across the street, Jessup had opened fire, wounding one of the officers. Then he had darted down the adjacent alley, a dark cul-de-sac bounded on three sides by high walls. He could not possibly escape. He was waiting in the blackness with a sawed-off shotgun in his hands.

Tom borrowed his wounded colleague's pistol. Then, ignoring Linda's pleas, he inched cautiously down the alley, keeping to the darker side, shoulders flat against the wall.

"Jessup got him with his first shot," Linda said in a voice that trembled despite her efforts at control. "A minute later three more police cars came and they flushed Jessup out with tear gas, but there was nothing they could do for Tom. That's what breaks me up every time I think of it. He was off duty. If he hadn't stopped he'd be here today. But he could no more stay out of danger than a dog can keep from chasing cats. He was the bravest man I've ever known—the only one I'll ever love."

"I'll take you home now," Mark said gently.

"No, wait. I want you to know why I'm telling you this. I like you, Mark—very much. Something happened when you kissed me."

"That's partial consolation, I suppose."

"I'm a woman. I'm young and—normal. I never thought I'd see the day when I'd kiss another man—and like it. I'm terribly confused."

"Marry me," Mark said, his hands on her shoulders. "I know what I'm up against, but I'm just crazy enough to think I can make you happy. Not the way you were with Tom—that'd be asking too much—but happier at least than you are now."

"I can't think ——"

"Don't. Just say yes." When after a few moments (*Continued on Page 88*)

The Perfect Squelch

Nearly 500,000 visitors a year take the guided tour through Hoover Dam, near Boulder City, Nevada. The high point is the guide's lecture above one of the giant penstocks which feed water to the dam's turbines. On this tour, however, the guide could hardly be heard. Four women at the rear of the party chattered persistently about Grand Canyon, Carlsbad Caverns, Yellowstone Park and other points they had visited. They kept on despite polite efforts of the guide and other tourists to hush them.

At the end of the lecture the guide brought applause from the rest of the group by concluding, "And now I wish to thank the four ladies who so ably expanded the scope of this lecture."

Jim Blackton

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"We talked 'til 3 a.m."

"When the first Adventures Of The Mind article appeared in the POST I wasn't sure whether I could wade through it or not. It was Loren Eiseley's 'An Evolutionist Looks At Modern Man.' Before long, though, I was completely absorbed.

"Later I found that my brother-in-law read the same article and we started talking. We didn't stop until 3 o'clock in the morning! If you ever put this series in a book you've got yourself a buyer."

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Early this fall Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., will publish a hard-cover edition of ADVENTURES OF THE MIND. Selected articles from this series, which has provoked, startled and stimulated the minds of alert and intelligent readers since it began in early 1958, will now be available in one concise, beautifully-bound volume.

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Here under one cover will be the efforts of J. Robert Oppenheimer, Aldous Huxley, Edith Sitwell, Loren Eiseley, Jacques Barzun, S. I. Hayakawa, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., D. W. Brogan, and many others. Each in his own way and words exploring that field which has been his life work. In all—21 contributors, plus an introduction by the noted scholar and poet, Mark Van Doren.

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(*Continued from Page 86*) he received no answer, he stood up, holding out his hands. "That's good enough for me," he said, smiling. "Come, I'll take you home."

"You still don't understand."

"I'll drive down to Pasadena in the morning to tell the folks. I could phone, of course, but I'd rather see them face to face."

"Wait ——"

"I can't afford to wait."

Later, confused and feverish, she lay in bed listening to the rain against the windows, trying to recall what, if anything, she had said to make Mark think she would marry him. Surely, she told herself, he must know that her response to his kiss had been only of the body. Surely he must realize there could be but one man in her life. Beside Tom, others were two-dimensional, scissored out of cardboard. Tom was big, Tom was brave—the bravest man she had ever known—and courage, in her book, was the prime ingredient.

Mark? There was much to recommend him, of course; he was generous and amusing; it was easy for her to laugh with him, as it had not always been with Tom—but it was not humorists that made the world go round. By his own admission Mark was a parasite. How could she respect him as she had respected Tom?

Down on the Embarcadero a switch engine shuffled past, the clangor of its bell a sad and lonely sound. Linda lay staring up at the ceiling, hands clasped under her head.

Two days later Mark was back. If possible, she thought as she led the way into her living room, he was even thinner than before, and his normally dark face was pale. Without waiting to be asked he sank down on the sofa, where, after hesitating a moment, she joined him.

"Dad and mother hit the ceiling," he said, avoiding her eyes. "They didn't mind when I told them I'd been seeing a singer in a joint called the Brass Monkey—they pride themselves on their worldliness—but when I said I wanted to marry her they blew up."

"Did that surprise you?"

"Dad laid it on the line—said if I went through with it he'd cut me off without a dime."

"So?"

Mark did not answer, did not even look at her. Instead, he leaned forward and with a too-casual gesture flicked an imaginary mote from his knee.

Suddenly, inexplicably, Linda was afraid—she had the feeling of being imprisoned in a vast, ice-cold, echoing void from which there was no escape. In an agony of doubt she waited for a sign from Mark—anything, a smile, a movement of his hands—that would break the spell.

But he remained grimly silent, staring fixedly at some point across the room. Linda wondered if he could hear the pounding of her heart. Finally, unable any longer to restrain herself, she broke the pulsing silence. In a voice so faint it was the merest exhalation she asked: "What did you say then?"

"I told him," Mark said, looking at her at last, "he could keep his loot—only I didn't say it quite that way."

Down in the street a truck went by with a roar that shook the building.

"I'm glad," Linda said weakly as the echoes ebbed. She did not recognize her voice; it seemed to have come from beyond herself, projected by some will other than her own.

"You are?" Mark said, astonished.

"I didn't know it when you went away, but I know now—I was afraid you wouldn't have the courage to stand up to them. I was afraid you'd marry the rich girl they'd picked out for you."

"You mean you'll marry me—anyway?"

"If you still want me—yes."

Mark said unsteadily: "And all the while I thought you'd turn me down. I mean, without that monthly check from home ——"

"You don't know me very well," Linda said as he took her in his arms. "We'll do all right. You'll have to sell the car, of course; give up your apartment."

Maybe, she thought later as she redid her mouth in the bedroom, his parents would relent; she hoped so, not for any selfish reason, but because she wanted people to be happy. There was already too much sadness in the world.

Suddenly, without pain, she thought of Tom. Suppose, she wondered, he had been faced by the same dilemma that had confronted Mark. Under such conditions what would Tom have done? If he had never had to work a day in his life, never had to make a decision graver than the choosing of a tie, would he have voluntarily renounced his family—and a fortune—for a girl?

Knowing as she did how Tom had loved the creature comforts, she thought not. It took a special kind of courage to do what Mark had done. Yet Tom was brave—the bravest man, till now, that she had ever known.

It made sense, she told herself as she went back to the living room, where Mark was waiting. Like all other things—like flowers and the weather and the lineaments of men—courage came in various forms. It was that simple.

THE END

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Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 41)

been interrupted and that the cause of the interruption must be located by the technical crew.

"We've got to locate the trouble without delay," he said.

In the audition room the officers and Avery remained standing. The rest found seats while the questioning got under way. Footsy was identified, as a preliminary, and his duties stated.

"What for would anybody put the slug on a kid like that?" asked a detective.

It was one of the reporters who interjected an acute question. "Did it have anything to do with the station being put on the bum?" he wanted to know. "There have been rumors about things happening in the station."

Avery faced it squarely. "Things have happened in this station," he said. "Tonight a new program was going on the air. The station was blanked out. To me it is obvious that Footsy blundered in on the man who was sabotaging the broadcast, and was struck down. The room where he was found is at the rear of the synchronizing generator, which is the heart of the station. It is a complex piece of equipment. I think someone was putting it out of operation and Footsy discovered it."

"Mr. Truslow," asked the reporter, "who would want to put your station out of business like that?"

"I don't know."

"You are charging that someone deliberately threw a monkey wrench into the machinery?"

"No other conclusion can be reached," Avery said.

"There has to be a motive," said one of the detectives. "You having any labor troubles?"

"None."

"Any employee got a grudge against the station?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Anybody got a grudge against you, Mr. Truslow? I hear you're not very well liked. It's talked around town."

"Or," asked the other reporter, "would some other station think it was a good idea?"

"I can't say who is doing these things," Avery replied. "But I know they are being done. Whether the motive is to destroy this station or to discredit me personally, I do not know."

The interrogation continued, it seemed, endlessly. Perhaps a half hour elapsed before a sound engineer burst into the room. "We got her," he said. "We got her. We're on the air. Some miserable crud snipped three or four resistor wires."

They followed the engineer to the room where Footsy had been struck down, and stood before an opened panel. To a layman it was so complex as to be utterly baffling. There were rows upon rows of tiny tubes connected by slender wires. And the engineer pointed to where a number of these had been snipped.

"Could it be accident?" a detective asked.

"Impossible. Wires were snipped clean."

The reporters took his name and address and function. "Would you," one of them asked, "swear to this?"

"Half a dozen of us will swear to it," the engineer said.

By common impulse both reporters broke for the street and scudded for their respective newspapers. They had a story! They had a story indeed!

Before the inquisition resumed, Avery insisted upon calling the hospital. The news he received was not reassuring. Footsy had sustained a fracture of the skull and there was severe concussion.

"See to it," Avery directed, "that the boy has a private room, the best doctors and surgeons and around-the-clock nurses. . . . Yes, yes. . . . Certainly I'll be responsible."

At last it was over. The detectives left the station. Avery and Deke walked with the young ladies to Avery's car. Felicia occupied the front seat with Avery; Phryne Morningstar sat behind with Deke.

"When you give a party, Mr. Truslow," Phryne said in her precise voice, "you spare neither trouble nor expense."

"Miss Phryne," Avery said gravely, "there's a promising, nice boy lying at the point of death. Possibly because he was loyal to me."

"Mr. Truslow," she replied, "I was being neither flippant nor insensitive."

"Just what were you being?" Deke demanded morosely.

"Mr. O'Brien," she said, "I was being horrified—after my fashion."

"It's a frippery fashion," Deke said severely.

"Frippery," responded Phryne, "is defined as pretended refinement or foolish display. My refinement, sir, is genuine. I eschew foolish display. Indeed, I understate my emotions."

Felicia Sewell turned to face her friend over her shoulder. "This, darling," she said, "is no time for wooing—even after your fashion." She turned back to face the front. "Avery," she said, and it was the first time she had addressed him by his given name, "I do hope your boy makes a quick recovery."

She was right. She did not sympathize with him for his business troubles; for the almost fatal contretemps which ruined the much-advertised first showing of an important and hard-won program. She was able to understand that to him this was of less importance than the harm that had come to a friend and associate.

"Thank you, Felicia," he replied, and so he, for the first time, addressed her by her Christian name.

They drove under the Morningstar porte-cochere, and Phryne proposed that they come in for a midnight snack of scrambled eggs and coffee.

"I am a superb cook," she said. "I'd make some man in moderate circumstances an economical wife."

They trooped through the house to the commodious, old-fashioned kitchen. "Only a couple of years ago," Phryne said, "if my company stayed too late papa would hammer on his bedroom floor with his cane. I've been very strictly raised. With few opportunities to blot my copybook. So, if, Mr. Truslow, you and Felicia will leave me alone with this diffident wolf, I'll experiment with temptation while I'm preparing the snack. There's a swing just outside the door."

"If he gets out of hand, scream," Avery said, and followed Felicia out of doors, where they found a swinging seat on the lawn bathed in the light of an effulgent moon. As they seated themselves, Avery became suddenly aware that this was the first time he had been alone with the girl since she had alighted from his car at the gas station where she had metamorphosed herself from dowdy servant girl to patrician. Since that moment they had not exchanged a private word. They had not been together without some sort of chaperonage. The nearest they had come to any exchange of confidences had been when Avery brought Parsifal Nebo to call. And then Avery had learned only as a listener at a dialogue which gave him scant information.

She sat, hands folded in her lap, serene and lovely as a princess in a fairy tale. She was silent, but not distant. It was as if she were contented to be there, satisfied to remain mute in the balmy evening or to let him choose the topic for conversation.

Her lips were smiling faintly, a near relation to the smile of Mona Lisa. Something amused her. He wondered if he was being awkward.

"Miss Sewell ——" he commenced, but she interrupted.

"You called me Felicia," she reminded him.

"Felicia," he amended gravely. "I have been taught reasonably good manners."

"I would say your good manners are instinctive," she told him.

"It is not decorous to pry," he said, "or to show a vulgar curiosity."

Her eyes twinkled now. "I would say you had exhibited wonderful self-restraint," she said. "In your place I would have demanded explanations."

"Which," he replied, "I have no right to do. We met in a manner that was not precisely commonplace. Even in the beginning I was fascinated by your hands, which were incongruous in a girl of the class you had assumed."

"That," she said, "was a slip. I should have affected (Continued on Page 91)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Brand Name is your guarantee

WISE shoppers know a Brand Name is a guarantee of satisfaction; it's your assurance that you'll get the quality you expect.

Brand Names are built on your confidence. You and your neighbors are the ones who dictate the standards a Brand Name product must meet to consistently deliver the value and service you want.

A respected Brand Name is a manufacturer's most valuable asset and he spares no effort to protect it by constantly testing and bettering his product.

A Brand Name is the maker's guarantee of satisfaction *doubly endorsed* by the dealer who sells it.

For dependable quality and consistent satisfaction you will do better with the brands you know; get to know those you see advertised in this magazine.

To get the most for your money *buy by Brand Name and be sure!*

A Brand Name is a maker's reputation

CONFIDENCE
BRAND NAMES
SATISFACTION

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.
437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

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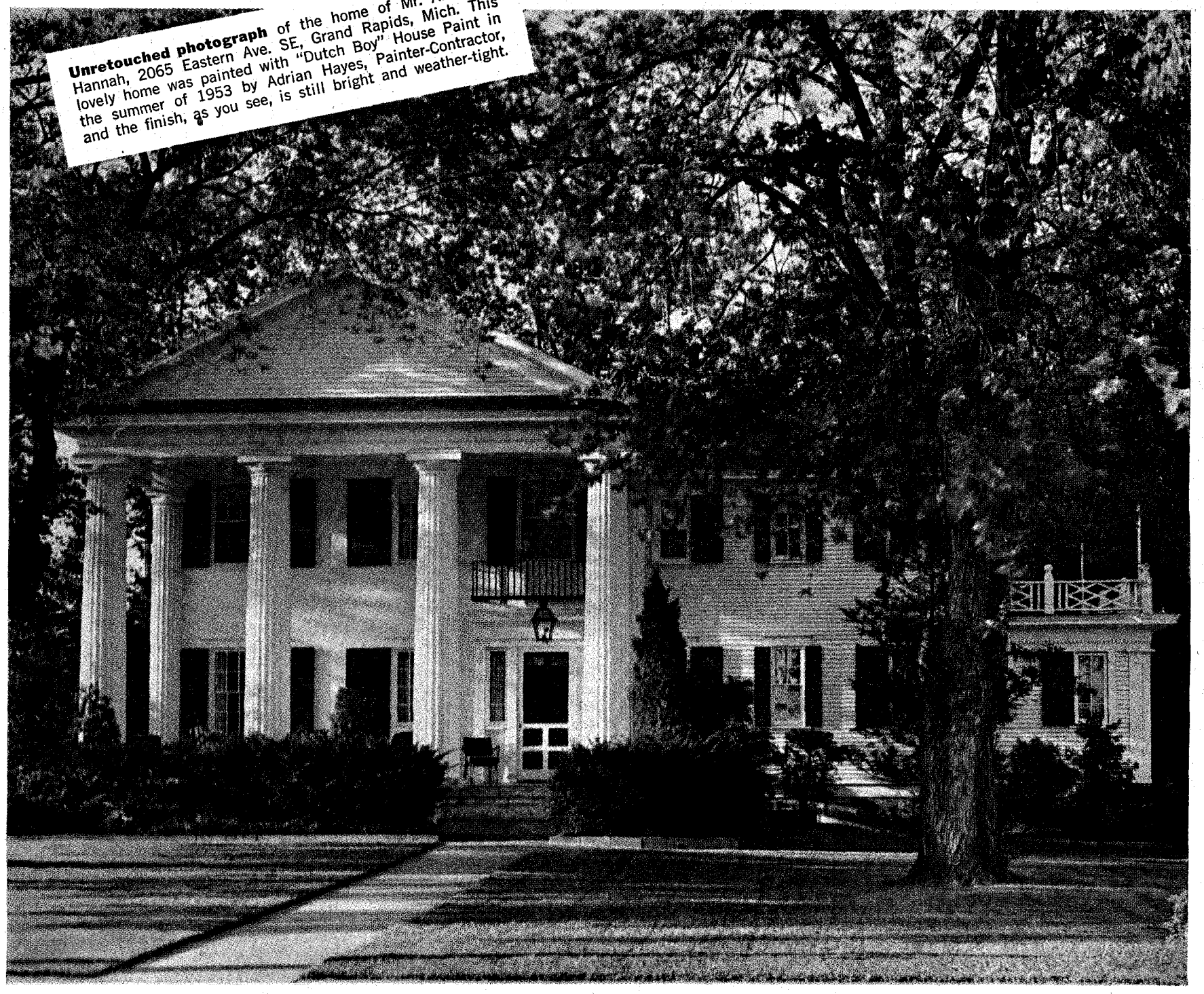
Homeowners are saying "Dutch Boy" is the "5-year house paint!"



Unretouched photograph of the home of Mr. Arthur J. Hannah, 2065 Eastern Ave. SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. This lovely home was painted with "Dutch Boy" House Paint in the summer of 1953 by Adrian Hayes, Painter-Contractor, and the finish, as you see, is still bright and weather-tight.

Homeowners all over the country, in climates and weather that differ widely, agree in saying "Dutch Boy" is "the 5-year house paint." They could also call it "the economical paint," because with "Dutch Boy" you paint less often to keep your house looking lovely. "Dutch Boy" brushes on smoothly, dries to a tough, bright, weather-tight finish. Get free new booklet, "Live Colorfully with Dutch Boy" at your "Dutch Boy" Dealer. He's listed under "paint" in the yellow pages of your phone book.

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(*Continued from Page 89*) cheap gloves. Mistakes of that kind may be ruinous."

"I found a briefcase in my car which could only have been left there by yourself."

"Mr. Truslow," she said, and it was his turn to correct. "Avery," he amended.

"Avery," she said and nodded. "I did not forget my briefcase. I left it with you deliberately. I had had a long day in which to study you. I thought the contents of the case would be safe with you. What I say now may seem ungracious, but it is not meant to be so, but rather a compliment. The recognition of an admirable trait. I saw, or thought I saw, that there were certain shibboleths that you would not violate. Certain conventions of class—what used to be called *noblesse oblige*." She turned and smiled full upon him. "I'm not accusing you of snobbery."

"I'm listening," he said, and then added the word, "avidly."

"I believed that your taboos would prevent you from opening the packets to find out what they contained. And I felt sure that your intelligence would tell you that I hadn't forgotten that briefcase, but had entrusted it to you."

"Compelled," he amplified, "by some necessity."

She nodded. "I am asking you to keep those packets safe for me."

It was his turn to nod. "Just before I picked you up on that Long Island corner," he said, "police cars were screaming around."

"I was fortunate," she said. "I was lucky to get away from that house before the murder was discovered."

"With the briefcase," he said, and again she nodded.

"Mr. Aldrich's wall safe was cleverly concealed," she said. "The murderer did not find it. . . . Mr. Aldrich was not an admirable man." She paused and touched his arm lightly. "More I am forbidden to tell you."

"You do not know," he said, "that Parsifal Nebo and I were kidnaped ——"

Her lips opened and her eyes were wide. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Who ——"

"We do not know. We saw only hired gunmen. . . . Do you know, Felicia," he said, "that Parsifal, grotesque as he is and eccentric, exerts a charm? He is a man who could be liked."

"Mr. Nebo," she said thoughtfully, "is not a man to pass unnoticed. I never saw him before the day you brought him to Judge Morningstar's house. But I have heard of him."

"Where does he stand?" Avery asked.

"His reputation is checkered," she answered. "His ethics are peculiar. Or so the story goes. He has certain compunctions." She paused and smiled at Avery. "Certain taboos."

"In this matter affecting you, is he on the side of the angels?"

"If"—and her smile broadened and became impish—"the angels didn't get between him and a profit."

"And so," Avery said, "we come to Philidor."

"There is a brilliant, malignant, cruel, malicious man," she said, "with not one quality to redeem him from total wickedness."

Suddenly Avery bent forward in the attitude of one ready to spring. His fingers touched Felicia's arm warningly. He strained his ears and was sure he detected a slight movement, a slight rustle from a clump of lilacs a couple of dozen feet away. Then, like a sprinter at the sound of the starting gun, he was up and off. There came the sound of a hurried shot and then of running feet as a dark figure detached itself from the shrubbery and plunged into the darkness. Avery sped in pursuit.

Felicia, gathering her skirts, ran lithely after him, calling urgently, "No. . . . No, Avery. . . . He has a gun."

Avery did not heed or halt, but good fortune was not with him. He tripped over an unseen reel of hose left by a gardener and flew through the air to crash stunningly on the close-cropped lawn. Breath was knocked from him.

It was seconds before, aided by Felicia, he could struggle to his feet. Further pursuit would be futile. They turned and Avery, limping and grass-stained, walked toward the kitchen door, from which Phryne and Deke O'Brien were emerging—startled by the sound of the shot.

"What gives?" Deke shouted.

"Just repelling boarders," Avery said. "Everything is all right."

Phryne said sharply, "Any more shooting around here and papa'll be pounding on the floor with his cane."

At breakfast Avery read the morning paper. There was plenty of publicity for station HARP-TV. The reporter who had been present at the investigation of Footsy Bundle's slugging owned an admirable nose for news. He smelled beyond the mere act of violence and concocted a story, safely this side of libel, which permitted the reader to assume that there existed a plot against the station. It quoted a detective as saying that Footsy had been assaulted because he had either blundered upon or had discovered by smartness an act of malicious mischief resulting in the ruining of a new, well-advertised program. The young man had delved into recent history and listed every adversity or misfortune or disaster that had befallen HARP-TV since a certain date. It stated, merely as a coincidence, that the date was that upon which Avery Truslow III had assumed management of the station. There were boxed interviews with Tom Skeen, identified as the replaced head of the station, and with Henry Greet, of GPHR-TV, in which both gentlemen stated vociferously their grief that such things had happened.

The young reporter had been too astute to ask either man if he had been guilty of sabotage, either himself in person or through an agent. But a third box, strategically placed, quoted Avery's charge that monkey wrenches had been hurled into the machinery. The newspaper drew no inference; but if the reader wished to infer, there was nothing to prevent him.

Avery could not make up his mind if the publicity would prove to be beneficial or harmful, but he was quick to see to it that whatever profit was present should be realized. He called a conference of heads of departments. There was agreement with Avery, who proposed that an abundance of the issue of the newspaper should be purchased and mailed to the networks, advertising agencies, reps and sponsors. He increased the size of local advertisements directed to a possible viewing audience, the burden of which was advice to watch HARP-TV's programs to see if their favorite hour was meddled with. It was an invitation to the public to become amateur detectives and devote their skill to discovering by what means the failures were brought about.

"If," Avery said, "we can get the public to looking at our programs for any reason, a certain number of them will stay with us."

"And every time there's a flicker or a flutter they'll see skulduggery," said Deke O'Brien. "The shop's buzzing with the way you treated Footsy. Private room. Private nurses. The whole bag of tricks. Seems people kind of liked Footsy."

"That's so," said the artist who created the displays. "And it kind of set them to whispering about Fritz Larkin's wife."

"Beside the point," said Avery.

"I'm not so sure," Deke said dryly. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning," Deke said, "if favorable publicity is good for the station, so any bouquets tossed in your direction will make you smell sweeter."

"I didn't," disclaimed Avery, "do those things for that purpose."

"Which," retorted Deke, "is, to be redundant, patently obvious."

The young men departed upon their several errands and Avery was about to commence the day's dictation when Gwen Silver opened her door. Avery looked up and said good morning. For an instant he looked speculatively at the girl and the conclusion he reached was that she did not look the part of a private secretary, but more as if she were a prominent dancer in the chorus line of some night club. Nobody could deny that she was lovely—that her face and hair were striking, that her figure was something to attract wolf whistles.

"A Mr. Philidor to see you," she said.

Philidor! The man with the romantic name and the vicious history. For what reason would this person be seeking an interview with him in his place of business? Especially after last night. Especially after Avery had pursued a lurking figure. Especially after a pistol shot. Avery had pondered those things. He had reached what he considered a logical conclusion. The spy had not been Parsifal Nebo. Nebo never possessed such speed of foot. It certainly would not have profited either Tom Skeen or Henry Greet to lurk watching and eavesdropping in the underbrush.

Sound deduction was that the skulker had been the man Philidor or one of his hired men—the Hindu or the gorilla. He had reviewed the scene carefully. The words exchanged by himself and Felicia Sewell had been spoken almost in whispers. They could not have reached the ears of any listener a dozen feet away. So it could not be a thing learned from their confidences that brought Philidor to the station.

Gwen Silver waited. Avery looked at her without seeing her while he made up his mind. Finally, he nodded. "Show the gentleman in," he directed.

Philidor came in with a fluid grace. He would not touch the six-foot mark and he seemed slender. But there was a width of shoulder. Avery thought he never had seen so handsome a man—handsome, it seemed to him, in a decadent manner. His complexion was unmarred ivory. His eyes were so jet black as to seem unnatural. His features were Grecian, perfect, classical.

Avery did not rise in greeting. Philidor stopped some six feet from the desk and did not extend his hand. Gwen Silver, who had remained a moment to stare, closed the door after herself.

"Haven't you," Philidor asked in a low, musical voice, "enough troubles here without asking for more from me?"

"Hardly a courteous opening," Avery said.

"I can be charming," Philidor said.

"No doubt," Avery replied.

"Or," said Philidor, "I can be crude."

"As you were the other night," Avery said.

"Quite. . . . I was amused by this morning's paper."

"Indeed?"

"Your intelligence department is inefficient."

"I have no intelligence department."

"It appears that you need one."

"Do you," asked Avery, "tender your services?"

"For a consideration," Philidor said.

"What have you to offer?"

"The names of the persons who are causing your trouble."

"With proof?" Avery asked.

"Without proof the information would be valueless."

"And the consideration?"

"Two small sealed packets," Philidor said.

"Is it a conundrum, sir?" Avery asked courteously.

Philidor moved his shoulders. "The success of this business is important to you."

"It is."

"To prove your capabilities to your father."

"You are well informed."

"You will have better than an even chance of pulling out of the hole if accidents cease."

"I am glad to hear it," said Avery.

"Your father would not favor seeing the Truslow name bedaubed."

"Indeed not," Avery agreed.

"When you handle those envelopes," said Philidor, "you are touching pitch. When you associate yourself with a certain young lady you are asking for attention from the more regrettable gossip columns. Also, for you, there can be no profit."

"It still is a conundrum," Avery said.

"To be displayed as a cat's-paw," Philidor said, "would be degrading."

"So," said Avery, "we come to your proposal."

"It has corollaries," Philidor answered. "I guarantee to convict your saboteurs. I guarantee to preserve the Truslow name lily white."

"In return," Avery said, "for certain putative envelopes."

"Either placed in my hand or their exact location disclosed."

"And the corollaries?"

"You saw my Asian friend?"

"Who was deft with a silken scarf?"

"Precisely. Also his companion. Who has a personal bone to pick. A man was sorely injured by a falling secretary a few nights ago. He was that man's brother."

"Your corollary explains itself," Avery said, and wagged his head in a rebuking sort of way. "Are you acquainted with Priscilla Mullins?"

"No," Philidor said shortly.

"A young lady in a poem who uttered a classic phrase. 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' I modify her question. Why don't you act for yourself, Philidor, and not leave your dirty work to others?"

"The answer to that is plain," Philidor said. "I can always toss a hired man to the wolves to save my own skin."

"It must be wonderful to work for you, sir," Avery said. He rose. "Good morning to you, Mr. Philidor. You are a

... ...

Double Talk

A woman's vocal cords vibrate twice as fast as a man's.—*News item.*

I'm grateful for having the
truth at last,
It causes my harshness to
soften.
I wasn't aware it was twice
as fast,
I thought it was twice as
often.

Richard Armour

... ...

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smart salesman, but I can't use your product."

Philidor stood up with feline grace. "You almost tempt me to give you personal attention, Mr. Truslow."

"That," Avery said with raised brows, "would surprise me very much."

Philidor flicked his hand in farewell and went out of the office. At the door he did not turn back.

The sales manager came in near the end of the forenoon.

"My salesmen," he said, "report a lot of talk about HARP-TV. And a pick-up in business. Quality Stores signed for five morning announcements at package rates. Twenty seconds. That's a hundred and fifty dollars. The Photo Shop bought three ten-second announcements a week for fifty-two fifty. Both on firm twenty-six-week basis. Which, of course, entitles them to a five per cent discount."

"Splendid," Avery said.

"All the boys report it's easier to get in to see people. When they get in, prospects want to ask questions. Young Bill Wilks has a promising nibble for five participation programs in Singsong from Honest Jim's secondhand-car lot. That'll come to two hundred and fifty. We haven't been so encouraged for a year."

"Congratulate your men," Avery said.

This was excellent, a straw in the wind, but twenty-second morning announcements at package rates would not save the station. What was needed was sales of Class AA time at five hundred dollars an hour or Class A at four hundred and fifty dollars an hour. Sponsors must be found for the more expensive evening programs using the choice time from 6:59 to 10:00, Monday through Friday, and late-afternoon and evening programs on Saturday and Sunday.

Local interest had been aroused. There was an unnatural attraction to viewers who turned on the station hoping something sensational would happen. Temporarily the ratings would go up. But some way must be found to make this temporary interest permanent so that it would be reported by the rating services.

Costly, fifty-two-week-a-year, programs could be sold only to national advertisers, and national advertisers would not be interested in an assault upon an employee of HARP-TV nor in newspaper stories broadly hinting at criminal mischief. What the national people wanted was, first, viewers and, second, efficient broadcasting.

Avery believed that as a result of the publicity the second part of the requirement could be satisfied. Limelight was on the station. He did not believe the perpetrators of the mischief would dare continue their destructive campaign, at least until things had quieted down.

One place he had not visited since his arrival, and that was the transmitter station on the top of the mountain, south of town. This was the highest point in the county and enabled the station to cover a huge area with its broadcasts. It was a couple of thousand feet above the valley and was to be reached only by a rough and primitive road which it was best to travel by sturdy truck, rather than by passenger car. To this transmitter station the picture was sent from the station proper by microwave—the sound by wire. What the installation consisted of Avery did not know. He left his office and walked upstairs to the room occupied by Deke O'Brien and his secretary.

"Deke," he said, "have you ever been up to the transmitter station?"

"Sure."

"What's to be seen?"

"Plenty. Plus the finest view in the state. But it's a rough ride. Best take a pickup truck. Want me to go along?"

"Drive a truck?"

"Drive anything with wheels."

"This afternoon?"

"Sooner the better."

Avery returned to his own office. In five minutes Deke poked his tousled head around the edge of the door.

"Got a high-class idea," he said.

"Enter," invited Avery, "and spread it before me."

"It'll dazzle you," said Deke. "It's unique. It's a social coup. It'll give you and me the old build-up."

"With whom?"

"Miss Morningstar and Miss Sewell," Deke rejoined. "A mountaintop collation. Introduce the tenderly nurtured to the wilds. Broil steaks over a fire while we listen to the music of the rattlesnake and bump our heads against the moon. And if it gets chilly we can go inside and watch a Wild West film made in nineteen hundred and six to convince the ladies of the wonders of television."

"Why not!" Avery agreed. He picked up the telephone and said to Gwen Silver, "Please get me Judge Morningstar's residence."

Promptly a voice responded. "This is Mr. Truslow calling Miss Sewell," Avery said.

"I'll see if she is in, sir," answered the maid.

Felicia's voice came over the wire, and Avery said, "Mr. Deke O'Brien, wasting the time for which this station pays him ——"

"Lavishly," interrupted Deke.

"—— has just made a suggestion, unique, dramatic, and probably revolting to you."

"Which is?" Felicia asked.

"We—that is station HARP-TV—have a very expensive and interesting doodad on top of the mountain. We affectionately call it a transmitter station. It is close to the moon, which will be full tomorrow evening. So the project is, decked out in mountaineer's togs, to ride up in a pickup truck and go *al fresco*, with slightly charred steaks and boiled coffee and so forth and so on. I'm told the view is so superb as to make up for the quality of the company."

"A minute," Felicia said, "while I ask Phryne."

Almost instantly Miss Morningstar was on the wire. "The next voice you hear," she said, "will be the deep contralto of Phryne Morningstar. Your idea is *gauche*. It is *de trop* and *infra dig*. So what time will you call for us and shall we pack a hamper to pamper your crude appetites?"

"We will do the catering," Avery said. "Suppose we come by at half past four. The conveyance will be a truck, so prepare to be jolted. I suggest overalls and a bottle of snakebite serum."

"I've no fear of snakes," Phryne said, "but who can protect herself against a shy wolf in Deke O'Brien's clothing? My lady mother will be appalled at my sitting on a mountaintop under the moon chaperoned only by reptiles, lizards and nonexistent mountain sheep. . . . Have you a final word to speak in Felicia's freshly scrubbed ear?"

"Only to say I'm delighted you both take to the idea," he said.

He turned from the telephone to Deke, holding the instrument in his hand before replacing it on its carriage. He heard a faint click. Miss Silver had been listening on the line.

The hour of noon was approaching when Gwen Silver announced that Abner Coons, president of the bank, was on the telephone. Avery put the instrument to his ear and said, "Good morning, Mr. Coons."

"Will it be possible, Mr. Truslow, to come to my office at two o'clock today?"

"Yes, sir," Avery said. "May I ask what has come up?"

"A matter of some moment," Mr. Coons replied. "Best not discussed over the telephone. Several other gentlemen will be present."

"At two o'clock," Avery said, and sat back perturbed, worrying what new perplexity this summons boded.

He lunched at the club, selecting a table at the side, lighted by a window giving a splendid view of the little city. From his chair he could look northward up the main thoroughfare of Van Buren to the low hills beyond. It was a day of brilliant sunshine. The town looked invitingly clean and peaceful. In the distance were new subsdivisions upon which handsome residences were attracting citizens from older parts of the city. The green fairways of the country club were inviting. Avery, though so recent a resident, was beginning to feel affection for the town.

He was conscious of someone standing over him, and turned from the view of the city to see Parsifal Nebo waiting there, smiling benignly.

"It is not," said the huge man, "salubrious to dine alone. Beneficial juices do not flow. Loneliness leads to introspection, and introspection impedes digestion. May I pre-empt this chair, sir?"

"Of course," Avery said politely. "Are Dan and Beersheba lunching with us?"

"Weekly," Nebo said gravely, "I leave them at the beauty parlor. The canine beauty parlor. They look forward to it. Combing, brushing, manicuring. Just as a visit to a beautician works psychological wonders for a woman, so it benefits the canine ego. Vanity is an emotion shared by all living creatures. . . . Ah, do I detect a certain gravity, Mr. Truslow? Even a trace of perturbation?"

"I've considerable on my mind, Mr. Nebo."

"Would the weighty incubus have to do with a meeting at the bank at two o'clock, sir?"

Avery frowned. "Is it a matter of common knowledge, Mr. Nebo?"

"Indeed not. Indeed not. I may say it is a cabal, a junto, a matter of stealth."

"Then how have you the knowledge of it?"

"Because, my young friend, I have prehensile ears to listen around corners. Because I have insinuating ways. Because I am a not unimpressive person. Indeed, I find myself a member of the group which will assemble."

"You would not," Avery said shrewdly, "have mentioned it at all if you did not intend to be more explicit."

"You regard me as anomalous, Mr. Truslow."

"A faint suspicion is justifiable."

"I congratulate you. Regard all men and doubly all women with suspicion. Trust only that one whose interests run parallel with your own. It is possible my interests follow that path. I even, sir, feel some sense of obligation to you and am bound by no loyalty to your ill-wishers."

"And this meeting is of my ill-wishers?"

"Say, rather, that most of them are excessively their own well-wishers." Parsifal puffed out his dumpling cheeks and widened his big, round eyes. "I fear an over-selfish man who has no animus against me more than one who is a declared enemy."

"We do not come to the point," Avery prompted.

"We who meet with you today are a syndicate," Parsifal said. "We propose to make a proffer which, indeed, is an ultimatum. We shall offer to buy your television station."

"An ultimatum?" said Avery.

"*Exactement*," Mr. Nebo replied. "To put it baldly, you will be asked to sell or else."

"Or else what?"

"A new television station will be organized. By certain influential men, some of whom do not know they are cat's-paws. There will be ample financing. Application will be made to the Communications Commission for permission to operate. One member, Mr. Truslow, of the coterie, is an eminent comical man, a comedian of international fame, who is a supremely valuable asset to the network of which your station is a subsidiary."

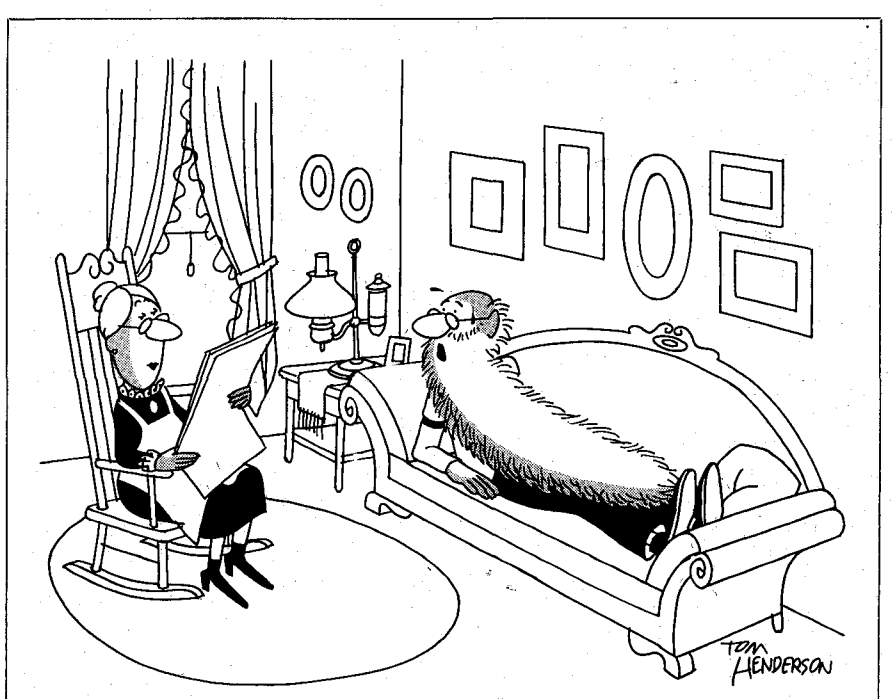
"There is not room for another station here," Avery said.

"Let us suppose this group—of which I am a member—succeeds in impressing the Communications Commission. Let us further envision the possibility that this influential jester brings to bear influence to take away your network affiliation and bestow it upon the newcomer."

"But that, Mr. Nebo, would be ——"

"Indeed it would. But, should they succeed, your station HARP-TV would be obliterated, would it not? And such assets as it possesses—lands, tenements, hereditaments, gadgets, apparatus and what-not—would be purchasable at bankrupt prices. So?"

(*Continued on Page 94*)



"Is it hot in here or is it just me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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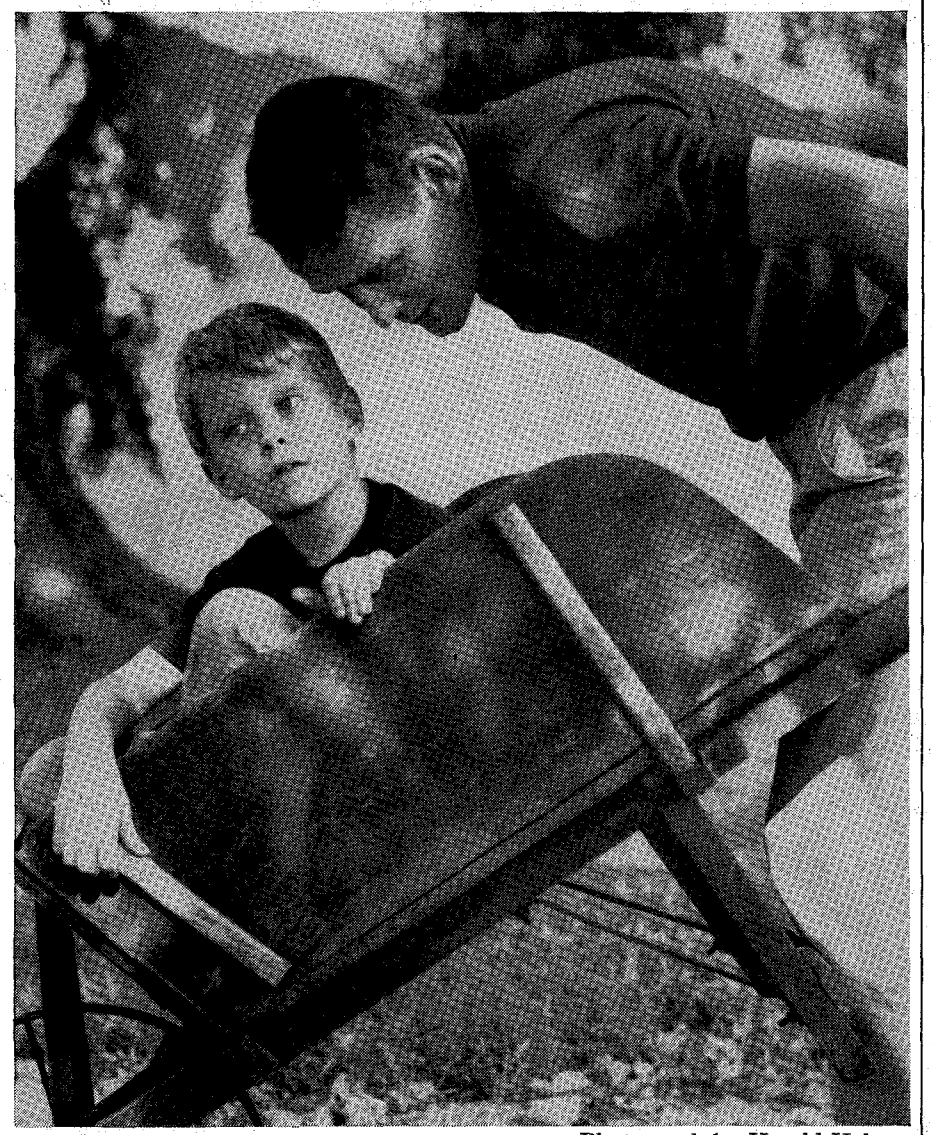

Photograph by Harold Halma

A boy keeps days like these all his life. Some day he'll trundle his own sons in a barrow too—remembering the jolly, peaceful man-to-man times spent with his father.

So many precious things like this depend on peace. And *peace* depends upon so many things. For instance: peace costs money.

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ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

(*Continued from Page 92*) "Why do you warn me of this, Mr. Nebo?"

"Let us say it is because you have shown courtesy to Dan and Beersheba, and because they have responded with a liking for you. Or let us say it is with a hope of favors to come from you to me in return."

"Pretty influential men in the community?" Avery asked.

"Of unquestionable eminence," replied Parsifal.

"You would not have sought me out as you did and told me what you have told," Avery said, "if you had no intention to go further. As, for instance, to make some suggestion."

"Correct, young friend. Perhaps the suggestion is a forlorn hope. But I recommend it highly. It is as follows, Mr. Truslow. Sit tight. Look them blatantly in the eye, rear back on your athletic haunches, and tell them to go to hell."

"But what do I have to fight them with?"

Parsifal Nebo opened wider his eyes, pursed his thick and red lips and paused impressively before he made reply.

"Mr. Avery Truslow III," he said, "when you are so beset, the weapon to fight with is hope. Another weapon is consciousness of integrity. A third is a tremendous weapon in any fight, which is that neither you nor they know what is around the next corner. Something may turn up to smite them hip and thigh. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Possession is nine points of the law. And, lastly, he who sticks single-mindedly to his knitting is apt to finish a good stocking."

"Imponderables," Avery said disconsolately.

"A thing recognized by only the wisest of men is that in this finite world imponderables outweigh any mass of matter. . . . There will be eminent gentlemen there. But you will not let yourself be impressed by them. You are Avery Truslow III. You have rubbed elbows with the great of the earth. You will have achieved a certain lack of awe and reverence for the mighty. You will, like Abraham Lincoln, have reached the knowledge that no matter how tall a man may be, his legs are just long enough to reach the ground. Therefore, my word to you is to flout them, to flummox them. To be politely insolent. Smile loftily in their faces and tell them to turn loose their dog."

"I guess you are right, sir. All I seem to have left is to bluff."

"I, my young friend, am an addict of the game of poker. Many a time, and oft in hopeless situations, I have won a substantial pot with a bobtailed straight and a supremely confident manner."

"You will be present?"

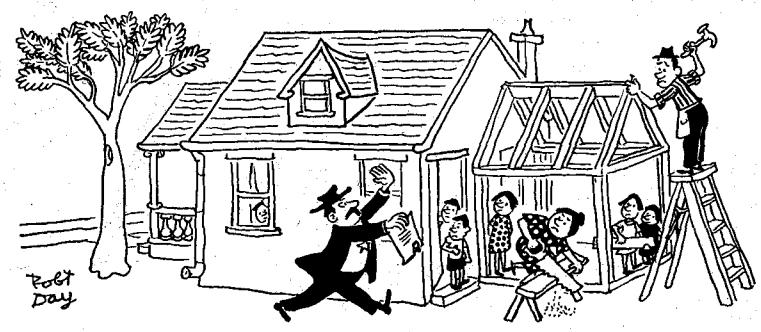
"Seated among the enemy."

"But ——" asked Avery.

"If an apt moment supervenes," Parsifal said smugly, "it is possible I may create a diversion. . . . Thank you for your patience. Thank you for a tasty repast. . . . What would this dull world be if there were no lost causes to fight for?"

He pushed back his chair and ambled like a benevolent hippopotamus out of the dining room. Avery, worried, perplexed, stared after him, wondering if he was fish, flesh or good red herring.

TO BE CONTINUED



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

When prolific Mr. and Mrs. O'Hare moved into their new home, they had three children. As nature took its course, their brood increased to six. Cramped for space, they planned to tack on to the rear of their home a glass-enclosed porch which could serve as playroom by day and bedroom at night. But the city refused them a building permit. It cited a zoning ordinance requiring a minimum of twenty-five feet of back yard. The O'Hares went to court.

"The ordinance contains a provision against imposing difficulties or hardships on property owners, and that is exactly what this refusal to let us extend our home is doing," the O'Hares argued. "Therefore the ordinance should not be enforced against us."

"Children are neither a difficulty nor a hardship," the city attorney replied. "The ordinance was designed to prevent overcrowding of building lots, and should be enforced without regard to the number of children in a family. If the O'Hares have outgrown their home, they can move."

If you were the judge, would you permit the O'Hares to enlarge their home? ... ...

The O'Hares lost. The court said the purpose of the ordinance was to prevent the overcrowding of city properties regardless of whether the property owners had one child or a dozen children apiece.

Based upon a 1958 Illinois decision.

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Trainer of Winners (Continued from Page 25)

fine. His horses were at their peak, and I was riding real well. But it was a good thing I was at the top of my game. He doesn't get sentimental."

However, although Jimmy can be tough when his job demands it, he is essentially friendly and gregarious. Most veteran trainers tend to regard strangers as suspicious characters, but Jones makes a point of meeting and talking to people. He discusses his activities freely, and in terms that are vivid even to those who know nothing about racing.

Jimmy can chat affably even under the tensest circumstances. At Belmont Park in June of 1958, for example, the horses for the Belmont Stakes were already on the track when Jimmy got to his box seat. His Calumet horse, Tim Tam, was going for the Triple Crown. This is a rare accomplishment for three-year-old horses. It consists of winning the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes. The last horse to do it had been Jimmy's—and Calumet's—Citation in 1948.

An usher was standing in the aisle in front of the box, along with a couple of race people who sauntered over to be near Jones. Jimmy was nervous, but he still reached out and shook hands with anybody who came up to him.

When the tote board in the infield blinked and showed that the price on Tim Tam had dropped to 3–20, he chuckled. "There goes my money in there," he said jokingly. "The boys are sending it in for me at the last minute." Then he went on, "Actually I don't bet."

When the race went off, Jimmy watched through field glasses. Tim Tam made two moves along the lengthy backstretch. Each time, a horse named Cavan went with him. At the head of the stretch, Tim Tam began to wobble. Cavan stepped out and went on to win easily.

As Tim Tam pulled up after the race, it was evident that he had injured himself. But before Jimmy rushed out to get to the horse, he shook hands with all around him and politely excused himself.

Later, Tim Tam nibbled grass in the stable area while painfully hobbling on an injured right leg that was to retire him. As Jimmy watched, he dropped his head from time to time and brushed the wetness from his eyes. He talked calmly to photographers, however. In the face of a major setback his manner remained pleasant.

Although his courtesy never breaks, Jimmy's inward agonizing sometimes does show through. In the fall of 1956, at Garden State Park outside Camden, New Jersey, Jones couldn't make up his mind whether to enter two-year-old Barbizon in the Garden State Stakes, the world's richest horse race. It is the richest chiefly because the entry fees are unusually high. In Barbizon's case the total cost would come to $12,000 because of the lateness of the entry.

Jimmy debated with himself for some time, then finally put up the money. Immediately he began to fret. "I wish I knew why I did this," he said. "This is the same as betting horses. I bet twelve thousand dollars on Barbizon, that's all it amounts to. I'm just another sucker playing horses. I wish I had the money back."

When the drawing for post positions was held, Barbizon wound up on the far outside of a nineteen-horse field. Jimmy nearly swooned. "If it weren't for the money I have in here I'd take the horse out of the race right now," he said.

He kept talking this way right up to the time when Barbizon, striding smoothly and surely, picked up horses on the last turn and slammed down the stretch to win first money of $168,430.50.

Jimmy is often slow to make up his mind in situations like this, and prone to misgivings afterward. "You sort of hate to make the wrong decision," he said not long ago, "because you're dealing with such valuable and fragile animals. They can't talk, so it's up to me to study them and see what has to be done for them. I like to take all the time I can get for that.

"Take a thing like putting bandages on a horse's legs. Now we have a horse, Bardstown. He has had leg trouble, and a bandage wrapped around his ankles might give him that extra bit of support. Yet we run Bardstown in one-hundred-thousand-dollar races"—he won several stakes in Florida this past winter. "When you go for that kind of money you don't want anything extra on him. Strip him right down. So I keep tossing it over in my mind. Sometimes I don't make up my mind what to do until the horse is in the paddock all ready to go onto the track." In the $100,000 Gulfstream Handicap last March he decided to scratch Bardstown exactly forty minutes before post time.

Jimmy Jones is an outstanding exception to the general rule that the sons of famous fathers don't measure up to their parents. Ben Jones, or "B.A.," as he is called around race tracks, is seventy-six now, and a legend among horsemen. Ben came up through the rough-and-tumble days of racing with the reputation of being an uncanny hand with a horse—and also one of the great saloon fighters of his time.

B.A. started out on his own at minor tracks and went on to train winners for nearly every major race in the country. In 1939 he became the trainer for Calumet Farm. When Jimmy finally took over the training duties from him, B.A. was made general manager of breeding operations on the 900-acre Calumet establishment at Lexington, Kentucky. Because B.A. still remains close to racing, the task of emerging as a success in his own right has been doubly hard for Jimmy.

An incident at the 1957 Kentucky Derby shows why. Jimmy was standing on the outer fringe of the Churchill Downs track, watching as his Iron Liege hooked up with Gallant Man in the stretch. Next to him was his erect, pink-faced father. The race was close. Jockey Bill Hartack had Iron Liege under a drive. But Willie Shoemaker's tiny hands talked to Gallant Man. With an eighth of a mile left, they were running alongside each other.

Iron Liege was on the rail, which was an advantage. The horse did not like to pass another from the outside. Because of this quirk, Jimmy had advised Hartack to stay as close to the rail as possible. When the two horses flashed past Jones, Shoemaker stood up in the saddle on Gallant Man for a moment. He mistook the sixteenth pole for the finish line and thought the race was over. This has gone down as a classic sports boner. However, as the horses went under the finish line down the track, Jimmy still had no idea who had won.

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, dean of trainers, whose Bold Ruler had finished fourth, called over to him, "You win it, Jimmy." Calumet stable help, standing nearby, confirmed this. Jimmy, his face flushed, rushed over to Fitzsimmons to shake hands. Then he turned and headed for the winner's circle.

Ahead of him, moving at a smart clip, was his father. B.A. Jones never pulled up until he reached the rose-covered Iron Liege. It was as natural as drinking coffee in the morning for B.A. to go to the winner's circle. But after the ceremonies were over and the pictures and stories had been flashed around the nation, the general notion was that Ben Jones was the winning trainer. He is such a prominent figure that people have trouble forgetting he is retired as a trainer.

For practical purposes, Jimmy became Calumet trainer in 1947. "I don't go by years," he says. "I count time by horses. I took over when Citation, Coaltown and Bewitch were coming up."

Yet Citation, one of the few horses that racing people classify as "great," was listed in the 1948 Derby program as being trained by Ben Jones. The same held true in 1949 when Ponder won, and again in 1952 when Hill Gail took the classic.

The father received credit for the victories, horsemen say, because it was a little bit B.A.'s wanting it that way and a little bit Jimmy's wanting him to have it too. The elder Jones always had aspired to surpass the record of four Kentucky Derby winners set by Derby Dick Thompson. Lawrin, Whirlaway and Pensive gave him three. Citation, Ponder and Hill Gail put him well over the mark officially.

However, Eddie Arcaro, who rode Citation, tells you flatly, "Jimmy trained the horse."

This is one of the few topics that Jimmy himself flatly refuses to discuss. In any event, the omission of two or three Derby winners from his record does not figure to make much difference. Most people in the sport have a strong suspicion that Jimmy is going to run up quite a string of victories in his own name before he is through. When you learn how to train horses from B. A. Jones, as Jimmy has spent much of his life doing, it doesn't matter much what name is put on a program. It's the system that really counts.

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons says, "Them Joneses is hell, son. First I had to put up with Ben. Now I got Jimmy, and it isn't much better. You look at his horses. They're the best-looking horses on the track. So I say he's the best trainer."

Jimmy, his father and the Calumet stable's owner, Mrs. Gene Markey, all feel that the Kentucky Derby is the most important race in the sport. So each year Calumet takes deliberate aim at the Derby—an objective in which they were frustrated this year. When the Hialeah season opens in January and the three-year-old horses are put into training, B. A. Jones leaves the farm and is at his son's side as Jimmy conditions the horses. B.A.'s job, however, is strictly one of advising during the final weeks before the race.

At Churchill Downs' seamy, soot-laced stable area, B.A. is also very much in evidence, but Jimmy is unmistakably in charge, as was demonstrated in 1957. Gen. Duke was rated Calumet's big horse at Louisville that year. However, he hurt a hoof in the Derby Trial four days before the Derby. Jimmy did not want to run him. He was content to go with what seemed to be the weaker half of their two-horse entry—Iron Liege, who had run poorly in the Trial.

"I know he doesn't seem likely right now," Jimmy was saying, "but this horse is capable of running a big one sometime. It might be Saturday."

His father was not sold on Iron Liege, but Jimmy's judgment prevailed. On Saturday morning he ordered Gen. Duke scratched. Then he sent Iron Liege out to get the money. Iron Liege came through. Gen. Duke never ran again, and had to be destroyed later on.

Jimmy likens his position at Calumet to that of a football coach. "I'm always looking to keep the talent supply flowing," he says. "We lose one star, we have another coming up from the freshman team. We've got to have a steady proposition. That's why we don't give a two-year-old a lot of racing as a rule. We like to take our time and let him grow. Then

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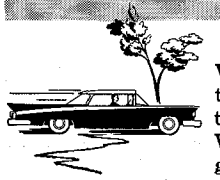

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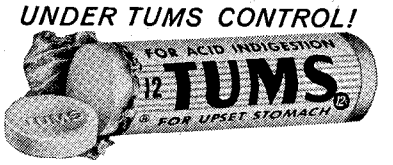

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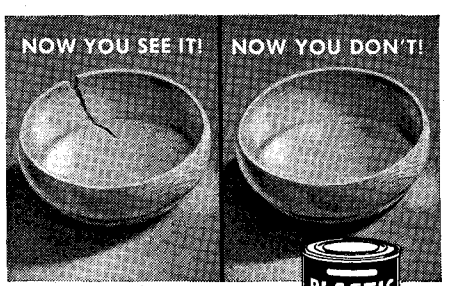

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when he's three we try and get all we can with him—and start developing another replacement."

The best illustration of this was Tim Tam. Jones started the horse only once as a two-year-old, running him strictly for experience in a minor race. Then Tim Tam won ten races as a three-year-old, earning $467,200 before his leg injury forced him into retirement.

A Calumet horse merely has to be seen in a paddock—hefty, glossy-coated, alert—to show the handling he gets. Jimmy believes in keeping plenty of beef on a horse, which is something of a shock to diet-conscious humans. "Once you get the flesh on 'em," he says, "it usually hardens into muscle and stays there. A horse can use it if you're campaigning him all the way through those hot summers. But if he starts out with no flesh, then it's impossible to get it on him."

To insure his horses' being in condition, Jimmy gets out to the stable by 6:30 each morning, seven days a week. The starting time is standard for all trainers, but the majority skip Sunday. This is just another working day to Jimmy, who has not taken a vacation of more than a few days in five years.

He leads a quiet social life, as do most trainers. "I don't take on much whisky," Jimmy says. "Got to be up too early in the day for that."

His early-to-rise schedule does not bother his wife, Peg. "Doesn't hurt her a bit," Jimmy says. "How could it? All she's got to do is squint and say, 'Go in the other room to dress.' Then she goes back to sleep."

They have no children. Peggy Jones is a pert, bright-eyed woman who does not come from a racing family, but has the perfect temperament for the sport. She always has a smile and a quip. She remains in the background, but helps her husband in many unobtrusive ways, such as writing all their thank-you notes.

For a couple of weeks in the spring of 1958 Jimmy had to divide his time between Pimlico race track outside Baltimore, where Tim Tam awaited the Preakness, and Garden State in New Jersey, where the main Calumet string was quartered. Jimmy would leave Camden at three A.M. for Pimlico, then return to Garden State for the afternoon's racing. Peggy Jones, despite her husband's version of her morning life, would do all the driving so he could sleep and arrive at Pimlico rested.

Calumet horses generally are the first to take the track for training each morning and the last to leave. During the workouts, Jimmy, stop watch in hand, watches from astride a stable pony. He usually is dressed in clothes which, if worn on the street, would warrant his being picked up for vagrancy—an old rain jacket, unpressed pants, muddy boots and rumpled sport shirt.

Back at the barn he swallows some of the potent coffee brewed by his help and inspects his horses carefully. One of the big things in training is constant observation of your horses.

Jimmy says, "You get so that you can look at a horse just standing in his stall and see how he is. Maybe he is over to one side. That could mean he doesn't feel well. Or, he might be reacting in such a way that you know he's ready to go. It's all in learning his habits."

Early one morning during the most recent Florida racing season Jones was found in the tack room of Calumet's neatly raked, every-bucket-hanging-in-place barn at Hialeah. He was busily reading The Morning Telegraph, the racing trade paper. Outside, four stable hands were dutifully "hot-walking" horses—a cooling-out process which follows a workout.

Under Jimmy, work gets done or new hands are brought in. "I can take anything but a lazy guy," he declares. "We like the horses to pitch in and help too. There's On-and-On down there. He ran the other day and didn't try at all. Just acted like he didn't want to run. Well, I think he'll be all right once he realizes we need his work. Got to pay the mortgage with him. He comes from good folks. He's out of a mare that just wouldn't fail you."

"Good folks" is Jones' term for superior breeding. In this case, On-and-On is by the famed stallion Nasrullah, out of Two Lea, a mare that more than earned her keep for Calumet as a racer ($309,250). Two Lea in turn was sired by Bull Lea, the now-aging Calumet stallion whose offspring have won millions of dollars.

"I'll tell you one thing," Jimmy continued. "If that was the best On-and-On can run, then we got trouble. Once you fall down in this business, it takes a long time to shake the dust off your pants."

After a disappointing Florida showing, On-and-On won two races at Keeneland directly before the Kentucky Derby. A familiar ripple of apprehension ran through other horsemen. Calumet, it seemed, was coming again. But in a prep race at Churchill Downs, On-and-On showed little, and in a subsequent workout appeared sluggish. So Jones announced on the Wednesday before the Derby that he was withdrawing the colt.

By Thursday morning he had switched and officially entered the horse. The suspicion was that this decision had been inspired by the Calumet owner, Mrs. Gene Markey, who hated to lose the Derby by default. It was plain that Jones still didn't think On-and-On was up to it. On Saturday morning Jimmy finally scratched Calumet's entry.

Jones said later, "There was no sense using up a colt in a race he couldn't win. I kind of think he might have been a little closer to making it if we'd had some more time, but I can't stop clocks from turning. On-and-On just wasn't ready." Later the horse did start to come along, winning the $28,000 Ohio Derby in June.

Setbacks are not cheerfully accepted at Calumet. However, the proprietor, Mrs. Gene Markey, is a knowledgeable horsewoman. Among other things, Jones is spared the predicament of working for an owner who wants to win wagers. All Mrs. Markey and her trainer are interested in is winning races and the purses that go with them. As far as betting goes, a five-dollar wager between them would be big.

Betting interest is considerably more intense among the fifty-eight-man Calumet stable force. For example, there is Lewis Wilson, a colored exercise boy known to all as "Dogwagon," who is a master at financial manipulations. Jimmy has come out on the short end with him so many times that in self-defense he now arrives at the stable each morning with only small change in his pocket.

"He will borrow from me personally," Jimmy says, "and then take an advance on his salary so's he can pay me back the personal loan. Then he'll say, 'Now that we're even, I'd like to renegotiate our personal account.' He gets me so mixed up I have to wipe the board clean every once in a while and start from scratch."

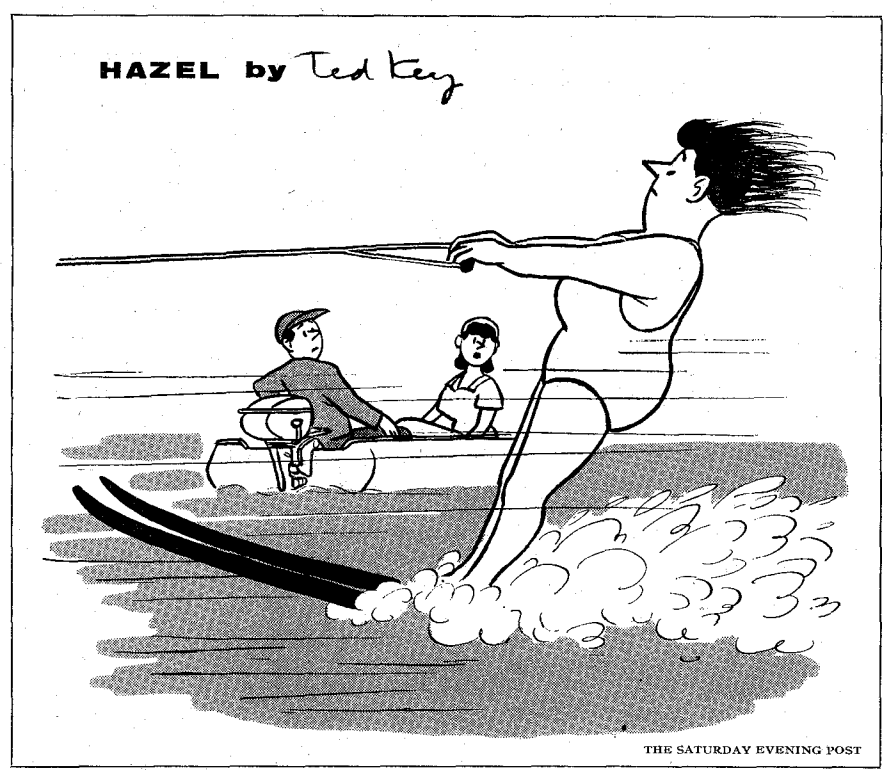
Dogwagon achieved lasting fame among stable hands when his car was repossessed for lack of payments in Florida one winter. Dogwagon swaggered downtown in his red Calumet-stable cardigan sweater. A little later in the day he swung up to the barn in the same car. He proudly pointed to a new set of tires which had been put on it.

"Don't ask me how he did it," Jimmy says. "Who knows what he told them? He sure didn't use money."

Because of the way racing is set up these days, much of Jimmy's time is spent traveling. In the winter he operates in Florida, living in a ranch-style house in Miami Springs, a few minutes' drive from the Hialeah stable entrance. Calumet also campaigns at Garden State, at the New York tracks, in Chicago and in Kentucky. Meetings often overlap each other. So Jones may start a day in Miami and end it in New York or Louisville. To expedite his traveling, Jimmy owns and flies a twin-engined airplane.

Last fall he arrived at Jamaica from Miami in time to inspect Bardstown a couple of hours before the horse was to run in the Idlewild Handicap. Then he headed for the dining room in his afternoon getup—an expensive cashmere topcoat, pigskin gloves and a conservative brown suit. As he sat down, a sprig of straw was sticking out of one corner of his mouth.

"I wanted to taste this feed," he explained. "I didn't have time over at the barn. It's some new timothy mixture we have. I always chew our feed. If it doesn't have the right texture to it, I don't want it for my horses."



Jimmy Jones began learning this sort of thing as a boy in Parnell, Missouri, a small town of 500 near the Iowa border, which was founded by his family. Jimmy's grandfather, Horace Jones, had a 2000-acre cattle ranch on which B.A. was raised. Horses went naturally with cattle in those days. Ben Jones first got into racing by running his quarter horses against those of neighboring farmers. He purchased a stallion named His Lordship and a few mares, and began to breed his own racing stable. He also built a half-mile track on the farm.

"I was always with horses," Jimmy says. "Working for my father gave me a life. To be a finished trainer, you got to go out and get yourself dirty—muck out stalls, clean tack, wash bandages, walk hots. You got to do it all to know the business. And I had to do it every day. I'd work before school, and after it I'd come back and have more chores.

"I was the only boy in the family. One day somebody happened to call me 'Jimmy' instead of Horace, and I've had the name ever since. That's how the name came about. The racing didn't come that easy."

B.A. had his son riding in quarter-horse races around the county-fair circuit. Then he sent him to Northwest Missouri State Teachers' College to learn animal husbandry. Jimmy had thoughts of becoming a veterinarian, but when his father struck out around the country with the Jones Stock Farm racing string, Jimmy left college and went along.

It was a rugged education. Jimmy had been with his father on the circuit as a small boy—he was only six when B.A. first took him to Juárez, Mexico—and he spent much of his early life at places like Tijuana and New Orleans and wherever else his father raced. Once on the track for good, Jimmy started to absorb all the horse knowledge B.A. could give him.

He has been away from racing only once since he started. That was during World War II, when he was in the Coast Guard as a purchasing agent to acquire mules for use on beach patrols.

Throughout Jimmy's years as his father's aide, Ben Jones built a reputation which seemed impossible to match. There was the time when Pensive stepped on a nail a couple of days before the 1944 Kentucky Derby. Jones nursed the horse into shape and put on special plates. When little Conn McCreary, the rider, asked for speed going into the stretch, he found that he had more than enough horse under him to win.

With Whirlaway, B.A. devised a one-eyed blinker that cured the horse of worrying about what was going on to the right of him. "Mr. Long Tail," as Whirlaway was called around the tracks, won the Triple Crown after this change of equipment.

The money came in fast—trainers receive 10 per cent of winning purses, plus a basic fee for training. The story goes that one day B.A. had to ask his own son what to do with it all.

"Send it back home to the bank," Jimmy said.

"Can't do that," B.A. said. "There's too much. Folks'll think we been out robbin' banks."

That Jimmy has been able to emerge from this shadow and build a career and name of his own is remarkable. He has done it with the easy humor and the steadiness around a horse which have marked B.A. Jones.

Recently Dogwagon was heard to make a comparison of Jimmy and his father. Dogwagon had just been turned down for a "desperation loan" on a Sunday morning. He shook his head. "This man is gettin' to be almost as tight as Mr. B.A.," he said. THE END

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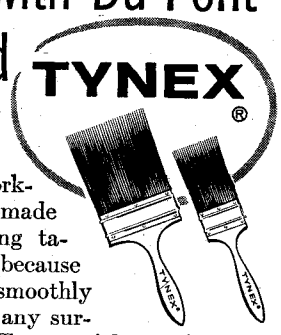

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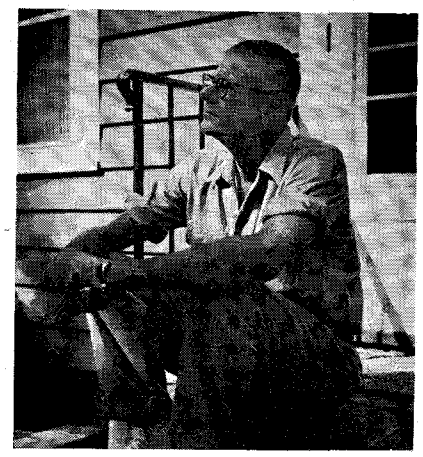
Keeping Posted

They Think Him Odd

Writers who don't go to work at offices or other jobs mystify orthodox people, and **Richard Stern** (page 36) derives a pixy amusement from letting them go ahead and be mystified. For instance, sometimes Stern goes out back of his house in Blauvelt, New York, and throws a hand ax tomahawk-fashion at a stump; this makes a good writing break, and people who see him are mystified no end. Once he stood an entire morning staring fixedly at a bridge that was being built, feeling sure that a cop, who got to staring fixedly at him, was acutely puzzled. Stern wonders what meter readers think when they come into his basement and find him sitting there at his desk, rigid, silent, glaring at a blank wall as if hypnotized. He also bewilders refuse collectors who customarily come just before noon—"Usually I am then sitting on my porch having a prelunch drink."

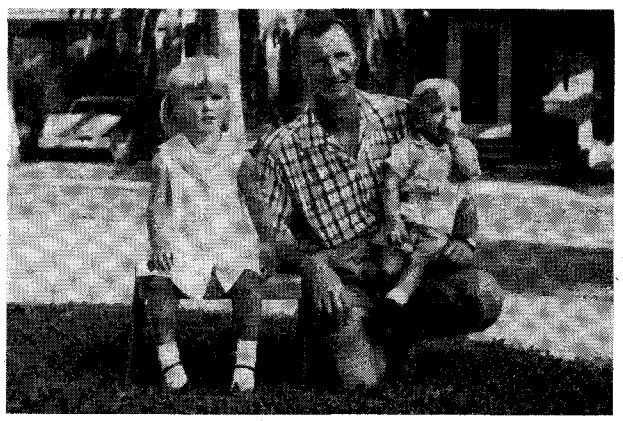
One day, while cooking up a story idea, Stern dropped into a volunteer ambulance-corps headquarters and asked questions about how the outfit functioned; obviously they thought he was going to volunteer, but he just said thanks and went away. And there was the case of the barber—when the Sterns lived in California—who for a whole year kept asking the author indirect questions to find out what business he was in, and kept getting indirect answers that left him dazed. Finally came a day when Stern remarked,



Richard Stern: some people can't figure him out.

"I'll have to say good-by. We're leaving town." Said the barber: "Oh? Moving?" Stern: "Going to Europe." Barber: "Ah, a trip?" Stern: "Not exactly. Don't know when we'll be back. Maybe a year. Maybe two." Barber, struggling fiercely to keep calm: "I see." Does Stern ever feel a twinge of remorse? "Well, some people do mystifying scientific things for a living, and I can't understand *them*."

Tales of the Authors

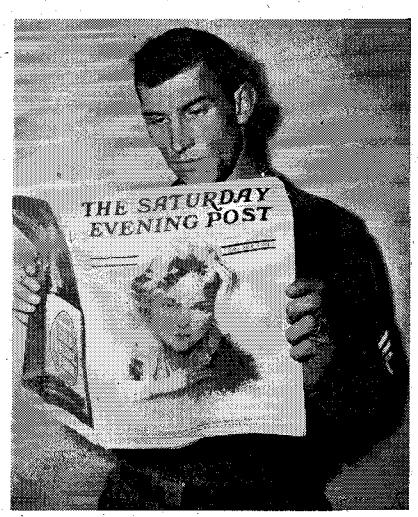


Edward Fox, a model grandpa.

Edward Fox (page 31) keeps himself out of mischief by writing for magazines and TV, working on a new novel and teaching a kind of writing course that seems to be something new under the sun. The course, offered at state-operated Daytona Beach Junior College for adults only, has writers working all day every weekday in individual rooms with individual instruction, "and the cost is just five bucks a year." The author states in a single sentence that he is a model grandfather and spoils his grandchildren.

Samuel T. Williamson adores clams—see his dissertation on the cooking of same on page 30—but he confesses that his salivation is rendered even more abundant by lobsters, which he wrote up deliciously in the July 20, 1957, *Post*. Whether his clam opus is as mouth-watering as his lobster theme is a matter of personal opinion; he thinks, "I would have had to pass a miracle to accomplish that." Anyway, his severe remarks about some people's clam chowder, "including that of heathens who thicken theirs with flour," certainly show that his subject deeply moves him.

The Hibernating Posts



Sergeant Finn catches up on his reading.

Sgt. James Finn, pictured perusing that ancient copy of *The Post*, came upon his reading matter in a very offbeat way. Finn, who hails from Flint, Michigan, and is a member of Company A, 1st Battle Group, 23rd Infantry, was leading a reconnaissance patrol into wilderness terrain near Hope, Alaska, when the men spotted a little cabin which had been nearly demolished by a fallen tree. Inside the ruins nothing was found but a few traps piled in a corner; obviously the owner, whoever he was, had abandoned the place many years ago. Behind the cabin was a little fur-storing shed, and nothing was in that either—except a neatly stacked pile of *Posts*, dating from September 26, 1914 to January 30, 1915. The magazines smelled a bit musty, naturally, but they were excellently preserved, and later the GI's got a charge out of reading them. "*The Post* has done some streamlining since then," Sergeant Finn comments. "But some of those old ads certainly were attractive—wish I could buy a suit now for seventeen dollars."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Recovered the Space Monkeys"

A Navy diver describes the perils he faces regaining rocket nose cones from shark-infested waters.

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